★ Liberty

JULY 8, 1944 10c

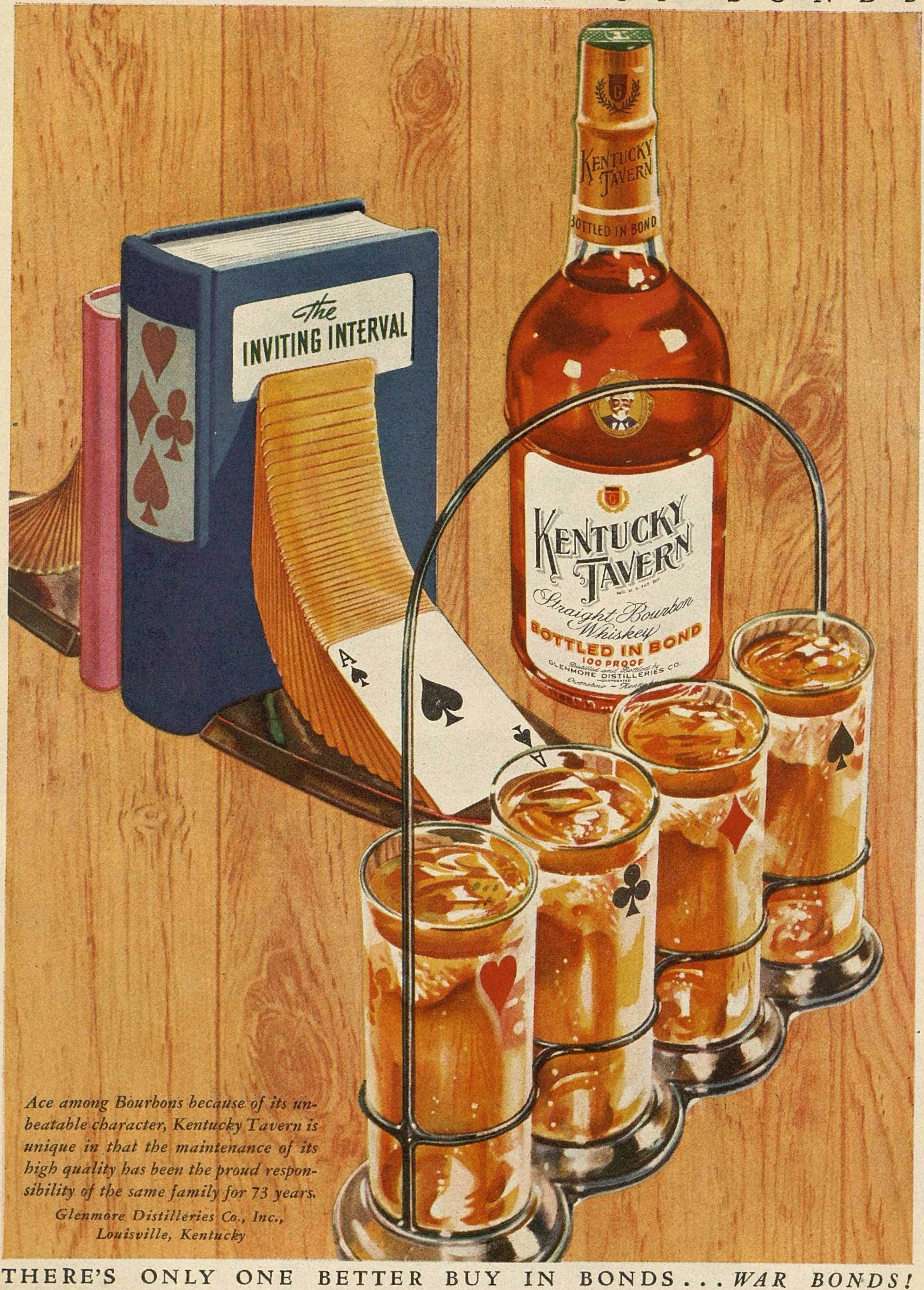
Book: BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

Book of the Month Club Selection

RUSSIA'S POSTWAR AIMS

by Ralph Parker

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Thoughtful teachers and devoted parents have given America's children every advantage of health and education—have prepared them to face their future—strong and happy and *smiling.*

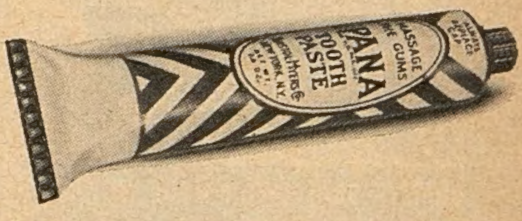
Yes, *smiling!* For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to brighter teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist right away.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a sparkling smile!



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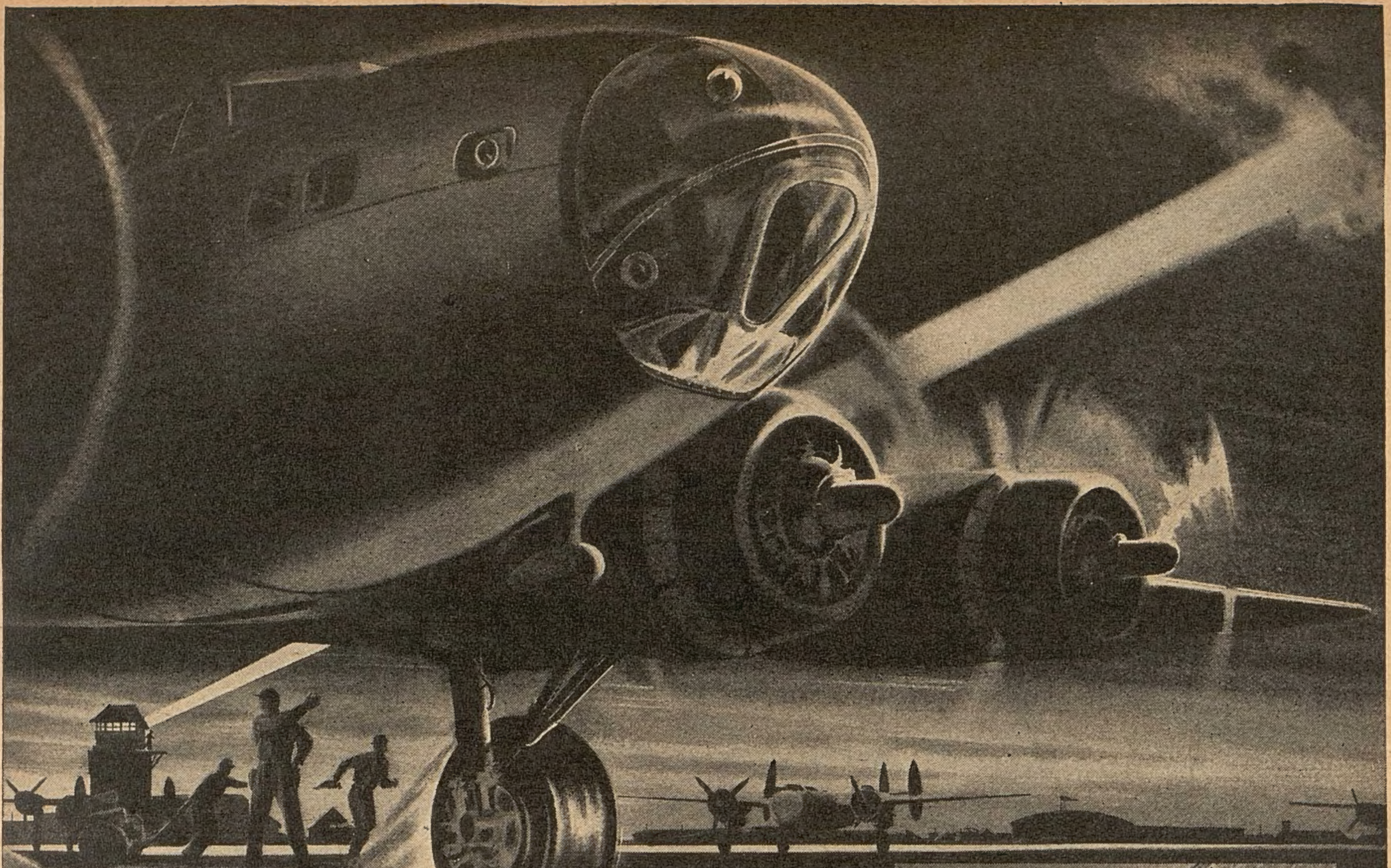

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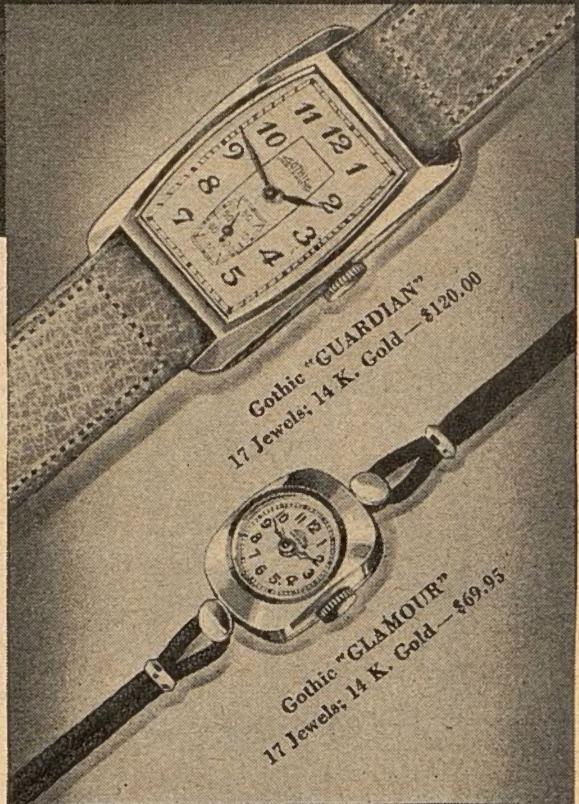

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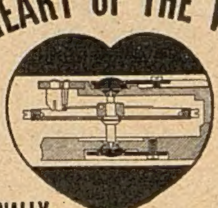

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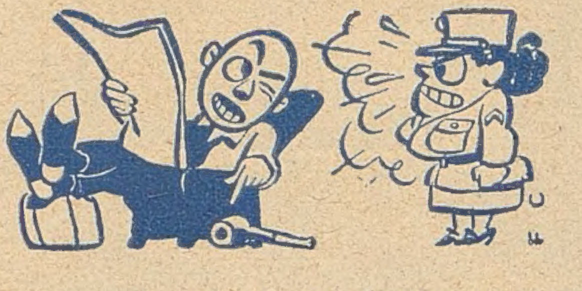
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

MARITAL PROBLEM

Fort Devens, Mass.—Have just enjoyed the May 13 Liberty, but a portion of the article America's Nosiest Man sure burns me up. A WAC in answer to the query "Will military training make you a better wife?" answers, "Military discipline will make me a better wife, but just let a man try to boss me around! The WAC teaches us how to obey orders, but it also teaches us how to give them. I wouldn't take orders from my husband even if he were—well, a second lieutenant."

Wow! If that isn't about the most inconsistent little speech I ever read! The poor little WAC must have played hookey from classes on military courtesy, as it's apparent that she doesn't know any more about it than a goose knows about the farthest star. I hope your reading public doesn't take that rookie's non-military attitude as typical of the WAC as a whole. Also, I hope for her sake that her commanding officer didn't read her opinion. In this man's Army we obey anyone who outranks us, including the neighborhood halfwit, providing the fates of war have made him a sergeant.—*Cpl. R. E. S.*



STUMP SPEAKERS

Tampa, Fla.—It appears to me that Mrs. W. T. Lowe and Lachland MacDonald (May 27 Vox Pop) are stretching things mighty far when they call Mr. R. F. Williams (April 15 Vox Pop) narrow-minded. If Mr. Williams is what they call him, then I must say there are thousands of American people just like him. Mr. Williams certainly isn't the only one who thinks that the United States is nearer dictatorship right now than it seems possible.

If Mrs. Lowe would forget for a while that she is a Democrat perhaps she would realize that it isn't the party in the White House that counts; it's the man. And as for finding a match for Roosevelt—lady, that would be easy—and he wouldn't have to be a Republican to do it.

I say give us Dewey to clean up the mess another man made. He's the lad that can do it.—*Mrs. A. Blanshine.*

San Francisco, Calif.—I am amazed, realizing that we are fighting for freedom of speech, etc., that Mr. Williams from Columbus, Ohio, thinks he is living in other than a democracy.

In my opinion, *as well as that of many others of us out here fighting the Japs,* President Roosevelt is the greatest humanitarian that ever sat in the Presidential chair. And I say, in reply to Mr. Williams, "If the laborers use their common sense and elect a man with Roosevelt's ideas, there will be some use in us boys returning from this fight."

If once again the power falls into the hands of the capitalistic Republicans, I think I would choose to remain "beyond the continental limits of the United States." —*Corp. C. R. M.*

Columbus, Ohio.—Replying to both of your contributors, Mrs. W. T. Lowe, of California, and Lachland MacDonald, of Michigan, who have called me nasty names and made undue suggestions regarding my deportation to Germany, etc., let me say that their attitude toward their deified, glorified dictator (j.g.) F. D. R. only bears out fully what one man said: "The people are too damn dumb to know any different."

How any red-blooded American can go all out for this New Deal setup is incomprehensible. If the recent disgraceful seizure of the Montgomery Ward Co. until the CIO thirst for blood was satisfied isn't dictatorship, then will you please trot out the genuine article?

Don't worry! The Republicans will give the country a chance to get back to fundamentals again in government and decency of thought and action, and the New Deal and its supporters will be a forgotten nightmare.—*R. F. Williams.*

EXPECTANT FATHER

Troy, N. Y.—I know of no other magazine from which I receive as much enjoyment as from Liberty, especially your Vox Pop columns. There's plenty of humor, good, common sense . . . and then there are folks who open their mouth and put their foot in it. So I feel if other people can do it, why not I?

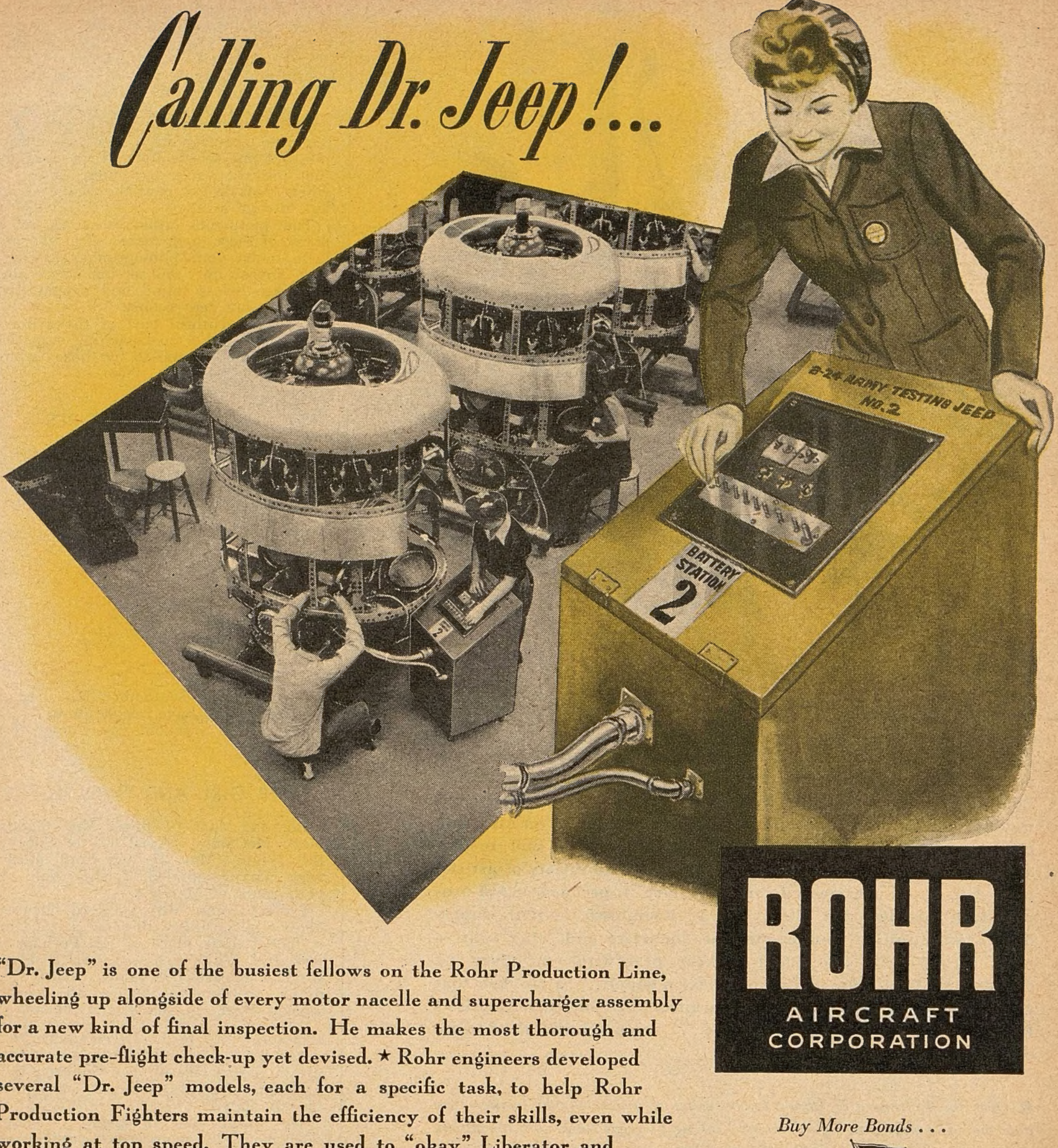
Mr. Editor, I am the father of a boy ten years old and I am deeply worried. As all fathers, I am not an exception. I look forward to his future. Naturally, as others, I hope that *my son* will some day grow up to be President of the United States. Do you think I am wrong? Right now it looks to me as if there would never be a chance. I doubt if there will be an opening. Mr. Roosevelt will probably hold the office the rest of my life and my son's life too.—*Frank Randolph.*

PRESIDENT
PRO SEM.
FC

WASHINGTON IS UNDERCROWDED?

Washington, D. C.—Your article entitled Washington Is Undercrowded (May 20 Liberty) certainly was a laugh to us sailors here in Washington. We know the true conditions here and they certainly

Calling Dr. Jeep!...



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"Dr. Jeep" is one of the busiest fellows on the Rohr Production Line, wheeling up alongside of every motor nacelle and supercharger assembly for a new kind of final inspection. He makes the most thorough and accurate pre-flight check-up yet devised. ★ Rohr engineers developed several "Dr. Jeep" models, each for a specific task, to help Rohr Production Fighters maintain the efficiency of their skills, even while working at top speed. They are used to "okay" Liberator and Constellation motor nacelle assemblies and complicated supercharger installations. ★ These mechanical brains work rapidly, accomplishing with swiftness and certainty tasks formerly requiring thirty individual inspections with a variety of equipment. ★ "Dr. Jeep" is symbolic of developments in war plants throughout America, where engineers labor to give American bomber and fighter crews airplanes of maximum dependability and in great quantity. ★ Today we are "on the job to finish the job." After the war, this same American capacity to solve problems must be given a full opportunity to create the jobs that will win the peace we fight for.

Buy More Bonds . . .
Hold them till maturity.

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, CHULA VISTA, CALIF. • HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

Boomtown Builders of the A.E.F.

Only a few hours ago, this was enemy territory. Even now, our combat teams are operating a few miles beyond. But an "A.E.F. Boomtown" already is taking shape. ★ Some "G-I" is labeling the muddy road "Main Street" and "Boomtown" is literally an American city, for all things — food, clothing, tools, weapons, and men — are from the U.S.A. ★ Consider the number and variety of articles needed to build, operate and care for a city of, perhaps, 10,000 people. And consider that these "A.E.F. Boomtowns" — with supply depots, ammunition dumps, staff headquarters and other units — must sprout again and again to keep pace with our advancing armies. ★ That's one picture of invasion supply . . . a problem that gets bigger and tougher with every advance. Realizing this, America's Railroads are stepping up operations . . . are accepting their share of this responsibility.

★ ★ ★

● *Over the Baltimore & Ohio's 11,000 miles of track, 70,000 workers are determined to meet growing demands. Linking 13 great states with the nation, the B & O will move the supplies for the "Boomtown Builders of the A.E.F." in an ever-increasing torrent!*

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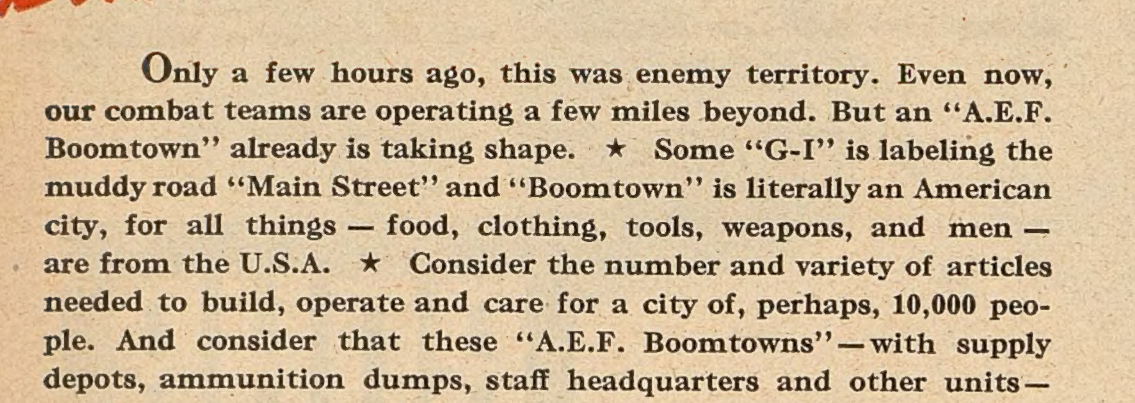


BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

are not at all as you have pictured them.

To begin with, a girl cannot live in Washington making the pay you quoted, even though she accepts lodgings in a "Navy inspected" roominghouse. Prices on everything here are higher by far than in any other city in the United States.

I know of girls who are saving a few dollars each month to buy a ticket back home to security in a less "glamorous" job, but one where they can at least feel that they honestly earn their salary and when they do get paid they have enough left to save a bit.

That picture of "gracious houses" where many of these government girls live must have taken your photographer awhile to find. There's only one section where housing like this is found and people living there do not rent rooms.

The one truthful part of the article is the phrase—"the most exciting experience of a lifetime"—made so by those "wolfing gold braids"!—*Roger Wilco.*

SPEAKING OF COVER GIRLS—

Tennessee Pass, Colo.—I agree with Mr. Schneider (May 6 Vox Pop), who wants Liberty to "stir up the hypocrites" by running September Morn on the cover.

Let us have September Morn on the next cover and have her saluting.

There is a war on, you know!—*T. A. Powell.*

COVER GIRL AND "WOLVES"

Boston, Mass.—I think Mrs. Goddard, Mary McCarthy (April 6 Vox Pop) and Bill White (May 27 Vox Pop) must be very narrow-minded if they don't like your cover of March 4.

I don't think Miss Gaylord cheapened herself by posing with some service men; in fact, I think more of her. Perhaps that jerk Bill White has forgotten that those servicemen are the same ones that are dying on our battlefields all over the world.—*W. E. G., Boatswain's Mate 1/C.*

Quonat Pt., R. I.—In reference to the letter written by Bill White, we men who are in the service of *Our Country*, do not consider ourselves "Wolves" as White so bluntly stated.

We would like to know, if possible, what man with an ounce of common sense would not be able to admire beautiful womanhood.—*The Men of A. B. A. T. U.*

HOME FRONT

Los Angeles, Calif.—I have read every Liberty book condensation since they began. With a few exceptions, I enjoyed them all, but I wish to state that There's No Front Like Home (May 27) has batted out a thousand with me. It is just the kind of story we've been waiting for.—*E. Y. Strong.*

Grand Forks, N. D.—Regarding Mr. Yoder's There's No Front Like Home.

For Mr. Yoder's education, you might inform him that the people of South Dakota claim Pierre as the capital of their state; it is *not* in N. Dakota yet.—*W. M. Russell.*

The Queen of Musicals

PROUDLY PRESENTED BY **M-G-M**

Gorgeous, hilarious, melodious—and breath-takingly climaxed by the screen's first water carnival in spectacular color—with scores of stunning aqua-belles!

Songs! Songs! Songs! thrillingly played by Harry James and his Music Makers, Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra!

IN TECHNICOLOR

Bathing Beauty

STARRING

RED SKELTON

WITH

ESTHER WILLIAMS

BASIL **RATHBONE** · BILL **GOODWIN** · ETHEL **SMITH** · JEAN **PORTER** · CARLOS **RAMIREZ**

HARRY JAMES · XAVIER CUGAT

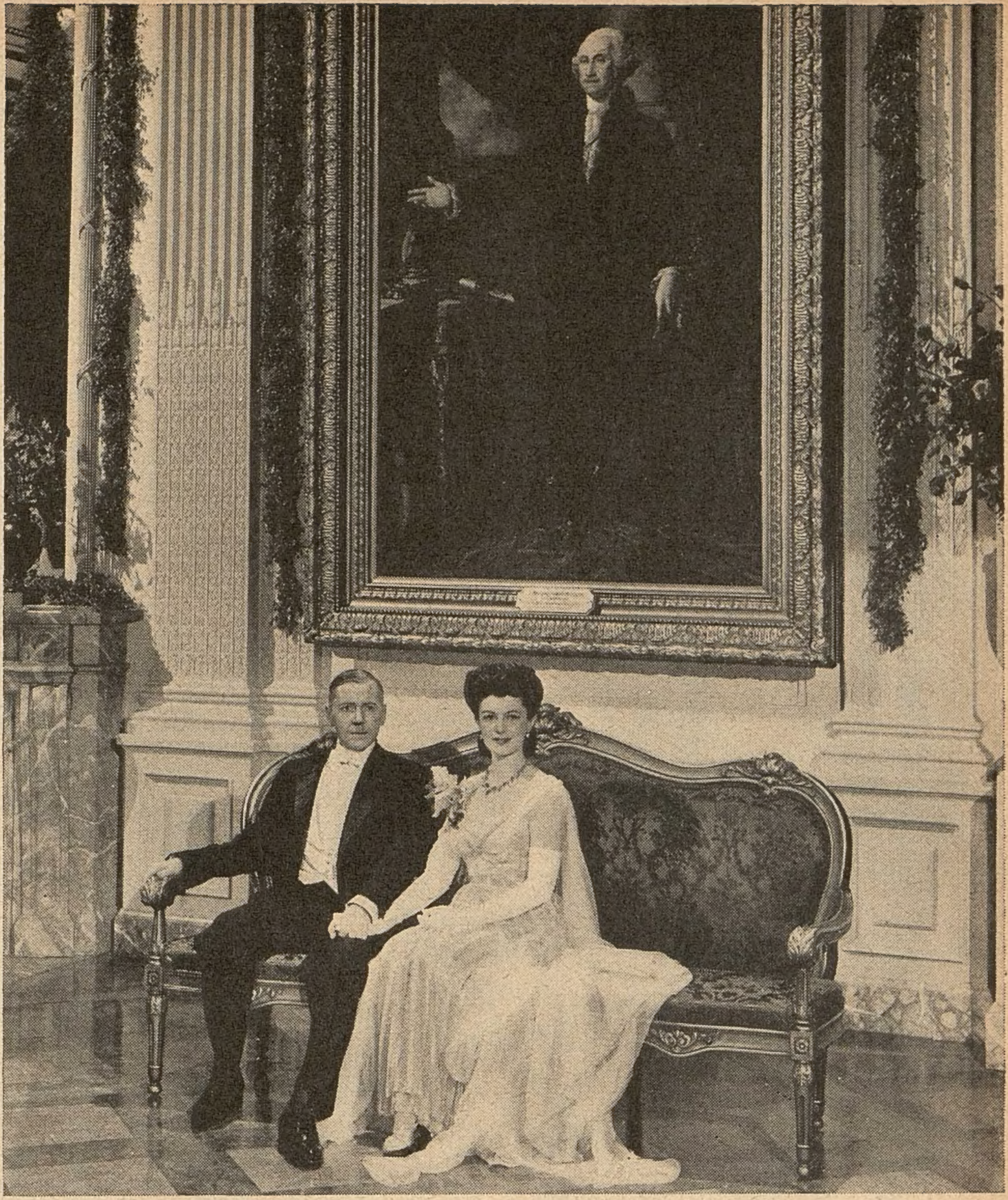
and his Music Makers *with* Helen Forrest and his Orchestra *with* Lina Romay

Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley, Allen Boretz and Frank Waldman · Adaptation by Joseph Schrank · Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY · Produced by JACK CUMMINGS · An M-G-M Picture

WILSON

Here is the tragedy of our times, portrayed in a mighty picture. The story of Woodrow Wilson and his idea that failed. An object lesson for the people of today

BY TED SHANE



The screen's Wilson (Alexander Knox) and his bride (Geraldine Fitzgerald) in the White House's East Room. Above them is Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington.

IN his half-acre of green-tinted office on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where he's the man in charge and part owner, Darryl Zanuck strode up and down excitedly, smacking a gnarled stick in his hand. Everywhere in the office, the chief decoration seemed to be lighted color transparencies of President Wilson—only it wasn't really Wilson. It was the actor who plays the role of the World War I President in Zanuck's new picture, Wilson.

Zanuck, a small, compact, curly-headed man with a blond Dewey mustache, was talking enthusiastically, and as he paced back and forth, he slapped the stick, topped by a huge knob, against his palm to emphasize his points.

Until recently, Zanuck had been off fighting the war. In 1941 he bade his wife and three children good-by to become a lieutenant colonel in the Signal Corps. He photographed the combat in the Aleutians, he went ashore with Mountbatten's Commandos at St. Valery in France, and he was with the troops when they landed in Africa. After two years, he was placed on reserve and told to go home to make pictures again, but he was too wrought up by what he had seen to make what Hollywood calls sheer entertainment. He wanted to make pictures do good. Above all, he wanted to use the screen to put over what he had come to consider the greatest idea of all: the establishment of a lasting peace.

"I've always been interested in Wilson and peace, and I want to help them make it permanent this time," he said intensely. "Last time, Wilson drew up the blueprints for it, but *his* League of Nations didn't go through. We've got to have some sort of World Federation to have peace. I want to show how Wilson's tragedy was a world tragedy—so that this time, when the boys get together over the peace table, they won't make the same mistake.

"Everybody has told me that such a controversial picture can't be done. Although I'm an independent voter, I've been accused of making this picture to help a fourth term. Everybody thinks I'll lose money. But Wilson is a good picture, and it will be entertaining—only, this time a picture is going to have a theme. It's going to wake up the public to what we all have to do if we want to have a real peace this time.

"I've spent over four million dollars on it," he said, sitting down suddenly and lighting a huge cigar. Then he jumped to his feet explosively. "That means I'm betting four million to one of my own money that the picture's a hit. Without advertising and promotion, the whole thing will cost more than anything that has yet come out of Hollywood. Yes," he said defiantly, "even more than Gone with the Wind!"

When Zanuck announced the Wilson picture last year there were immediate repercussions. While a handful in Hollywood applauded, there were cynical mutterings from the side lines that there was no room for such inflammable stuff in the movies. A number of exhibitors came forward to groan that the picture would be a flop and antagonize a lot of the customers. John O'Donnell, columnist for the New York Daily News and allied papers, advised Zanuck to stick to boy-meets-girl. There were threats and pressures from individuals and groups. Zanuck went callously on his way, planning even further assaults on the Hollywood mind. He bought Willkie's One World, and found himself being accused of being both Democrat and Republican at the same time. He knew, however, that both pictures would sell peace—and that if they were hits, all would be forgiven.

Lamar Trotti, screen playwright, went to work on Wilson. Zanuck wanted a straightforward, unfrilled story of Woodrow Wilson's life. The theme would be a miscarriage of statecraft, the story of the birth and death of that colossal cripple, the League of Nations. It would be a cavalcade of disillusionment—but it would have to get its message over in human, entertaining terms.

To steep himself in Wilsoniana, Trotti traveled some 30,000 miles picking up facts. He read exactly 198 biographies and approximately 1,000 different magazines and newspapers of Woodrow Wilson's time. He memorized practically an encyclopedia of speeches, and talked with countless Wilson contemporaries, relatives and intimates. The more he studied, the more he liked the man. He accumulated thousands of details that will probably never reach print.

Knowing Woodrow Wilson even to his brand of toothpaste, Trotti wrote a tight-knit script of 153 pages—a political biography told in everyday, human terms. Beginning with a scene in which Wilson, still president of Princeton, and a rabid football fan, painfully watches his university take a pasting from the 1909 Yales, it follows his meteoric career. He becomes reform Governor of New Jersey, then twenty-eighth President of the United States.

As his liberal career progresses, the World War I clouds gather and the stormy waters begin to lash at Wilson's feet. The Lusitania is torpedoed; the so-called warmongers clamor for our entrance into the war. Wilson's re-election, by a narrow squeak over Hughes, pitches

(Continued on page 60)

IMAGINATION IN SERVICE

WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE

CARS IN SERVICE. *Night photograph of two-way traffic.*

Imagination is the other side of the hill,
the return before the journey,
the miles you haven't driven yet.

Imagination is a part today that saves
your car tomorrow, a dollar now
that does the work of five next month.

Imagination is the anticipating,
understanding force that gives special
value to Chrysler Corporation service
— in war or in peace.

Chrysler Corporation service is men and imagination working against wear and weather and time. It is as much a part of your car as the engine. Its special value comes from the plant that made the car, from Chrysler's continuous research, and from the selected dealer whose trained men service your car.

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This pooling of resources and imagination helps to keep the millions of essential Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars and Dodge trucks operating dependably . . . *while Chrysler plants use their knowledge of manufacturing and service to produce military equipment in large quantities.*

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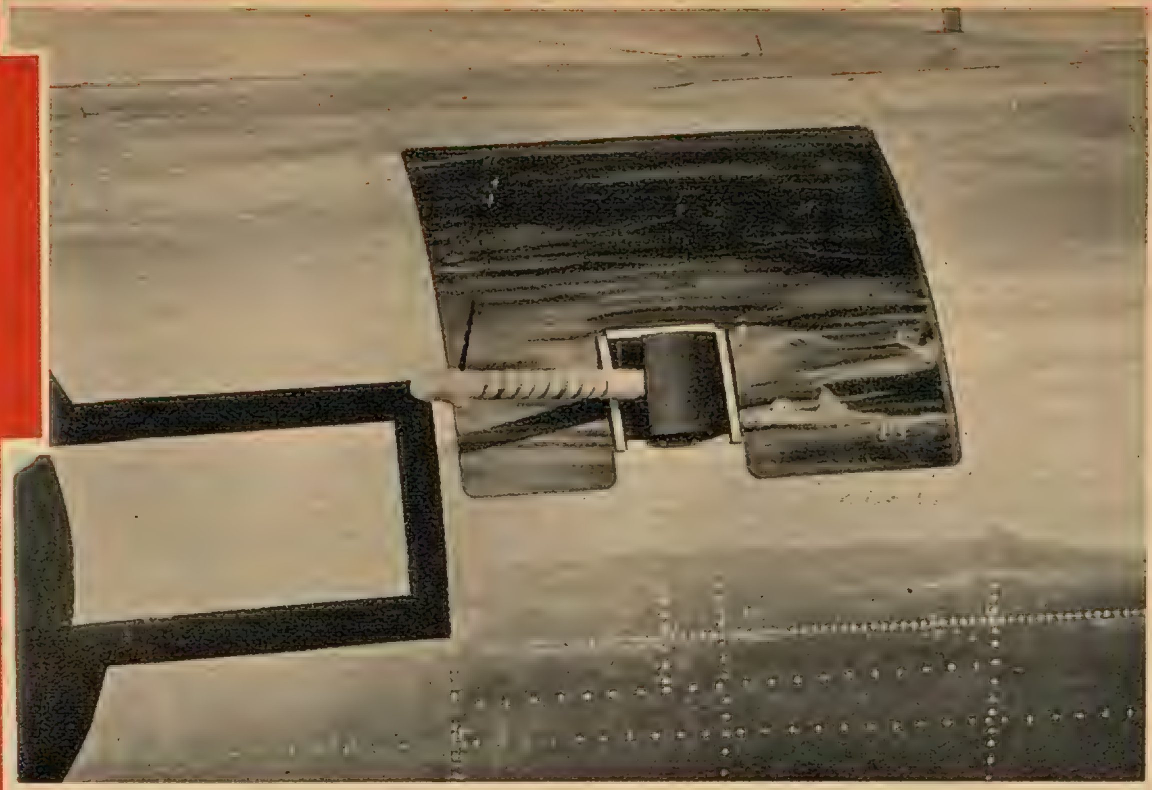
YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS. CBS. 9 P.M.. E.W.T.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The new waist window of the deadly Boeing Flying Fortress which protects gunners from the weather, is made of transparent plastic.

Peak of Aircraft War Production

Aircraft production in the United States is tending more and more toward overwhelming output of purely tactical airplanes—fighters and bombers. In April no less than 77 per cent of the 8,343 airplanes produced were combat types. The inevitable decrease in the output of trainers began early in the year. Cargo planes will still be produced in great numbers, although even here the emphasis is still on combat types as regards priorities for material.

This is a significant trend. It means that the peak of the aircraft war production has been reached. It means that the big job of training pilots and crews has already been accomplished, with only replacements being trained now. It means concentration of effort on fewer types of planes, which means also a better utilization of plants and workers. It means that our deadliest planes are coming out in ever greater quantities.

It means also that one entire phase of war preparation is over and that from now on the U. S. output is well under control—it could increase steadily for those types most needed in the future. It's a good sign.

Transatlantic Repairs

Ten years ago if an air-line engineer had said that airplanes would be flown across the Atlantic for overhauling and maintenance, he would have been laughed at. It would be like sending a New York-Miami bus all the way to Los Angeles merely to get it repaired and cleaned up at regular intervals. But war provides many interesting side lines, and this is the story of airplanes flown all the way across the ocean just for routine maintenance.

Early in the war British Overseas Airways purchased three large Boeing 314 flying boats from Pan American Airways as part of the Allied collaboration on air transport.

The ships were to be operated between England and South Africa and on other Empire air routes. But B. O. A. C. had no facilities for maintaining these big ships on the other side of the ocean. Spare parts and experienced personnel were difficult to obtain.

So B. O. A. C. established its overhaul base for the Boeings at Baltimore and operates a transatlantic air route to fit into the periodic overhaul scheme. In other words, the air-line service is incidental to the necessity of bringing the planes to this side for maintenance. Actually their main operation is on the other side. Your editor is glad they come this way, however, for he made an eastbound flight to England with B. O. A. C. and found the wartime service on a high par. Meals and accommodations, both on land and in the air, were excellent despite the apologies of B. O. A. C. that it is a wartime government air line and is not operating commercially.

"Plastic Plane"

The nearest thing to a plastic airplane has been successfully tested by the Army Air Forces Matériel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

Actually, as we have said before on this page, there is no such thing as a "plastic plane" in the usual sense of the word. But efforts have been made to construct parts of planes of so-called plastic material, the main object being to find a light material which is stronger than either plywood or metal.

The test plane at Wright Field has a glass-reinforced plastic fuselage, side panels, and tail cone of "sandwich" construction.

The "sandwich" consists of a balsawood core between an inner and outer skin of plastic, reinforced with fibrous glass cloth. When this fuselage was tested in comparison with a plywood and a metal fuselage, the plastic project came out way ahead. On a strength-weight basis, the Army Air Forces reported, it was 50 per cent stronger than the metal fuselage and 80 per cent stronger than the plywood type.

Don't expect such planes to be flying at your local airport at this time, however. What the Matériel Command is trying to do is to interest manufacturers in high-strength plastic structural materials in furtherance of its general research program.

Helicopter Improvements

Igor Sikorsky's helicopter, which has led the growing procession of this novel type of aircraft, is going to have some big brothers. The Sikorsky division of United Aircraft Corporation has announced that it has two new helicopters under way, both of increased size and carrying power and equipped with a new superhydromatic propeller of radically advanced design. United Aircraft seems destined to be one of the postwar leaders in helicopters, and the new designs will be watched with much interest. The first company to solve some of the major technical problems and produce a machine which the average person can fly easily will have a great advantage in the commercial market. The race is on.

Record Globe-Circling

The Army Air Forces has permitted disclosure of the existence of another 11,500-mile globe-circling air route operated by Pan American Airways for the Air Transport Command. Aptly named the Cannonball, this long air line carries military personnel and valuable war cargo from the United States to India in three and a half days on frequent schedules.

The four-engined planes of the Cannonball fly across the Caribbean, thence across the Guianas to the Amazon, head eastward over the South Atlantic from Brazil, span Africa in one leap from the Gold Coast to the Nile, stop for refueling on the sands of Arabia, hop across an arc of the Indian Ocean, and terminate at a north India port.

On the return flight the planes fill up available space with mica, tungsten, and other strategic materials, and are back at the home base in three days. The scheduled round trip is 180 hours—not a bad record for flying to the other side of the world and return. Five sets of crews take the plane from Florida to India, each working in relay so that the time the plane rests on the ground is sheared off to the minimum number of minutes possible.

Indicating the size of the India operation, Pan American has 100 complete flight crews assigned to this one route alone.

Caterpillar Club

The only father-and-son members of the famous Caterpillar Club, composed of those who have bailed out of planes, is Paul Collins, president of Northeast Airlines, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts, and his son, Paul, Jr., called Pete by family and associates. Paul Collins, Sr., became eligible when he jumped from a mail plane he was piloting in 1928. Paul, Jr., made his jump in Alaska early this year in an Army ferrying operation.

Success Story

In the New Guinea campaign, 10,000 parachutes were missing five days before paratroopers were to land behind Jap lines. Frantic cablegrams were dispatched from Australia. The chutes had been shipped by rail from Atlanta, Georgia. The train was finally located at Cheyenne. Three cars were shunted to a siding, some C-47 transport planes landed on a near-by airport, the chutes were loaded up immediately, flown to the west coast, transferred to C-54 transport planes, and arrived in New Guinea exactly three days after they had left Cheyenne and less than five days after the urgent message had been sent from Australia.

The Aeronautical Training Society

Now that the Army Air Forces is nearing completion of its mammoth pilot-training program and developed the greatest force of airmen, airplanes, and ground crews the world has ever known, it is fitting to pay a brief tribute to a small group of patriotic men who were called to the offices of Major General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, chief of the A. A. F., in May, 1939, and told to get busy and train pilots.

That spring day five years ago was before the European war started. The Army was watching the war clouds gathering over Europe, and decided something should be done here. But it had no funds and no facilities. Our Air Force was pitifully small then. General Arnold decided to call on a group of combat veterans of the last war who knew something about training.

One of these were Major C. C. Moseley, a great pursuit pilot of World War I who had been Arnold's aide in France. Moseley operated the Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute at Glendale, California. Others in the group were W. F. Long, Dallas Aviation School, Dallas, Texas; Harold S. Darr of Chicago; Max Balfour of Tulsa, Oklahoma; Oliver L. Parks, who had a school in East St. Louis, Illinois; and Claude Ryan of Ryan Aeronautical at San Diego. Two nonmilitary flyers were called in too—Allan Hancock of Los Angeles and E. S. Sias, who was operating a large flying school at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Arnold told them the Army lacked time to prepare flight-training facilities. He proposed that these men build schools to train, feed, and house cadets for the A. A. F. "I have no money to give you. My job is to raise money in Congress, but I can promise you nothing. Are you with me?" They were. They had six weeks to do the job.

They started out without a contract or even a memorandum. No banker would touch such a vague deal. Somehow or other the operators begged and borrowed enough to get going. One mortgaged every bit of personal property he had. But out of this gamble on the part of civilian operators grew a tremendous program in which sixty-three schools, organized into the Aeronautical Training Society, now participate—one of the finest accomplishments by civilian contractors in the entire war program, and it has saved the taxpayers millions of dollars, because the contract schools have been able to train men for considerably less than similar programs by the Army itself.

Odds and Ends

The latest installation on the Boeing 17G Flying Fortress is a pair of enclosures made of transparent plastic for the waist guns.

Formerly open to the weather, the waist guns are now much more efficient and the gunners are better protected.

Fairville Prepares for Post-War Flying

AFTER VICTORY you can land in your peacetime Piper Cub at Fairville and countless other towns which are building landing facilities today. These communities are looking ahead to the coming air age—providing flying facilities for their sons and daughters upon their return from the Service—guaranteeing themselves a prosperous future.

THE MAYOR SAYS—"Our landing area in Fairville is very modest—just a simple, straight sod strip. This is the sensible way to start—as long as there is ample room for expansion when air traffic warrants."

IS YOUR TOWN READY TO FLY? For the convenience of your citizens and to enjoy increased business, more community activity, connection with main airlines and many other benefits, your town should plan inexpensive landing facilities now! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age", gives the why, where and how of building them. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB74W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET—"Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane. Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB74, Lock Haven, Penna.

PIPER *Cub*

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

IMAGINE YOUR GRANDMOTHER IN A POWER-DIVE !

ALL RIGHT. Maybe you can't get HER to set her foot inside of *any* high-speed contraption. And maybe you wouldn't want your car to do EVERYTHING a combat airplane does, BUT . . .

If and when the motor-makers design post-war cars that give aircraft performance, Texaco's post-war gasolines will be more than ready to match the new motors.

In developing these new gasolines, Texaco's Research scientists have attained new highs in octane ratings. Super-fuel concentrates more than *four times as powerful* as present-day 100 octane gasoline have been produced in Texaco laboratories.

These concentrates are too powerful to be used efficiently alone in any existing motor. *But from their development and from other research comes Texaco's "know how" to make a more powerful gasoline for your post-war car.*

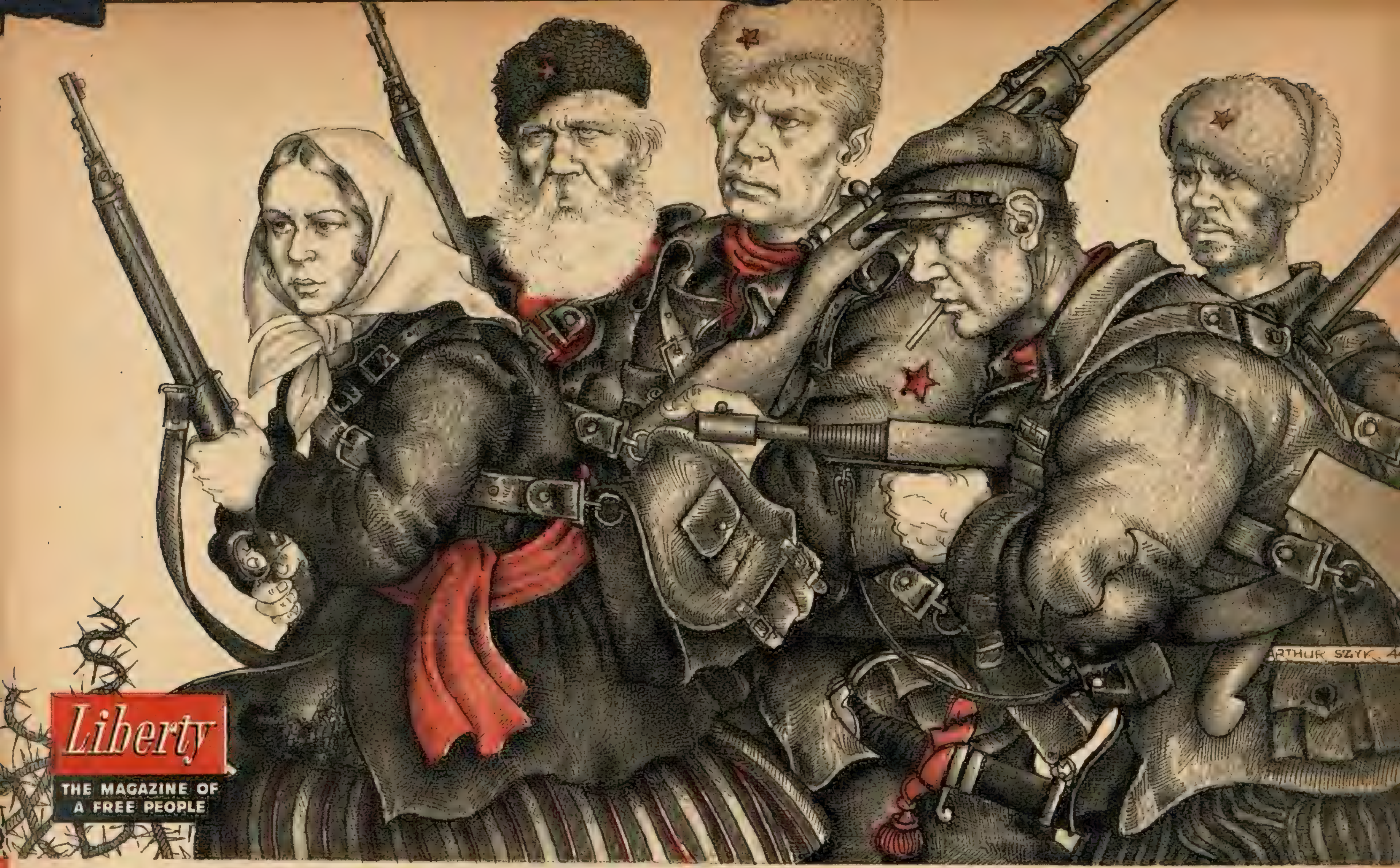
You can look forward to a gasoline streamlined and enriched with new-world power and smoothness . . . a fuel that will be more than a match for even the fine motors to come. A better Sky Chief. Coming—at Texaco Dealers!

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO

COMING! A BETTER Sky Chief GASOLINE

. . . more than a match for your motor!



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR SZYK

A people who have fought and worked for their nation's future will hardly oppose any advance of democracy.

RUSSIA'S POSTWAR AIMS

BY RALPH PARKER

Moscow by wireless

THE Soviet Union's Foreign Commissariat, sprawling along two sides of Vorovsky Square, is somewhat grim in appearance. Inside, the broad corridors and lofty apartments have a substantial air matched by solid, monumental furniture.

In this thoroughly European building, Soviet foreign policy is developed. Outside, diplomats park their cars and pass through guarded, glass-paneled doors. Once only a trickle of diplomats passed through those doors. Those were the days when the appearance of old Rolls-Royces in the capital's streets caused heads to turn curiously. But almost every month since 1942, the Teheran plane brings in representatives of yet another government which wants first-hand accounts of the Soviet Union.

But, what is the Soviet Union's foreign policy? How does the Union envisage relations with the rest of Europe? Eighteen months ago, I put the last question to a very important member of the Soviet government.

He corrected me sharply when I suggested that Russia might want to exercise predominant power in the affairs of Europe. "An equal voice," he said with great emphasis. "We mean to have an equal voice in European affairs."

That statement was made at a most significant moment. Russian generals were drawing up final plans to envelop von Paulus' armies before Stalingrad. General Montgomery had just broken through Rommel's positions in Egypt. Stalin was soon to make the friendliest comments to that date on his allies' war effort. The Anglo-Soviet alliance was five months old. It was the turning point of the war.

> **Russia's foreign moves have aroused all kinds of fears and conjectures, but they fit into a neatly consistent policy as this Moscow correspondent pieces it together**

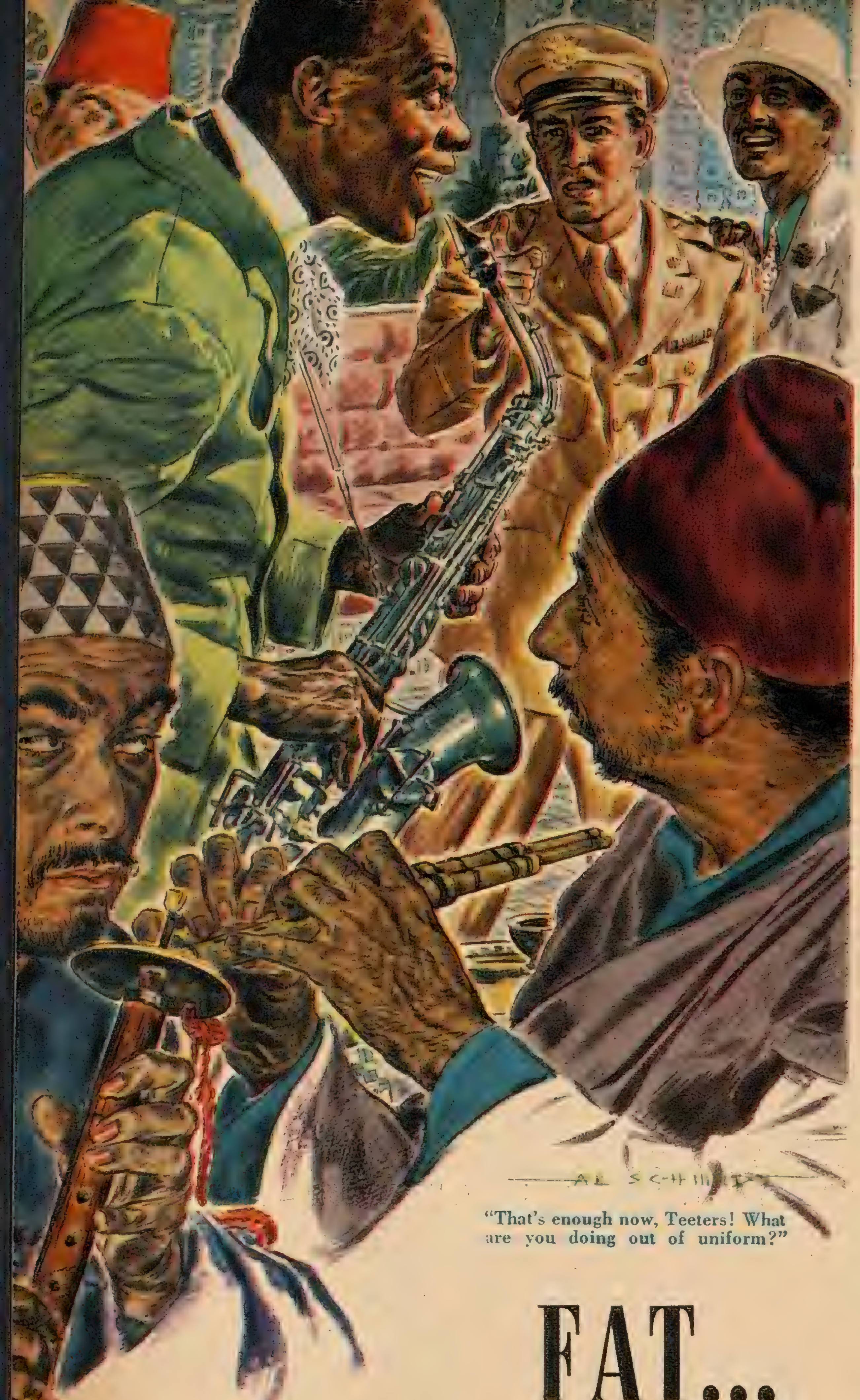
Yet the Red Army at Stalingrad was then nearly eight hundred miles from the frontiers of Rumania, and the Germans were much nearer Iran than the Russians were to Poland. The Red Army had in places been driven back almost to the frontiers of European Russia. Now, have the spectacular changes on the eastern front since then made Russia desirous of asking for more than that "equal voice" in European affairs?

The answer to this, as to all questions on Soviet foreign policy, is likely to be confusing, unless one clearly realizes that Russia will make no move in European foreign policy if she thinks such a move will prolong the war one day.

As Moscow sees it, a protracted war means a Europe starved and terrorized. Germany, which has lost the Ukrainian granary, will squeeze from France, Holland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary every ounce of grain and vegetable oil it can lay its hands on. If the war is prolonged sufficiently to enable the Germans to collect this year's harvest, Moscow foresees for those countries bordering on Germany a fate perhaps more terrible than that suffered by the people of occupied Russia. Germany's leaders have made it plain that before their own people go hungry dwellers in occupied lands will starve.

We need not look for humane motives in Russia's calculation, although perhaps nowhere is sympathy for the suffering European peoples so strong as in Moscow. But the fundamental aim of Russia's long-range strategy is that order shall prevail in liberated Europe. She believes that if

(Continued on page 60)



"That's enough now, Teeters! What are you doing out of uniform?"

FAT... SON OF FATMA

BY ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Kentucky chivalry gets a workout in Tunis when, after a surprising reunion, the major solves a knotty problem in domestic relations and Clarence wins a ready-made family

ALONG the Avenue Jules Ferry, conquered Tunis was celebrating its late defeat. Every variety of vehicle known to North African traffic — tanks, jeeps, half-tracks, lorries, de luxe European cars, antique flivvers gone native with a string of blue beads worn around the radiator cap to avert the evil eye—all mounted by grinning heroes in khaki—were moving up and down in solid formation, receiving salvos of cheers, confetti, flowers, and even more substantial tokens of appreciation from grateful citizens.

A young American major of Engineers, newly out of hospital and still a bit shaky from it, was rather glad of the protection of the car in which he rode, accompanied by a native companion.

He noted presently, moving among the sidewalk throng, somewhat ahead of them, a figure as American as his own, despite such array as only a provincial French tailor could devise—vivid black-and-white checks, very wide and full as to trousers, the padded coat nipped in nattily at the waist and flaring out behind, worn with a flowing spotted tie, bright tan pointed shoes, and a species of broad felt picture hat set well to the side of a head that would have been kinky if less closely cropped. This exotic vision presented itself only in rear elevation, but there was something in the swing of the overpadded shoulders, the limber yet somehow rhythmic gait, that Major Simms seemed to recognize. He sat erect, then chuckled aloud. He let out a stentorian call: "Hi there, you, Private Teeters! Hold on a minute!"

But his voice was lost in the surrounding din, and the strolling figure strolled limberly on, to disappear in the crowd.

"*Quel dommage!* Monsieur has found, and lost, a friend?" inquired his observant companion.

"Not exactly a friend—just a former orderly of mine. Or rather, very much a friend, since he happened to save my life not long ago, back there in the Kasserine."

"Ah! A servant of such fidelity is more than friend, no?—even as a heart's brother. *Tiens,* my own servant shall go at once to recover him for you. He is very clever in such ways"—indicating an alert Arab youth who sat beside the turbaned and bearded chauffeur.

But the American hesitated. "Never mind. I must have been mistaken—the last time I heard of the boy, I mean, he was in a hospital in Casa, laid up with a pretty severe case of fever. What could he possibly be doing way up here in Tunis, anyhow?"

"Ah, this servant of your affections is a blackamoor?" inquired the Tunisian. "Then we shall no doubt find him in the native quarter—which, after all, is Tunis, monsieur!"

Just how or where he had come by this new-found friend, whose name appeared to be Sidi Hamza, Major Simms could not quite remember. He vaguely recalled being taken by fellow officers to some sort of banquet of welcome, given by an official who evidently had not suffered at German hands, served in an Omar Khayyam setting of artificial waterfalls and blossoming orange trees; each guest with his own foot-high table, waited upon by a pretty, soft-voiced, trousered attendant whose sex baffled the major. After the thirteenth course of that Lucullan feast he had lost count, though still trying to concentrate on certain details for the benefit of his wife, who interested herself in such matters. Item, roasted thrushes in nests of wild asparagus; item, gobbets of kid stewed in spiced honey; item, a fragrant sherbet of violets, followed not by the usual cigarettes with coffee but by tiny amber-and-gold pipes, proffered for a "whiff of repose." The American, always willing to try anything once, found his whiff of repose so effective he was unable to recall anything that happened afterward, including the hour and manner of his departure.

Awakening toward noon in his hotel room, however, after remarkably pleasant dreams, he had found his present companion already on hand (according to some agreement they seemed to have made) to show him the sights. The Tunisian had borrowed his uncle's car for the purpose. Sidi Hamza was, it appeared, the nephew of his recent host, a cadi of wealth and influence with a timely enthusiasm for all things American.

THE major was not too reassured to learn that his conduct the evening before had been of the most agreeable, that he had conversed with ease and fluency in several languages, that he had obliged freely with song and anecdote, and had salaamed upon leaving as deeply as any one, in fact more deeply; so that his new friend had taken the precaution to send his servant Yussef to accompany him to his hotel in case the hashish gave rise to unwise impulses. But Yussef had reported that he was able to get the American sidi undressed and into bed without any untoward occurrence.

"So that was hashish," said the latter in some chagrin. "Complete blackout with repercussions. Never again!"

Major Simms decided, after all, not to mention the whiffs of repose in his letter to his wife about the cadi's party. Back home it might seem a form of hospitality not easily understood.

Somewhat warily, he followed his self-appointed guide presently through the gate called Porte de France, which separates the ancient Arab city from the new, stepping down into checkered dimness made by mats laid across bamboo latticework to protect a labyrinth of narrow passages from the late afternoon sun.

A curious quiet reigned, by contrast with the clamor of the French quarter; there was no sound except a low constant undercurrent of voices, the buzzing of a myriad flies, the never-ending soft pitter-patter of slippered feet.

Everywhere men were busy at oddly unmanly occupations — sewing slippers, weaving carpet, embroidering lengths of cheap silk held with the aid of bare prehensile toes. At certain booths coffee was being prepared in tiny long-handled pots, together with huge rings of fried batter, sold by the inch or the yard, according to the buyer's purse. One of these, as the American paused to sniff the doughnut-like aroma, was offered to him complete, with a low bow. "Accept, by all means," prompted Hamza. "Monsieur should eat as much as possible of it, saying *'Sahah,'* and remembering to belch a little afterward, so that the donor may feel rewarded. Not to accept would be an insult."

The American did his best to comply. "But oughtn't I to pay somebody something?"

"Payment for hospitality," the Moslem said in a tone of shocked rebuke, "is impossible, monsieur! But," he added negligently, "my servant will see that proper baksheesh is distributed later."

It seemed to be entirely a man's world, save for a few heavily-veiled female shapes slipping by, shrouded in their concealing *haiks.* "Are there no women in the *suqs* at all?" the visitor asked.

"None visible, naturally—it is not our custom to display in public our choicer wares, lest they excite cupidity," explained his companion. "But I assure you, females do not lack. Only have patience! Monsieur enjoys women, then?"

"Who doesn't?" smiled the other. "Especially pretty ones," and added, rather awkwardly, by way of clarifying the situation, "You see, I've lately married one of the prettiest of them."

"Ah, how monsieur is fortunate! Only one? I," sighed the Moslem, "am already the husband of three females!"

His tone was so lugubrious that the American ventured to ask what any man could possibly want with more than one wife.

"What indeed? Nowadays very few of our younger generation feel it necessary to burden themselves with wives at all; concubines are more practical. Unfortunately, my uncle the cadi is of the old school and, lacking male issue himself, wishes to make certain of legitimate heirs. But what a boring subject, my friend! I ask your pardon."

The American, remembering that among polite followers of Mohammed females are considered beneath discussion, was relieved to change the subject. But Sidi Hamza had by no means dismissed it from his mind. The invaluable Yussef, having been sent on in advance, returned with murmured information that made his master beam with satisfaction. "So," he said, "now monsieur will find himself less *ennuyé!* I am not unknown in the *suqs:* certain rather special pleasures prepare themselves for us, even at this early hour, which do not usually meet the passing eye."

The major was then subjected to several disillusioning variations of entertainment, such as he had encountered before in native quarters—the usual plump houri, in transparencies, balancing an irrelevant tray of tea-things on her head while using different portions of her person, one at a time, to dance with; whirling dervishes, perfunctorily gyrating about while thrusting knives into themselves through holes long cultivated for the purpose; aging ladies of the strip-tease profession who, having divested themselves by interesting degrees of all impedimenta except perhaps one garter and a shopping bag, came down obligingly among the audience and completed their setting-up exercises while reclining upon the floor. Vice, or the gesture of it, he thought distastefully, was surprisingly the same the world over, from the back streets of Mobile, Alabama, to an Arab dance hall; only that in the latter it was apt to be even more unwashed and unwholesome and generally uninviting.

After the "carpet dance" he felt that he had done his duty by the sights of Tunis, and was ready to return to the hotel and take a bath. But, protested his dismayed host, the cream of the occasion lay before them—a certain Garden of the Rising Moon which offered entertainment of a rarity truly *chic:* pretty dancing boys, fresh from the mother's sash yet already vicious as infant Satans; virgin aborigines out of the tropic jungle, with jewels set in their flaring nostrils, and untamed lion cubs for playmates—Achmed Hassim, the proprietor, being a Kabyle of very enterprising taste in such matters.

"Also there awaits a little surprise for monsieur, Yussef informs me; a most welcome surprise!"

The American hesitated. After all, the little man was doing his heathen best.

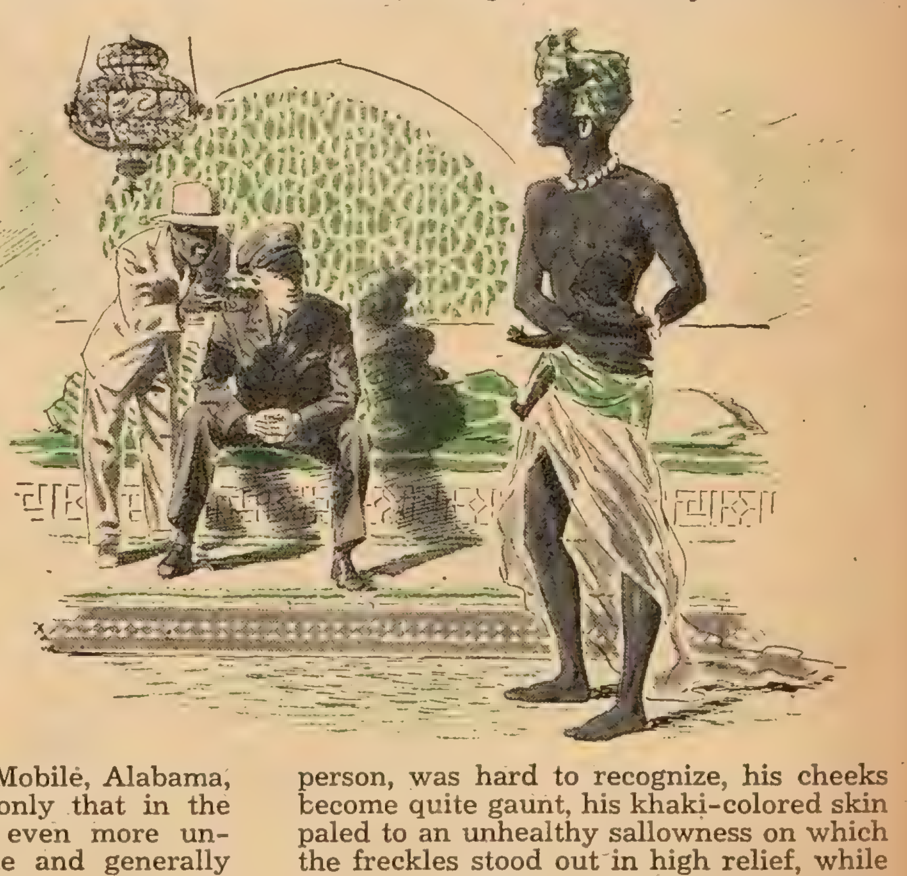
As they approached this final climax of pleasure, along an alleyway between high walls and through a small discreet door guarded by a huge ebony Nubian, a sound began to emerge which made him pause suddenly and listen—the croon of a saxophone rising, pure and dulcet and singularly artless, in a syncopated version of a ditty just beginning to be popular when he left home, My Mammy Done Tol' Me—

Major Sims laughed with relief. "So it *was* Clarence, after all! And sending solid. I'd know the voice of that sax of his among Gabriel's trumpets. But how in the world—"

"Regard," said Sidi Hamza with modest pride, "the surprise that has been promised monsieur—the heart's friend, no?—the more than brother!"

They entered a roofless inner court surrounded by padded couches with very low tables before them, where men lounged sucking at hubble-bubble pipes, or playing chess, or sipping the inevitable coffee. Some were puffing languidly at small pipes—he recognized the peculiar sickly sweetishness of keef. Many were in uniform, zouave, olive drab, horizon blue, all beating time to a native orchestra which was doing its best to support that eloquent and yearning instrument.

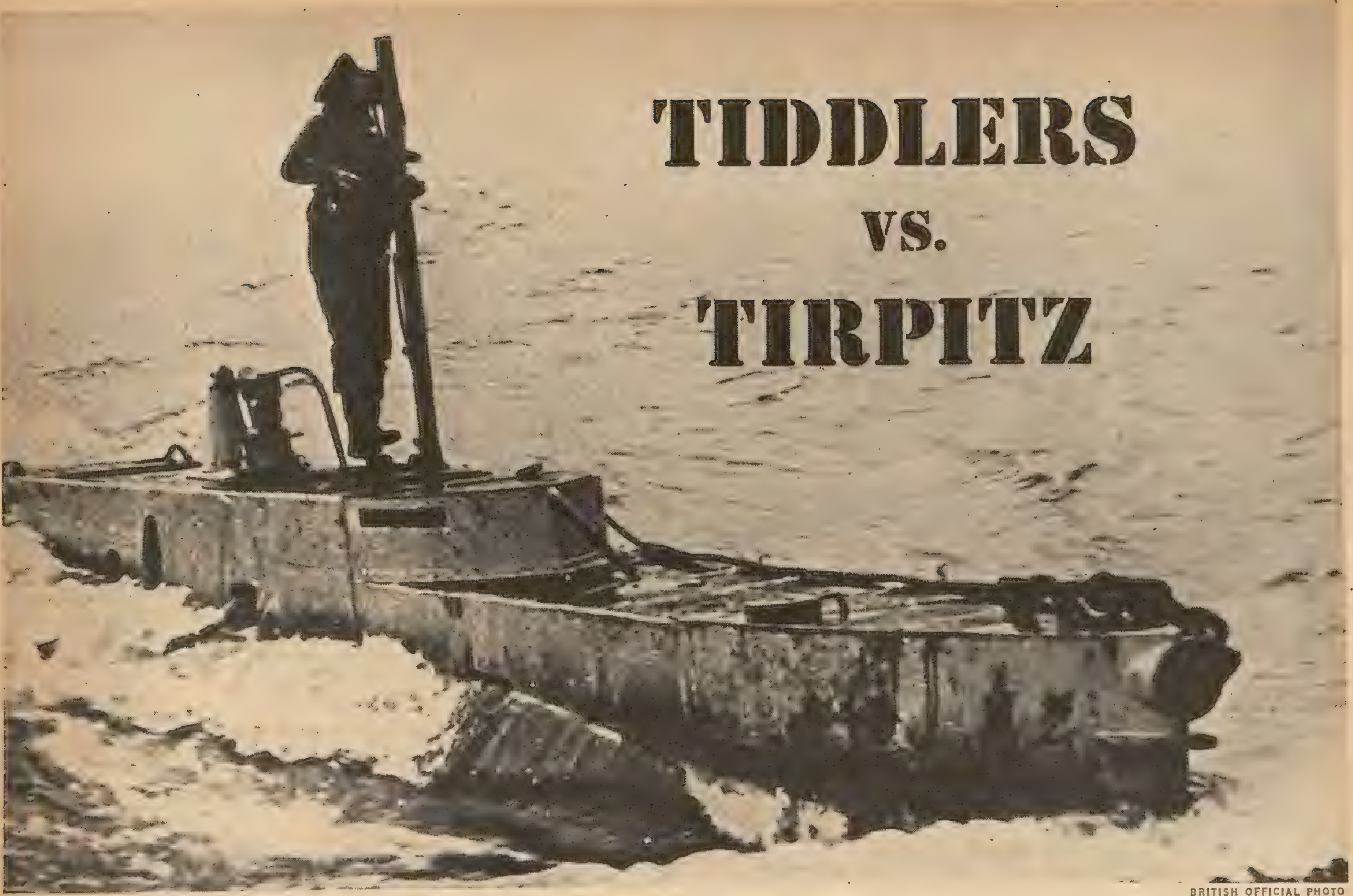
"Oh-oh, he's got 'em fraternizing with swing already!" grinned the major, although American swing, as rendered by two zithers, a medieval hautboy, an Arab flute, and a vase-shaped desert tom-tom, left something to be desired. The leader himself, though undoubtedly Clarence in person, was hard to recognize, his cheeks become quite gaunt, his khaki-colored skin paled to an unhealthy sallowness on which the freckles stood out in high relief, while his eyes, oddly bright and glazed, rested on the tall uniformed newcomer without any sign whatever of recognition. The latter, ceasing to smile, stared back at him in dismay.



A fat man in European evening dress and a fez came forward to lead them solicitously to a place reserved. "The effendi will be pleased," he promised. "Besides the new *Nègre américain* with his native instrument, who has already a *succès fou* with

(*Continued on page 56*)

TIDDLERS
VS.
TIRPITZ



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

Here's a "tiddler"—one of Britain's X craft, midget subs. Two of them torpedoed the super-dreadnought Tirpitz in her lair.

Your heart will pound at this story of the handful of Britons in tiny subs who surprised the mighty German battleship Tirpitz in her "impregnable" hide-out

BY

LT. J. BURKE WILKINSON

U. S. N. R.

THE bleak Arctic fjord was quiet as the great battleship swung gently at her moorings. The lookouts shivered, scanning the deserted waters. For a split second the periscope, with its little feather of spray, made no impression. Then the watchers sprang into action. Small-arms fire rattled and guns were trained as the ship came alive. But the periscope was gone again. Almost immediately there was a tremendous explosion. The battleship rose several feet into the air. She heaved convulsively from stem to stern. When she fell back into the water, the Tirpitz was no longer a fighting ship. . . .

In the summer of 1942 the Tirpitz, the newest and most powerful ship of the German fleet, went to cover in Alten Fjord in Norway, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Her presence there, 41,000 tons of striking power, kept British capital ships on endless vigil. At any time she might break cover and make a dash for the convoy lanes of the North Atlantic. She was the highwayman on the Murmansk Road. With her eight 15-inch guns, her superb armor plating, and the 30-knot speed of a sleek destroyer, she could raid and run, like a highwayman, before the lumbering convoy coaches knew they had been hit, before the blunderbusses of the covering forces could be brought to bear.

The Tirpitz must be destroyed, the Admiralty decreed. But how? Her hide-out seemed the most secure haven in Europe. The fjord bites deeply into the rocky spine of Scandinavia. Sheer cliffs of great height slide straight into the icy waters. They effectively screened the Tirpitz from torpedo-plane attack and made bombing extremely difficult, especially under the trying weather conditions of the far North Atlantic.

Sometimes for days on end these inland arms of the sea are swathed in white mist. It was as if the Tirpitz had been packed in cotton wool and labeled "Do not disturb."

Still, German thoroughness left nothing to chance. They slung submarine nets across the entrances to the battleship's lair, and sowed protective mine fields. Watchdog patrol craft were set to nosing back and forth along the fixed defenses. They lined the shore with flak batteries. Combined with the Tirpitz's own vast firepower, these could put a roof of splintering steel over the straits. As a final precaution, a cordon of anti-torpedo nets was draped about the battleship herself. Tirpitz was safe, the Nazi High Admirals assured their ex-corporal chief.

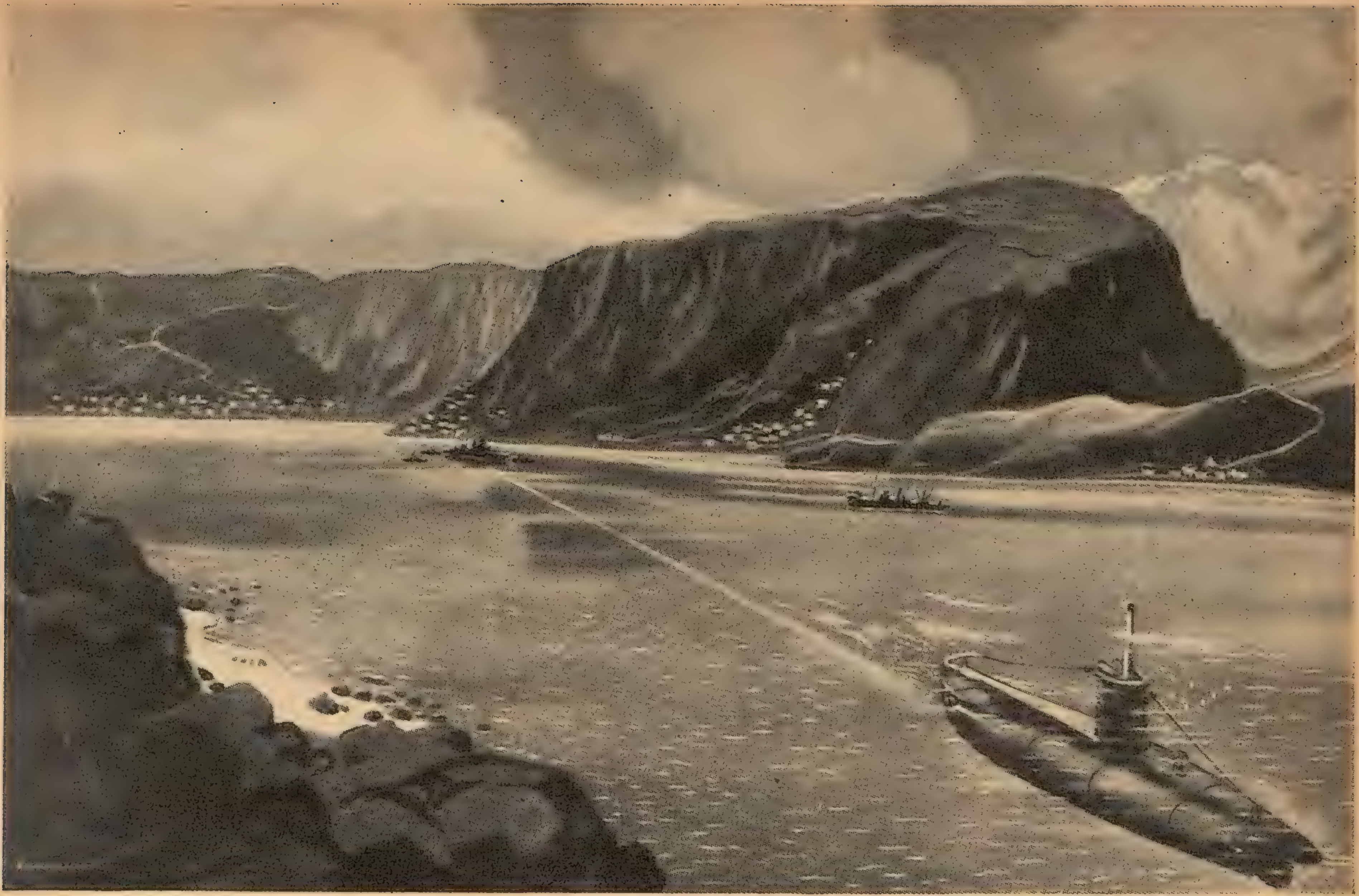
But the British Admiralty had other ideas. There was an old score to settle. Early in the war, before the reaches of Scapa Flow were roped off with steel mesh and nets, the battleship Royal Oak had been torpedoed at anchor there. To do the deed, the U-boat commander, Gunther Prien, had slipped into the Flow in October, 1939, *and out again* in a full-sized submarine!

Gunther Prien's is a tale that may never be told in full, for he was killed on a later patrol. His weapons were surprise, great daring and intimate knowledge of the tides and underwater terrain of the Flow. The months that followed brought many new developments in harbor defense. It was quite evident that no full-sized submarine would ever slip into Alten Fjord undetected.

Nearly two years ago the Admiralty went to work in deepest secrecy.

The first intimation of an intrusion in the fjord came last September 25 when a German news agency announced that "British submarines of the smallest type made an attempt to penetrate into the Norwegian island area. Through the watchfulness of the German naval units stationed there, the submarines were caught in time and destroyed before they could carry out their mission."

A few days later the British press went wild. The Tirpitz was wounded! A great oil slick two miles long stained the fjord. SECRET MIDGET SUBS CRIPPLE TIRPITZ, the headlines said. "TIDDLERS vs. TIRPITZ" placards blossomed in the streets. There were reconstructions of what might have happened and cartoons of tiny naval officers supposedly serving in the midget fleet. But, for all the headlines, very little was told. Discreet silence



FROM SPHERE, © KING FEATURES. DRAWN BY ROLAND DAVIES

A moment after one midget sub launched a torpedo at Hitler's most powerful battleship, the scene in Alten Fjord must have been very much like this—or so thinks a British artist, whose representation of the surrounding cliffs is accurate.

shrouded the craft and the craftsmanship behind the attack.

Now the broad outlines can be filled in from recent British Ministry of Information releases. The citation accompanying the awards of the Victoria Cross to the two young naval officers who led the sneak raid serves as a fitting framework for the story:

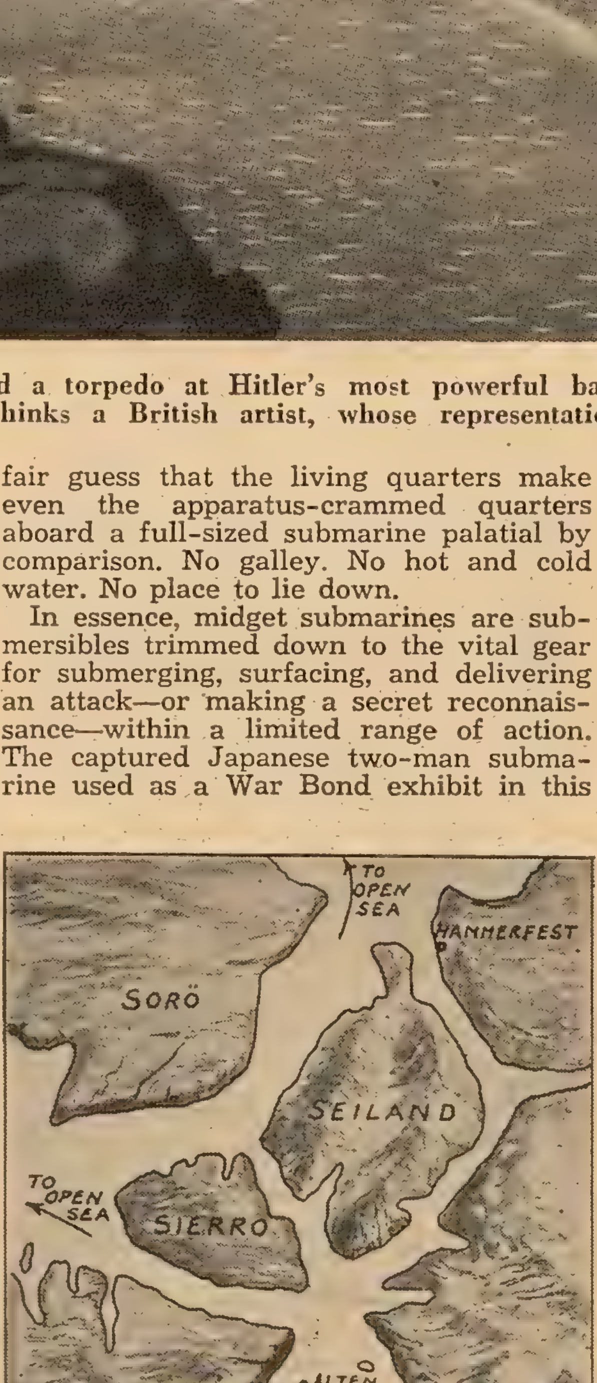
"The King has approved the award of the Victoria Cross for valour to Lieutenant Basil Charles Godfrey Place, D. S. C., R. N., and Lieutenant Donald Cameron, R. N. R., the Commanding Officers of two of H. M. Midget Submarines, X-6 and X-7, which carried out a most daring and successful attack on the German Battleship Tirpitz."

More than a year before the raid, Place and Cameron started training for their unusual task. Place was twenty-two and Cameron twenty-seven, yet their combined naval experience was nearly twenty years. Place had entered Dartmouth, the British equivalent of Annapolis, at fourteen, and Cameron had joined the merchant navy at sixteen. By 1942 Place was already a veteran of submarine service, a holder of the Distinguished Service Cross and the Polish Cross of Valor.

They were joined by Lieutenant H. Henty-Creer, R. N. V. R., and a small group of men picked for physical fitness and proved courage. The training program took place in a lonely deep-country manor house. For months they lived under conditions simulating as closely as possible those of the small submersibles they were to man. The manor house was made even damper than usual. Sleeping quarters were cramped. Rations consisted of concentrated food.

While full details of the special midget X craft have not been disclosed, it is a fair guess that the living quarters make even the apparatus-crammed quarters aboard a full-sized submarine palatial by comparison. No galley. No hot and cold water. No place to lie down.

In essence, midget submarines are submersibles trimmed down to the vital gear for submerging, surfacing, and delivering an attack—or making a secret reconnaissance—within a limited range of action. The captured Japanese two-man submarine used as a War Bond exhibit in this country is a fair example. She is about 80 feet long, shaped like a long cheroot. Only in the 4-foot-6-inch conning tower perched amidships can the officer and rating stand erect. Instead of a combustion engine for surface use and an electric motor for undersea running, the electric motor supplies the propulsion for both. The batteries for this motor take up a good part of the space. The long tubes for two torpedoes and the necessary ballast and air tanks account for the remainder.



BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

Showing, as air reconnaissance did, just where the Tirpitz lay when torpedoed.

An electric motor cannot match the speed of the powerful Diesels employed by full-sized submarines for surface cruising. The Jap midget was virtually a suicide craft. Yet photographs of the British X craft show that she is even smaller, with a crew of four or five instead of two! Skill of design and completeness of training must account for the difference in results achieved.

The submariners practiced staying awake for long stretches. They pored over endless charts of the approaches and the bristling profile of their target until they knew them like the contours of a familiar face. They studied other sneak attacks in the present war, profiting by the mistakes of their enemies, and they tested their strange little craft against every contingency.

In early September of last year the Tirpitz, the highwayman, was on the loose. She slipped her mooring chain, dashed the 400 miles to Spitzbergen on a "daring attack" against the small garrison and the coal mines there, and raced back to her hiding place. Air reconnaissance revealed her in her lair again along with the battle cruiser Scharnhorst, the pocket battleship Lutzow, and some destroyers. The hunting looked good. It was high time to "get cracking."

The night of departure arrived. At a lonely bay in the north the little band assembled. Rear Admiral C. B. Barry, R. N., who wished them godspeed, has described their mood.

"Any doubts," he said, "which I might have entertained could not possibly survive the infectious confidence of these young men. This confidence was not in any way the outcome of youthful daredeviltry, but was based on a firm conviction that their submarines were capable of doing all their crews demanded, and the crews quite capable of surmounting any hazards which it was possible for human beings to conquer."

There were quietly spoken "Good lucks" and "Cheerios," and then, one by one, the midget craft vanished into the night, leaving a swirl of phosphorus in their wake. They were hunting at last.

"To reach the anchorage," the citation continues, "necessitated passage of fifty miles up the fjord, known to be guarded by nets, gun defences, and listening posts; this after a passage of at least a thousand miles from the base."

Endless hours across rough seas, and they raised the gaunt headlands of Scandinavia. They slithered through offshore mine fields and past the island of Sorö, where lookouts watched. From Sorö three narrow netted channels lead into Alten Fjord. How they negotiated the nets has not been revealed. In motion-picture dramas, submarines usually slip into hostile harbors through the net gate below the keel of an enemy craft—like a pilot fish under the belly of a shark. But traffic in the Arctic is not very heavy and it would have been sheer good luck if the enemy had so obliged.

THE maintenance of net defenses under severe North Atlantic conditions affords a better clue. In mid-September equinoctial gales pile up heavy seas. Shackles part, flotation pulls loose, and only the most minute and frequent inspection can keep an installation at top efficiency. The tiny craft may well have wriggled through a gap caused in this way, and not yet repaired by the too-confident foe. They pressed on. So far, their luck held.

Thirty miles more brought them to the broader reaches of the fjord itself. Another fifteen, and they were within range. All the way they played hopscotch with mines and nets and patrol ships and listening posts. If they ran surfaced too long they were sure to be spotted. If they didn't come up for an occasional look-see, their chances of finding their target—let alone attacking her—were small. But surprise and the lady called Luck rode with them.

Perhaps they saw the flush-decked old Lutzow first. The Scharnhorst, with her raked bow and great squat stack, was another seamark. Last of all, in the shadow of the mountainside they made out the dark bulk of the Tirpitz.

The citation tells all that can be told, perhaps all that is known, about the moments that followed:

"Having successfully eluded all these hazards and entered the fleet anchorage, Lieutenants Cameron and Place, with a complete disregard for danger, worked their small craft past the close nets surrounding the Tirpitz and carried out a cool and determined attack. While they were still inside the nets a fierce enemy counterattack by guns and depth charges developed, which made their withdrawal impossible. Lieutenants Cameron and Place therefore scuttled their craft to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. Before doing so they took every measure to ensure the safety of their crews, a majority of whom, together with

(Continued on page 70)

LOST DOG

On a far Pacific island a wounded soldier could thank his stars that though dogs learn new tricks, they never forget the old ones

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

YOU'VE seen men who looked big, mean, and tough, but when you got to know them you learned that they were warmhearted, friendly, and loyal.

Cruncher, the dog, was like that. He was a police dog and he made you think of a timber wolf. A single tearing slash of his fangs would cut deep or snap an arm or wrist bone.

To the average man, Cruncher was something to be chained or destroyed. But to Joe Morgan there were moments when Cruncher looked like a lost dog—he had flashes of bewilderment, moments when he seemed to be almost afraid.

Joe Morgan was in the Army and it was his business to train Cruncher for active duty. Cruncher quickly proved that some one had taught him obedience. He would tear into the dummy enemies that were rigged up, but when heavily protected men were substituted there were moments of hesitation. He would look at Joe Morgan as if to say, "What's the idea? They're good guys. I don't get it." Then Joe would speak, and the dog would make a job of it.

The brass hats weren't so sure that Cruncher would do. It was Joe who went to bat for the dog. "Give me more time with him," he said. "Let me take him to the Jap country where he can work on the real thing, and he'll be tops."

"You may be right, Morgan," the colonel said. "But he seems to me like people who have unfinished business on their minds. Where'd he come from?"

"The Army got him from a dog pound," Joe answered.

The colonel was dubious; but Joe Morgan was going to the "Jap country," and if Cruncher only kept the Japs off Joe when the chips were down, he'd earn his keep.

Joe and Cruncher reported to a Major Bill Calkins, whose outfit was to take a palm-covered island that looked beautiful and peaceful enough—from three miles out at sea. Funeral services had been held for its defenders before they left Japan. Now all they had to do was to throw lead at Americans until they died.

In the gray of dawn Joe Morgan watched the first wave land and tear into a jungle, spitting deadly flame. The wave broke, as waves do when the incoming tide runs strong. And then came the second and third waves, but each gained a higher point on the beach.

In late afternoon the enemy defenses were smashed, but there were pockets of resistance holding up the advance, and Calkins called for the dogs. They landed under artillery fire.

"Pillboxes in the jungle," Calkins said to the officer in command of the K-9 soldiers, "and snipers in the trees. Seventy of my men went after the snipers and thirteen got back." Then, "Go ahead, Morgan," he said, "and good luck."

Crawling and running low, Joe pushed ahead with Cruncher. He came to a road slashed through the jungle. There was a landing strip at the end of the road a half mile distant. Once it was taken, American planes could take off from it for objectives nearer Japan's heart.

He sent Cruncher across the road. There was no sniper fire, so he chanced a quick dash himself. A bullet ripped through the foliage just behind him. He flattened out, Cruncher at his side. "Go get him!" Joe said.

As the dog leaped ahead, a bullet thudded into a stump a foot from Joe's shoulder. He saw a trembling leaf with a round hole through it. He worked over to the bullet scar on the jump, sighted from the scar through the leaf hole, and located foliage bunched in a tree at a point fifty feet from the ground.

Five hundred yards. Joe set his sights, lined up with the bullet scar and the hole in the leaf, and squeezed. The foliage stirred violently; a greenish ape-like thing dropped ten feet and dangled in the air. A rifle dropped from the creature's hands. "Roped to the tree," Joe said to himself. "He's a good Jap now—deader'n a doornail."

The tropical darkness came swiftly, and he holed up, hardly breathing, as he waited for Japs abroad with knives. He wished Cruncher was with him. The dog's nose would have warned him of danger.

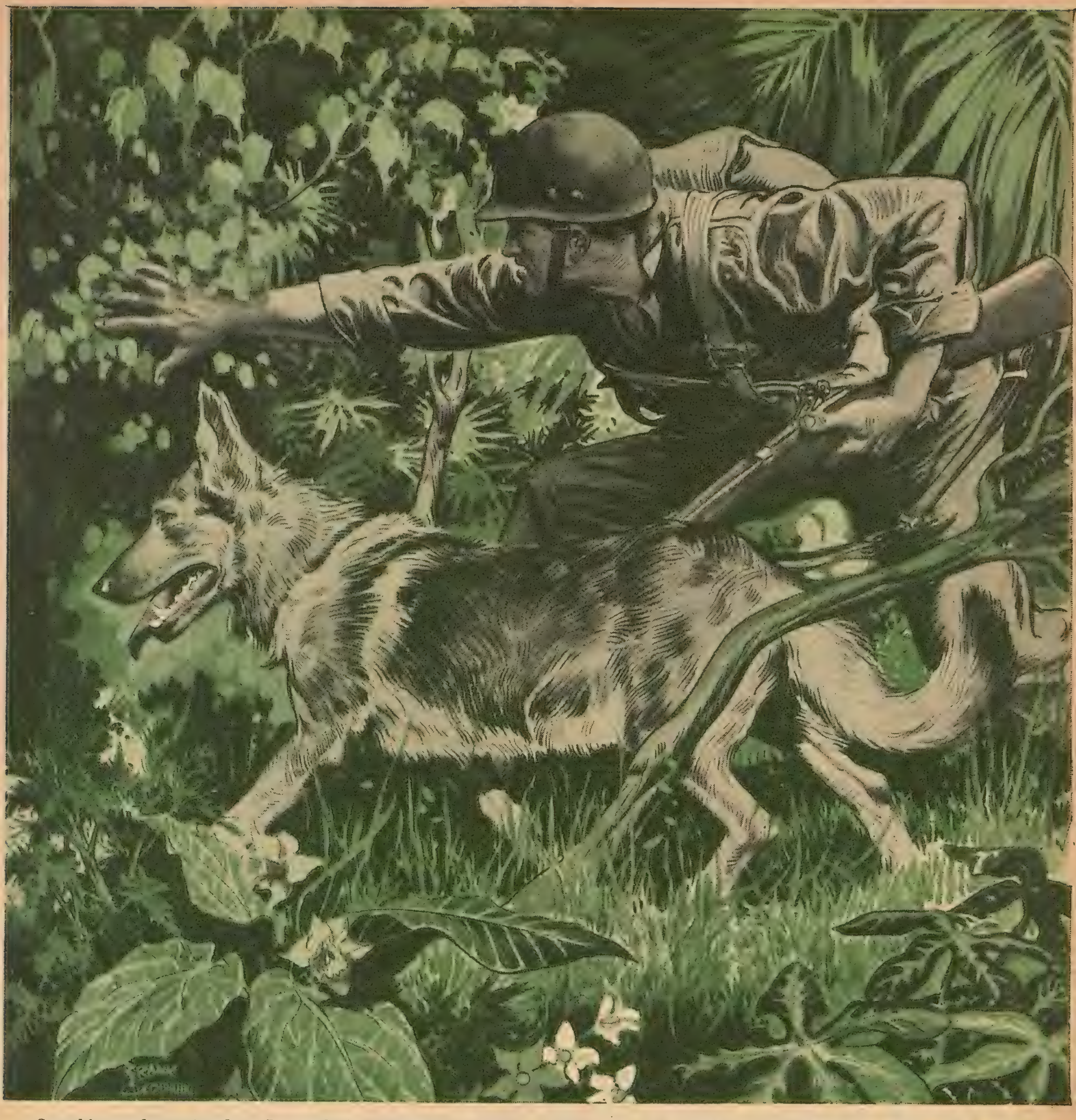
Shadows moved past during the night, but he couldn't be sure whether they were friends or foes. He held his fire, listened to the sounds of night battle, and waited for Cruncher to pick up his scent.

JOE worked on snipers most of the next day—worked himself out of a job. When he holed in for the second night, he guessed he was two miles from the landing strip. He was far from elated. "Cruncher got it," he told himself. "He got it, or he'd have come back to me."

He worked his way back to the road, and began seeing Americans moving back to the beach—walking wounded, mostly. He asked each man the same question: "Did you see a mean, tough-looking police dog?"

About noon a man told him: "I saw him. Dead. In front of a pillbox. Backtrack on my trail a half mile and you'll find him."

Joe Morgan felt all choked up as he broke into a dogtrot. Then he found a



Crouching and running low, Joe pushed ahead with Cruncher. A bullet ripped through the foliage. "Go get him!" Joe said.

mean, tough-looking police dog in front of a pillbox. But it wasn't Cruncher.

He again made for the road. Halftracks, jeeps, and bulldozers were pouring equipment ashore to improve that landing strip and hold it.

Joe was dog-tired when he broke out of the jungle. He sat down and watched the traffic—trucks wallowing their way to the field, then bouncing from hump to hump as they returned to the beach, empty.

Crossing that road is more dangerous than Jap snipers, he thought as he lit a cigarette.

The cigarette was a butt when he saw a dog on the jungle's edge. "Cruncher!" he said. "Cruncher!" But Cruncher didn't move. Joe watched with an odd tightness in his breast. "Hell," he said softly, "he's been lost, but he's found himself."

Cruncher was watching the traffic. Suddenly he saw a break and started across. A man with a belt slipped through his collar followed—followed with confidence, though his feet stumbled over the ruts and twice he almost fell down.

Joe crossed over and said, "Lemme help, feller!" And to the dog, "Good boy, Cruncher! Good boy!" He turned to the wounded man again. "How'd you get it?"

"Sniper. I went down, and then I knew I was blinded. I got a stick and tried to make it to the beach. Geez it was tough! Kept falling on my puss and the damned snipers would shoot at me. Then this mutt comes up. Whimpers. Almost talks. On a hunch, I fumbled my belt through his collar. Then, feller, he led me. He seemed to know the way. Sometimes he'd stop as if he knew we were in danger, and I'd get down. Believe in miracles, brother? I do, now."

Joe Morgan had it figured. A Seeing Eye dog who had lost his master. Cruncher, frantic, had searched until he had been picked up and sent to the Army—and to Joe Morgan, who hadn't been smart enough to figure out Cruncher's specialty.

"Yes," Joe said. "I go for it, too. Cruncher, from now on in you'll be out there doing your real job—finding blind G. I.s and bringing them in. Happy—boy?"

Cruncher grinned as he looked from Joe to his new master. Then he put his weight firmly against the belt strap, and three soldiers started again for the beach.

THE END

WESTINGHOUSE PHOTO

To measure bacteria-killing ultraviolet rays, Westinghouse research engineer D. E. Henry prepares a tantalum "click meter."

TANTALUM—WONDER METAL of the WAR

BY MABEL RAEF PUTNAM

TANTALUM is the wonder metal of the war.

It is so versatile and its uses are so varied that almost every day new applications for it are being found.

Its contribution to the war effort is so important that when the Navy's huge flying boat Mars returned last December from its first war mission, a large portion of the cargo carried was tantalite, the ore of tantalum, brought from Brazil. Moreover, this tantalite was given a higher priority than admirals, being labeled "Priority A-1."

A piece of tantalite looks very much like a piece of coal. But out of this dull lump comes a metal that looks very much like steel. Its characteristic color is bluish gray, though in roll-polished sheets it is much whiter and has a luster similar to platinum.

When tempered or hardened, it loses the bluish cast and becomes white, and it may become a variety of colors by a simple electrolytic process.

Tantalum is unique in the field of metals because it has what they call opposing or unrelated characteristics: freedom from corrosion and chemical attack—in that respect it has the quality of glass—and the strength, malleability, and workability of steel. This combination gives it a double working value.

Tantalum got its name because it tantalized the man who found it. Now it's doing amazing things and proving to be a rare metal in more ways than one

It is used in surgery, in the manufacture of electronic tubes, in the making of glass for cameras and optical instruments. It is used in the manufacture of extremely hard tools and dies and in making synthetic rubber. Because it is noncorrosive it is used in the manufacture of chemical plant equipment, and directly as well as indirectly in the production of munitions.

Tantalum is a miracle of wartime surgery. For years doctors have been searching for the ideal substance from the mineral kingdom to use in the animal kingdom. They believe they have found it in tantalum, which undergoes no chemical change when introduced into the living tissues. It is noncorrodible and nonpoisonous. It does not irritate surrounding tissues as do most metals used heretofore. In fact, no reactions to its presence have developed. It is the perfect surgical metal.

The practical application of tantalum to surgery has taken place in less than five years—principally during this war. At the Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons' meeting in Chicago last January, surgeons now serving in Army and Navy hospitals told how it is being used to make wounded men over. Tantalum plates—thin sheets—are set into skulls to replace shattered bones in the top of the head, the forehead, or the jaw. Torn nerves are sutured together with a tantalum wire finer than the finest human hair and then wrapped in a tantalum foil less than 1/1000 of an inch thick to protect them from overlying tissues.

Because it is extremely workable, the surgeon can cut and form the flat tantalum sheet to the desired contour at the operating table, thus saving time.

One movie exhibited at a clinic showed an operation on the sciatic nerve of a soldier who had received a gunshot wound. The bullet had gone through the bone structure and lodged in the nerve. The bullet was removed, the bruised part of the nerve, about two inches, cut out, and the two ends brought together and sutured with tantalum wire. Then the nerve was folded in tantalum foil and the wound closed—sutured with tantalum wire.

"We find that tantalum permits us to perform operations that we couldn't do otherwise," says Lieutenant Colonel R. Glen Spurling, Chief of Neurosurgery, Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C. "Not only does it cause no unfavorable reaction, but it prevents scar-tissue formation. We have something here that can be put into the body that couldn't be repaired otherwise. It is the perfect suture material, making new techniques possible. Men have big holes in their skulls. We repair them and send them back into duty. The metal is making a great contribution to the restoration of soldiers to useful activity."

Tantalum has a singular use in a peculiar photoelectric cell which measures bacteria-killing rays generated in ultraviolet lamps. Westinghouse Electric Company uses it in both sheet and rod—or wire—form for this purpose. In the company's ultraviolet lamp a measuring instrument was needed to determine the killing efficiency of the lamp's radiations, so the research department invented a "click meter," the heart of which is a sensitive photoelectric cell with a tantalum cathode. Tantalum's photoelectric properties are such that it follows the curve of bactericidal ultraviolet wave lengths and "cuts off," or fails to register, above this wave band.

PERHAPS the widest use of this metal is in electronic tubes—radio transmitting tubes and the 50,000-watt tubes used in standard broadcasting. Tantalum is the only metal that will readily absorb gases. It does its own cleaning up in the tube—is its own "getter," in trade parlance. It has a high melting point and will soak up and retain gases even while it is being subjected to intense heat. Therefore it is the only stable material for plates and grids, since the heat from an overloaded plate causes all other materials to release suddenly—and the tube goes dead.

In this respect, too, tantalum makes possible the great efficiency and sureness of electronic instruments used for navigation, direction finding, and communication. A surgeon—a Naval officer in a Pacific coast hospital—remarked that, valuable as tantalum is in wartime surgery, its contribution to the reliability of radar may be of even greater value to our fighting men because of the protection these instruments give them.

Another major use of this metal comes from its conversion into tantalum carbide mixed with tungsten carbide to make extremely hard tools and dies. It is these super-hard tools which have helped war producers to operate at phenomenally high speed. Ordinary tools must be sharpened several times a day. But tantalum-tungsten carbide tools have run twenty-eight days, three shifts a day, without any stop to sharpen them. And no other tool can approximate the life of these tools.

A great many war machines must be made from blocks of metal; must be whittled, so to speak, out of blocks that, in some cases, weigh several tons. Think of the saving of time and material that results from the use of tantalum-carbide-tungsten-carbide tools!

Tantalum compounds and compounds of other rare metals have also helped revolutionize the making of glass. It is as if someone had discovered how to make steel without iron. Eastman Kodak Company is producing a new glass for aerial lenses, cameras, and optical equipment from tantalum oxide, tungsten, and lanthanum. This is the first basic optical-glass discovery since 1866, when the famous Jena glasses were first introduced in Germany.

With this glass, better photographs can be made under adverse conditions, such as in fog, at twilight, or at high altitudes. It has a much higher refractive index than any glass previously produced; that is, its light-bending ability is much greater. Service tests with aerial lenses made of this glass have resulted in sharper, clearer aerial pictures and a larger area covered with no loss of speed.

Tantalum also plays its part in the production of synthetic rubber. A tantalum compound is used as a catalyst in making butadiene—a basic synthetic rubber material. The E. I. du Pont de Nemours corporation employs tantalum equipment for making the hydrochloric acid which is used in the production of its synthetic rubber—neoprene. The reason, of course, is that acids do not corrode tantalum.

Du Pont also uses tantalum in producing balance weights for laboratory scales. Being free of corrosive, the metal keeps its original weight, and the scales retain their accuracy.

Tantalum equipment for the processing of corrosive chemicals, dyes, and allied products has furthered the introduction of new products such as high octane gas, phenolic products, the magic products of plastic. Almost its first use was in the delicate valves which regulate the supply of chlorine in drinking water.

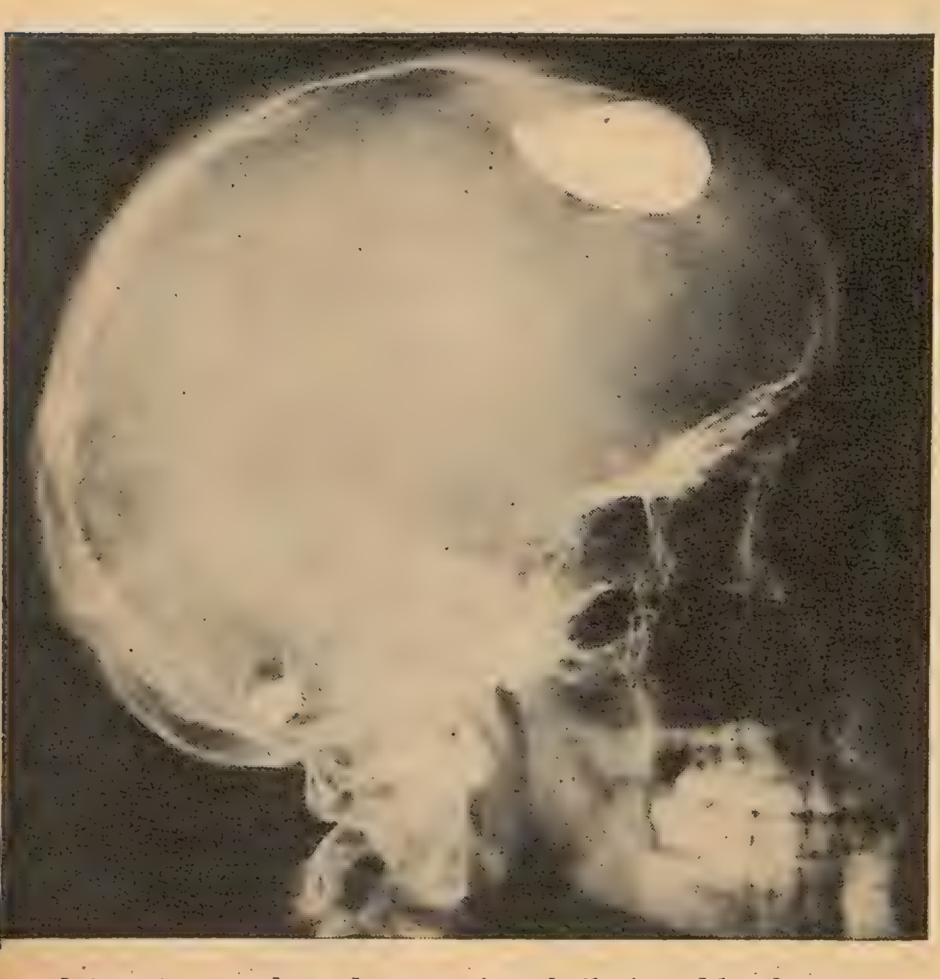
TANTALUM has a history as romantic as its present is dramatic. Almost 150 years ago a Swedish chemist named Ekeberg found an unknown element in a piece of ore obtained from the British Museum. He spent his life trying to extricate this element from its tightly locked compounds. It so tantalized him that he named it after Tantalus, the son of Zeus, who was punished by being placed in water up to his chin, with fruit hanging over his head. Whenever he tried to drink or to eat, the water or the fruit receded.

The reason why Ekeberg could not separate this element from its ore was that, in those days, chemists had not yet learned how to break down extremely hard metals—that is, those with a high melting point. Tantalum is one of the hardest of metals; its melting point is 2,996 Centigrade, or approximately 5,100 degrees Fahrenheit.

For still another century the metal remained locked in its ore. Then in 1902 the first tantalum was produced in a very hard and brittle form. In another year a process was developed for producing it in a sufficiently pure form to make the first use of it—as a drawn filament wire for incandescent lamps.

In 1905 its atomic weight was deter-

(Continued on page 53)



Life-saving tantalum plates repair a skull pierced by shrapnel.

WESTINGHOUSE PHOTO

She's checking up on heated tantalum grids for electronic tubes.

The FLIGHT of the BELL

BY MORAN TUDURY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN COLLINS

THE little Dutch church had been transformed into a hospital and many boys lay there—the full red harvest from bloody Germantown where Lord Howe's men had struck and the fighting at Chadds Ford and along the Brandywine. Lyddy saw them and wept tears inside of her for every one of them, but she did not stop today. Instead, she walked quickly down the long aisles of the wounded and at the rear of the church she found the door. She opened it, descending to the cellar.

The Bell was hidden there—in the cool shadows, a bigger shadow than all the others, and looming so strangely in such an inappropriate setting. But she smiled to see it . . . because it was Big Dutch's bell.

It was twelve feet around at the lip and its weight was better than two thousand pounds. The clapper alone was over three feet long. When it had come from England in '52 it had cost exactly sixty pounds, fourteen shillings, fivepence. She knew this because Big Dutch had told her so, and all things concerning the bell he knew beyond question. She stood there, brushing the dust away with her cloth—wiping gently until one by one the iron and immovable letters magically appeared. *Pass and Stow. Philada.* MDCCLIII. . . . *Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*

She worked quickly because soon mama would come. Always when she came down to clean the Bell, mama called. You could hear it forever filling your ears, "Lyddy, daughter, come the cellar out! Come now yet, Lyddy!"

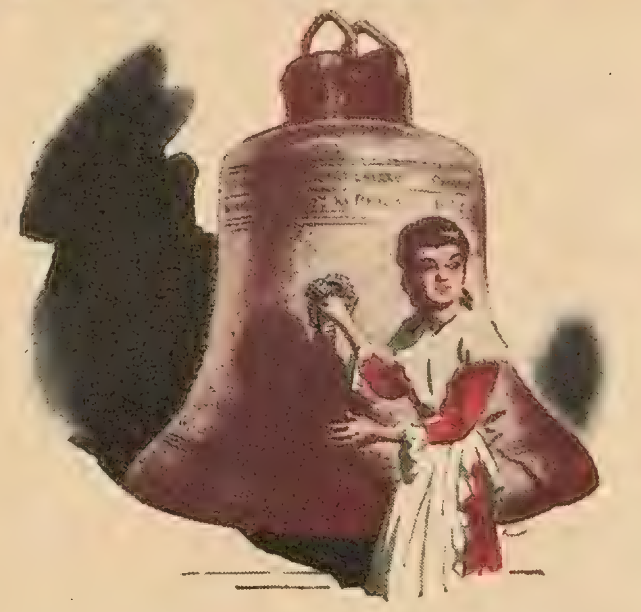
For almost a year the Bell had lain here, with the great clapper never once striking. Shamefully neglected, covered with dust and silent—no longer in the State House steeple at Philadelphia doing a bell's natural work of calling folk to work or announcing exciting happenings or simply ringing the hours in the deep of the night, a comfort for the sick and wakeful to hear. There were some who said that it never would ring again but would lie on in this Allentown cellar with the dust thickening and the cobwebs lengthening and its big voice always still.

But not Big Dutch—he did not say it. Big Dutch's papa had first raised the Bell and its frame in the State House, receiving in payment a peck of potatoes, fourteen pounds of beef, thirty-six loaves of bread, earthenware, candles, and other goods. Fine wages, that. And Big Dutch had impressed upon her that no man in his family ever took wages for a job of work which did not turn out well. What they did was done as the Dutch do everything—strongly and for a purpose and reason.

"You think we work for nothing?" Big Dutch told her. "You think we do a job and then it turns out bad? You think we put up a bell that won't make? Wait, you'll hear—one day the Bell rings again."

That was what he had said, and she could still hear him saying it, word by word. So it must come to pass, and she would brush the dust away until one fine day it did.

She stood in the shadows, thinking. . . . When the Bell was new it had cracked. Big Dutch had told her why. No British bell would ring out for Americans the Liberty inscription that was lettered on this bell. It would not ring until they had melted American copper into the recasting.



Then, he said, it had rung. It rang for the town meetings; muffled, it tolled when the Stamp Act became law and the British closed the port of Boston; it rang when the big news came from Lexington; it rang when General Washington accepted his appointment as commander of the Continental Army. It rang July 8, two years back, when Captain Nixon read the Declaration in the square. And it had rung last summer when Philadelphia celebrated the first year of freedom. Lyddy had heard it that time. *B'long! B'long! B'long!* She had left her aunt's house and walked to the square with her hand on Big Dutch's arm. Every one had been in the street, celebrating. They saw Mr. Adams. They saw the bright candles burning in the windows in the evening; they saw the darkened windows where the Tories watched and bided their own evil time.

Two months later, the Bell's ringing was over. The Bell fled. Like one hunted, it had fled from its State House steeple over the hills and through Center Valley and the up-and-down miles that led to safety and Allentown.

In the shadows Lyddy smiled through tears that were slow and warm. The flight of the Bell had been Big Dutch's doing. Now she saw how he had kept his promise about the Bell. She cried, finding comfort in the tears, merely to think of the strange way in which the Bell had come to Allentown—of Big Dutch's part in it all.

She stirred, hearing mama. Listen, she thought. It's always the same.

"Lyddy, daughter, come the cellar out!"

Lyddy stood there, smiling, still thinking of Big Dutch. You would have given him the same name, Big Dutch, seeing him yourself for the first time. Not, you see, a sight quickly to be forgotten. In your mind it would not be enough to call such a man merely Peter or Willem or Yon. It had to be Big Dutch. Look, she thought, this is how I first saw him. My, how he wondered me! . . .

HE was a giant in his Market Street smithy. In leather apron, without shirt, cotton stockings falling on his ankles, yellow hair gleaming with sweat, he had the body of an ox. His hammer rang: *Bang! Bang! Bang!* deafening her, filling her brain. When he saw her leading in Aunt Becky's sorrel, he had put the hammer down.

"It makes a shoe off," she said. "You can see how Yonnie don't walk so good yet."

With the hammer quiet, the silence seemed to roll and roll in her ears.

He looked at her, then at Yonnie, and back again, smiling. "Well, now it gets fixed," he said and began stirring the coals, banking them around the new shoe, taking the bellows till the draft blew sparks. Into the white-hot forge spitting —*spl-o-o-oot!* He trimmed Yonnie's hoof with the farrier's knife, then planed it across the toe. Then he took the shoe and laid it on the anvil. And now she heard the music that really was in his hammer—three beats on the anvil, two on the shoe —with the sparks flying away like stars shooting in the sky.

The shoe was tossed in the water bucket, spluttering itself out. And she watched how he looked at her, pretending not to at all. Lifting a keg of nails, raising wagon tongues and oxen yokes—making his muscles go big, then smiling at her over one shoulder. Showing off yet, she thought. So big arms like an ox, but only a boy.

When the shoe was on, he took his hammer and beat on the anvil. His eyes danced now with a strange new gleaming, she thought.

"Look how the stars fly up," he said. "One star it's for Pennsylvania and one like for New York and one maybe it makes for New Jersey. . . ." He beat till her eardrums were bursting and she could not move, standing there holding Yonnie's rope.

"You know what I'm saying?" he asked her. "Right now I am making guns for the army. Guns to shoot at the British. Yah."

She stared.

"A big man like me," he said, "I can do anything, ain't? I am bigger than Jacob Lapp even—and he is the biggest wagoner of all. Me, I am the one they call Big Dutch."

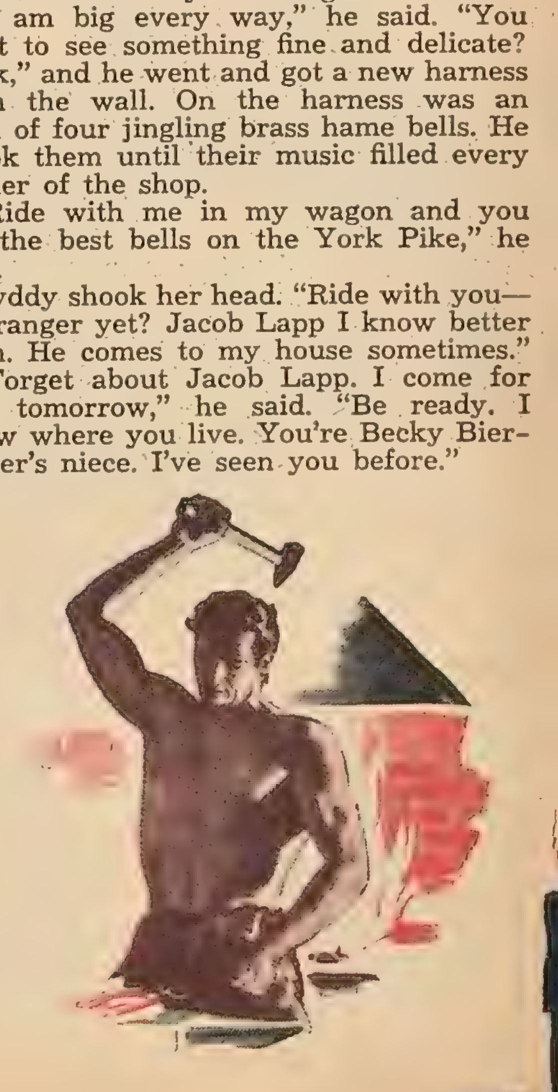
Lyddy said, "So? It's better being big in the head than only to be big in the arms."

"I am big every way," he said. "You want to see something fine and delicate? Look," and he went and got a new harness from the wall. On the harness was an arch of four jingling brass hame bells. He shook them until their music filled every corner of the shop.

"Ride with me in my wagon and you got the best bells on the York Pike," he said.

Lyddy shook her head. "Ride with you—a stranger yet? Jacob Lapp I know better even. He comes to my house sometimes."

"Forget about Jacob Lapp. I come for you tomorrow," he said. "Be ready. I know where you live. You're Becky Biermeyer's niece. I've seen you before."



Terrible and wonderful was Big Dutch's pride in the Liberty Bell, and Lyddy staked her future on his word that it would ring again some day

"Don't come. It's no use," she said. "My aunt won't let me yet. She's wonderful particular."

"Be ready," he said, and wiped his hands on the leather apron.

"Save yourself the trouble," she said. "No. That's the answer."

He picked up the hammer and beat the anvil, the thunder making her jump. "Be ready," he said.

"Well," Lyddy said, "if tomorrow you do come—well, then we'll see," and led Yonnie out of the shop with her knees trembling under her. Had there ever been such a man, big, but only a little boy?

She was ready a long time before he came, but she kept him sitting. Aunt Becky had said it, "Wait a while for the shoo-fly pie, then it tastes much better," and her aunt was old enough to know. How could you handle such a big Dutch like him if you didn't go slowly?

THE minute they got in the wagon seat here he was boasting again.

"Maybe I forgot to say it," he said. "It was my papa that put up the bell in the State House steeple. Did Jacob Lapp ever do that?"

"So," she said, "right up in the steeple?"

"Before all the workmen it was him selected," he said. "He could do such a fine job. Much better than Jacob Lapp."

"In Allentown my papa's a farmer," Lyddy said. "Thirty acres and something coming from the garden out all the time. It's beautiful."

He was not listening but admiring the bells on his horse's neck. The brass shone. "You hear them—jingle-jingle like a music box?" he asked. "I told you—the best on the pike. Jacob Lapp has no bells. He don't like music, him. Too stingy for bells."

It made her smile, so much pride for bells on a horse's neck. You could really have laughed, so big but boyish, sitting on the wagon seat with his chin in the air. So happy to greet all who passed on the road, turning to her, saying, "See them admire you? 'Such a pretty girl,' they're saying, 'and such pretty music bells.'"

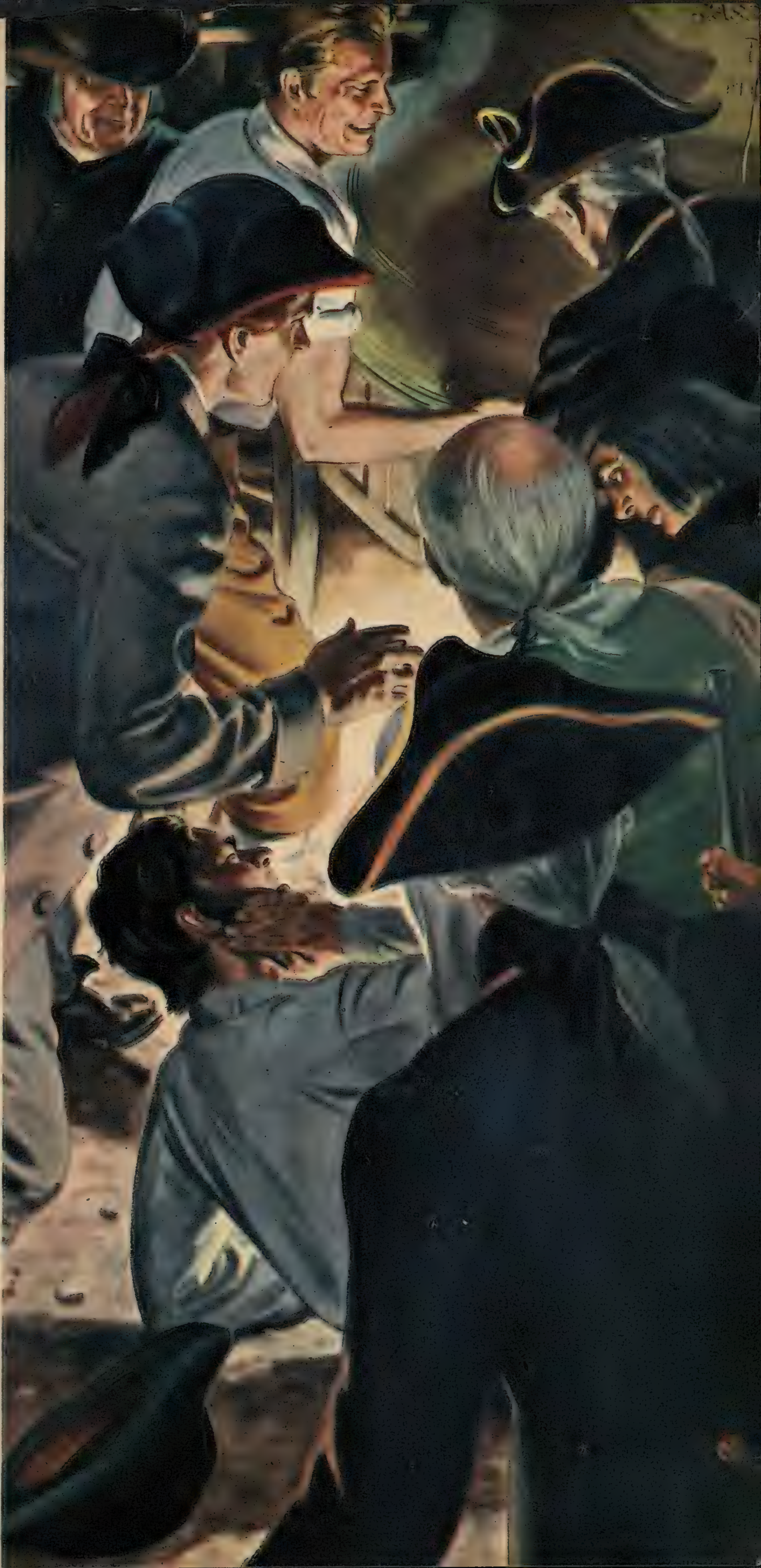
Such a simple and amusing nature. . . .

Not only the wagons passed but soldiers too—the soldiers you were seeing these days on every road—the dirty men who tramped in the road with the muskets and the thin tired faces. They raised the thick dust, some of them calling at her as they walked by. "Let them shout," Big Dutch said. "If it was me, I would call out too. Only to see a pretty face like you got there."

She was thinking: Trouble is coming and everywhere will be the wounded and dead. Now comes the war even to the very door—feeling the tightness in her throat when she saw two fast riders in army coats ride by. Big Dutch had seen them, narrowing his eyes, nodding his big head, and forgetting her for a moment, forgetting even perhaps the bells. Now she knew. It was like people had said—the British were moving on Philadelphia, were really coming at last.

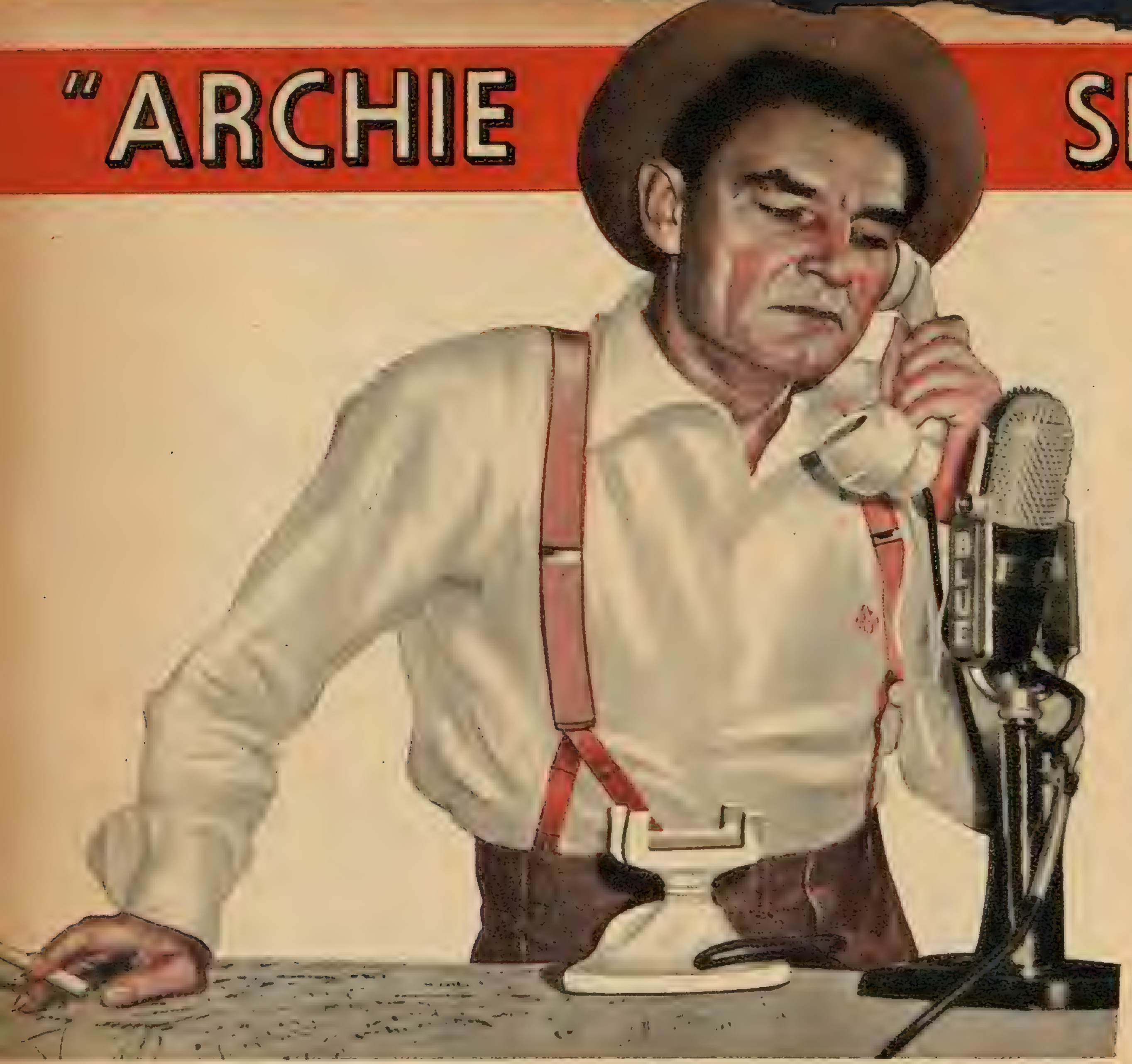
She thought these things. Then the

(*Continued on page 52*)



Jacob lay in the dust, groaning. The men were unloading the bell.

"ARCHIE SPEAKIN' —



The role of Archie, lovable mug of Duffy's Tavern, is right down Ed Gardner's adenoids. His life is screwier than his radio fiction. Come in, Ed

A TALL gangling mug, a few years back, loped his way into the office of Russell Albright, one of the heads of the advertising agency of McKee and Albright, and announced nasally, "My name's Ed Gardner. I want to produce radio shows."

"What have you done?" asked Albright, waiting for an exaggerated account of past laurels.

"Well, I'll tell ya," said Gardner, nonchalantly parking his size-12 brogans on Albright's desk. "I've been out of work a long time."

Impressed by such dynamic negativism, Albright, like the half gross of employers who preceded him, threw convention to the winds, and added Gardner to the payroll.

And here, in a capsule, is the key to the backhanded success which has marked the variegated career of Ed Gardner, the adenoidal star, producer, and owner of one of radio's top flight shows, the ubiquitous Duffy's Tavern, "Where the Elite Meet to Eat."

It is a peculiar American weakness to love a mug. And Ed Gardner, both in everyday life and as Archie, the master mangler of the English language in Duffy's Tavern, has mugged his way from the lower depths of the WPA to some twenty million American ears. His rusted voice, bulging with barbarisms, committing every possible mayhem on the American language, has touched something basic in human nature. For he unfrocks the pompous, makes a virtue of ignorance, and elevates the mug to the circles of the elect.

When Gardner, as Archie, informs the ever-absent Duffy that their guest Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan star, can't hold a candle to "Chicken Tetrazzini, premiere cacciatori of the Canarsie Canaries," the listening audience is secretly pleased. They, the Cinderellas of the world, have suddenly been transported through the gilded doors of the court, and have been informed, to mix a metaphor, that the Bluebird is really back at home.

When Gardner turns to Miss Swarthout and pronounces judgment on "Cafeteria Rusticana," "El Faust," and "La Traveretta," these unfunny lines suddenly produce belly laughs. They have leveled the sacrosanct to the sandpile, where every listener feels at home.

Thus, Duffy's Tavern, like the Mack Sennett comedies and the early Charlie Chaplin movies, stirs an elemental chord in human nature. Soldiers in the mid-Pacific instinctively name their beaneries after it. Bombers in India sport its name across their noses. And strait-laced officials of the Metropolitan Opera House have been known to walk out on gala performances in order to get to a radio in time to tune in the Gardner gimcracks.

But Duffy's Tavern is nothing but a dramatization of the overtones of Gardner's life. It differs from every other radio program in that it is for all practical purposes living biography. Archie is Ed Gardner. And he personifies Gardner's outstanding and unique gift, the ability to divide gall into as many parts as possible—and master each.

A bony, six-foot-two monument of unimpressibility, Gardner, who looks like a cross between a beanpole and the late Ring Lardner, has insulted more sponsors, patrons, employers, and guests than any other man in show business. A model of relaxation and a super salesman in reverse, Gardner could not only find a way of making himself perfectly comfortable on a bed of nails, but would forthwith sell the bed's manufacturer an order of railroad spikes.

Gardner was born across the river from Manhattan, in Astoria, Long Island. His family, combining Irish and German stocks, boasted three baseball players, and consequently set little Ed's life pattern around the bizarreries of the bleachers and the glamour of the diamond. The family manse was set over a butcher shop; the ancestral name was Poggenburg. And Ed, with canny wisdom and irrepressible, albeit cockeyed, drive, turned every fact of his background into dramatic capital.

In the course of his jet-propelled journey into radio, Ed has fulfilled the minimum requirements for some fourscore odd jobs, which included routing engine crews on the Long Island Railroad, selling paints, typewriters, and pianos, and promoting and engineering miniature golf courses. And although he is now copping some several grand a week with Duffy's Tavern, and has recently banked a $150,000 check from Paramount for a movie of the same name, it is his mother's firm and dogged contention that "Eddie should have stood with the railroad."

In the ruggedly individualistic days of his youth, Gardner was never long out of a job—and seldom overlong in one. He passed through his various offices of transient employment with the gusto and nonchalance of a New York taxi driver at rush hour.

His first job, acquired at the knowing age of fourteen, was playing the piano in Vopat's Saloon in Astoria. Ed's mother had been forking over fifty cents per lesson to a certain Professor Sladovnik, to have her son transformed into a musical prodigy.

"Hullo, Arch!" brays Finnegan—Charlie Cantor.

DUFFY AIN'T HERE"

BY ROBERT W. MARKS

Ed was not one to waste his mother's fortune.

Every Saturday night, the night of the pig roast, he would slip out of the house, slide into the saloon, sit at his keyboard, and hit whatever chords he could remember. Meanwhile, he drank in the Vopat atmosphere. Here was glamour; here was the *haut monde* of western Queens, café society in its lush fullness and across-the-bridge glory. "Vopat's was exactly like Duffy's," Gardner has always maintained, "except that Deems Taylor, or any of them guys, never dropped in for a beer. Never."

The excursion at Vopat's came to an end quite suddenly a few weeks after its inception. Mrs. Poggenburg learned, through the Astoria grapevine, what her musical son was doing with his Saturday evenings. Walking in one evening, she seized him firmly by one ear and escorted him back to a more sheltered if less educational milieu.

Gardner then decided to make a career of stenography. He spent the cream of his high school days practicing in his notebook. One fatal incident, however, interrupted his career. A boy he had been wont to fight with, and lick, in times past, returned to Astoria fresh from an enlistment in the Marines. This fellow, Bill Foster, put on the gloves with Ed in the backyard, and straightened him in five seconds flat.

"Wait a minute," said Ed, picking himself up, a new and interested light gleaming in his eyes. "You're my boy. We'll make a cleaning."

A month later he had Foster signed for a fight at the Queensboro Stadium. A new and more enticing career was in the offing. No more piano pounding. No more scribbling in notebooks. Madison Square Garden was just across the river.

UNFORTUNATELY, the promising Devil Dog was knocked back in Gardner's lap before the gong for the third round. Disgusted now with life, ambition, and impresario illusions, Ed sadly turned back to his art, and signed himself up as a combination stenographer and crew dispatcher with the Long Island Railroad. His job was to route trains a certain number of hours each day; the rest of the time was devoted to the details of filing. And it was here that he first displayed that genius for disorganization which was to be his mainstay in life. He set world records for speed in filing; he could put things away, but somehow he could never get them out. This caused annoyance among his superiors.

Another weakness in his work was his tendency, in the roundhouse, to route trains up the wrong section of track. One day, after he had sent the Montauk Express in the general direction of Coney Island, the foreman came over to him and said, "Eddie, you and I have at last come to a parting of the ways. You're a great guy, but I don't like your tick-tacks." Wasting nothing, Gardner has made "tick-tacks" a standard malapropism in Duffy's Tavern.

Professional baseball first came into Gardner's life via the Fairbanks-Morse Scale Co. Hired again as a stenographer, he proved that his best talents lay in the pitcher's box of the company's baseball team. When the baseball season came to a close, he was officially and unapologetically fired.

"Eddie," said his mother, "you should have stood with the railroad."

Gardner's business career found its next sponsor in Carter's Ink Company. Putting himself across as a salesman in his first interview, he was hired. During his first day he accumulated more orders for typewriter ribbons and carbon paper than had ever been garnered by a single man in a single day over the entire history of the company. But baseball was in his blood. He figured that having done so well the first day, he was entitled to take the second day off. Hopping a bus, he took in a baseball game. The third day followed the second. On the fifth, he was fired.

It was not that Gardner was lacking in dynamism or in the classic spirit of the pioneers of industry. But other drives were at work, even though their nature was none too clear to Eddie—and not clear at all to Eddie's mother. There was, for example, the constant lure of show business. Fully half of his selling afternoons were taken up with visits to B. F. Keith's Palace Theater or the Colonial. There were also the balmy afternoons he spent standing in front of the Palace, swapping gags with an Astoria comic, Al Langan. To untutored eyes, the young idler was wasting his time.

As Gardner went swiftly through a succession of jobs, the formula was always the same: double-quick overselling on his part, and then a rapid though cordial severance of diplomatic relations on the part of his employer. As time passed, he perfected new and ingenious ways of taking on successive responsibilities. He learned what every employer wanted, and trained himself always to deliver the package according to specifications—at least, for the duration of the selling interview. After that, nature would take its inevitable course. Employers who fired him usually did so with deep regret. A hidden feeling of remorse made them overeager to give him laudatory references, thus passing the buck to the next incumbent.

MEANWHILE, he developed new resourcefulness, new subtleties of approach. Believing, for example, that the first requisite of good salesmanship is to make people pay attention to you, he pretended he had a lisp. "Ith Mithter Thmith in?" he would inquire of the receptionist. "Then tell him I have thomething interethting to communicate."

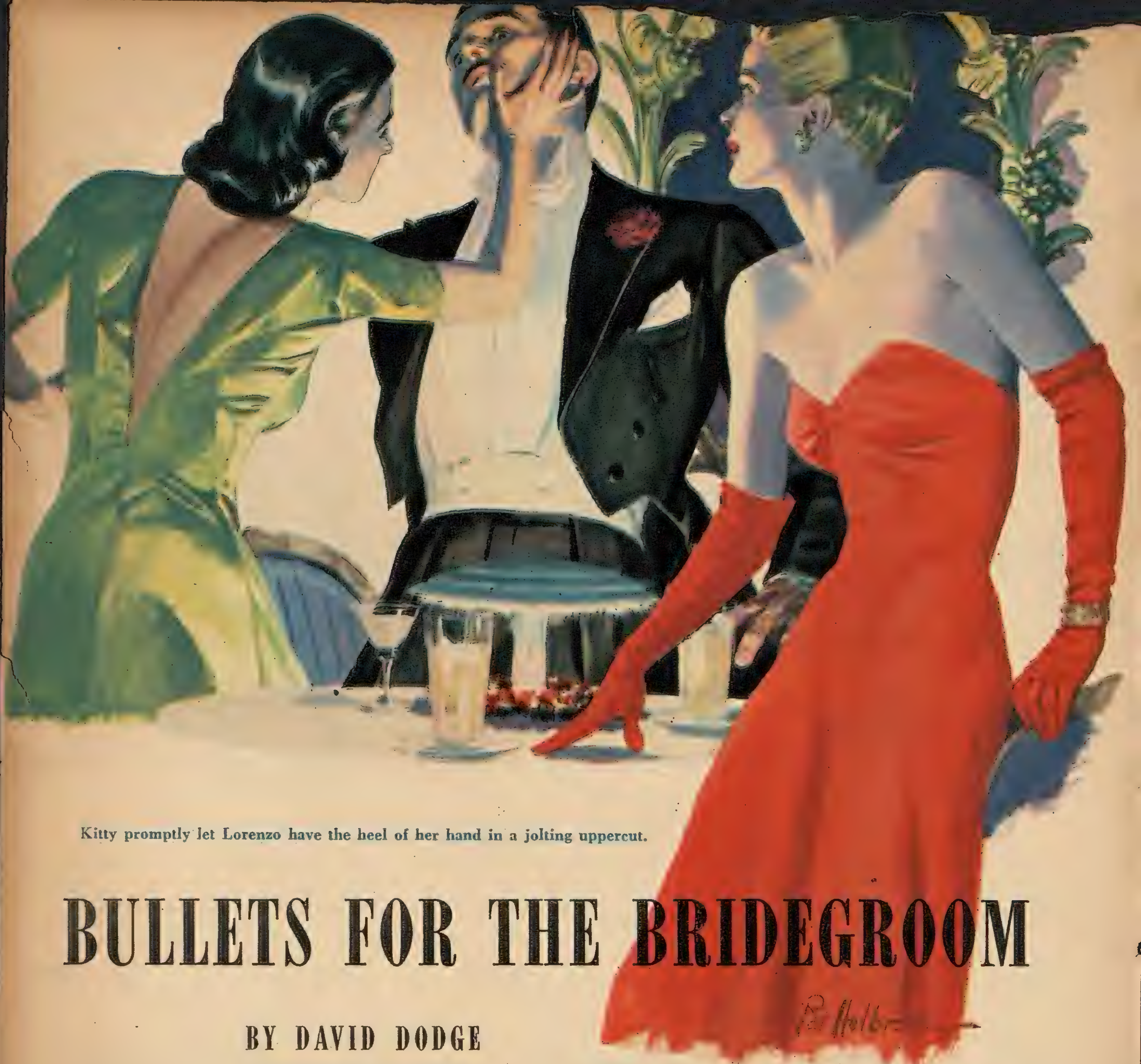
Intrigued by the lisping, secretaries and receptionists usually passed him into the inner sanctum. And there, before the amused victim could put an end to the interview, Gardner usually had him chalked up for a sale.

One day, while selling paint for the Devoe & Raynolds Co., he imbibed a few concoctions with a customer, then drove absent-mindedly through a town in Pennsylvania, knocking down a fire hydrant. Jailed for the night, he felt that time was of the essence. He made a quick survey of the jail walls, then demanded to see the sheriff. By noon the following day, he had

(Continued on page 71)

Archie—meaning Ed—Junior, dozing. Even if Duffy ain't here, a proud Ed, Senior, surely is.

Newlyweds Ed and Simone. Now they're parents.



Kitty promptly let Lorenzo have the heel of her hand in a jolting uppercut.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DRIVING from San Francisco at 4 A. M., James Whitney and Kitty MacLeod called on Pop Foster, J. P., who lived near Reno. They wanted Pop to marry them, but changed their minds when they found sinister Walter Gates and Sammy Kohler with him.

They drove on to Reno and, while waiting for the city clerk's office to open, visited Lorenzo's, luxury gambling club. There they met Colusa, the manager; Gladys Warren, streamlined blonde; and Jess Caldwell, whose excessive friendliness made Whit suspicious, though he could not know that Gates had phoned Caldwell to keep an eye on Kitty and himself. Caldwell and Gladys were witnesses to the wedding.

Whit was surprised to find two friends from the coast in Reno—Casey Jones, electrical engineer, and Pete Weston, newspaperman; but he was more surprised to find himself suspected of the murder of Pop Foster, found shot in his own yard.

Casey told Whit that he was an F. B. I. man on the trail of Gates, who was a spy for the Japs, informing them by radio code of convoy sailings. Casey was trying to locate Gates' radio transmitter. He told Whit that apparently the gang of Gates, Kohler, Colusa, and Caldwell thought he (Whit) was an F. B. I. agent, and counseled him to keep out of their clutches. Whit was happy to serve as a decoy, but decided to get himself a bodyguard.

Whit becomes a decoy for Casey and immediately gets himself in a tight spot from which there seems little chance of escape

PART FOUR

WHIT was going to do his best to comply with Casey's urging that he keep from getting killed. He stuck strictly to the bright lights on his way back to the hotel. In the lobby he put through a long-distance call to San Francisco, and after some difficulty managed to get in touch with a very sleepy man who answered to the name of Swede Larson.

Larson's first reaction to Whit's demand that he hop a plane and be in Reno the next afternoon was one of incredulity. He was just an ordinary plain-clothes cop and he couldn't go traipsing around the countryside even if he wanted to. But he had guarded Whit's carcass from harm before and felt a proprietary interest in it, so after Whit convinced him that the carcass was in real danger, Larson came around. When Whit hung up, he had Larson's reluctant promise to clear things with his superior officer, who was one of Whit's pals, and be in Reno on the afternoon plane. With that out of the way, Whit's only immediate problem was explaining things to his bride.

Kitty was asleep when he cautiously crept into the room, and no mouse was ever quieter than Whit as he undressed and got into bed. It would be easier to think up a plausible story in the morning. But when the morning arrived Kitty began asking questions before he got his guard up, and he was on the defensive right away. She knew he had gone hunting for Casey, to ask about the hat, and he made the mistake of confessing that he had found Casey and talked to him. With that lead, Kitty got the whole story out of him, including his own promise to Casey that he would act as a decoy. He hunched his shoulders and let the storm break.

KITTY had, among her other good qualities, the habit of having her say about things and then shutting up. She called Whit a brute, a suicidal maniac, many varieties of a damn fool, and some other things until she ran out of breath, and then she was through. He suggested that if she wanted to go back to San Francisco and wait for him there, he would feel better if any trouble started. She replied that she was on her honeymoon and was damn well going to have it, spies and the F. B. I. notwithstanding. That was that.

They spent the morning in their room, waiting for Larson. Kitty was determined that Whit was not going anywhere until his bodyguard arrived. Whit spent most of his time at the window, looking to see if Sammy Kohler were waiting for him in the street. When there was a knock at the door about noon, he jumped nervously.

The caller was Pete Weston. He had something on his mind.

"What's up?" Whit asked.

"That's what I want to know." Pete looked contemplatively at Whit's suit, which happened to be the same one Whit had worn the night before. "I thought maybe you could tell me."

"About what?"

"Sammy Kohler. He got rapped over the noggin last night. A couple of passers-by saw it happen, and they reported to the sheriff. Their description of one of the two men who slugged Sammy fits you pretty well."

"This guy who looks like me certainly gets around, doesn't he? What time did all this happen?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"I was in bed at eleven."

"Suppose the sheriff finds out you weren't in bed at eleven," Pete said slowly. "Suppose he hears that you made a telephone call to San Francisco at twelve thirty from the lobby downstairs?"

"You're a nosy newshawk, Pete."

"I'm not a fool. The sheriff has his eye on you for Pop Foster's shooting, Whit. And he's smart. Don't let the hayseeds in his hair fool you. If you'll let me know what it's all about, I can help. He'll listen to me."

"I didn't hit Sammy Kohler over the head," Whit answered truthfully. "Maybe I wasn't here at eleven o'clock, but the rest of it is the truth, so help me."

Pete shrugged, picking up his hat. "I'm not the one who counts. It's the sheriff you've got to worry about. You'd better go see him." He turned to Kitty. "If you've got any influence with your husband, keep him out of trouble."

"I'll do what I can," Kitty said. "It isn't easy. Thanks, Pete."

The telephone rang as Pete was getting ready to leave. Larson had arrived in the lobby and was coming right up, pal. He hung up before Whit had a chance to stall him. Pete, seeing that Whit was eager to get rid of him and smelling something of interest, stuck around until Larson got there.

Larson was a big man, a few years older than Whit and about Whit's size, although heavier around the middle. He had been a fair-to-middling pug at one time in his career, and the marks of the trade showed in his face. He grinned, shaking Whit's hand. The grin became a bit stiff when he saw Kitty smiling at him, and the obvious evidence in the room that Whit wasn't staying there alone, but Larson and Kitty were old friends. He carried it off like the gent he was.

"Oh, hello. I didn't know—Whit didn't say nothing—well, hello. I'm sure glad to see you."

Kitty said, "Don't look so worried, Swede. It's a honeymoon."

Larson was relieved. "Say, that's swell. Congratulations. I was wondering when you two would get hitched. But if it's a honeymoon, what's all this that Whit was telling me about—"

"Mister Larson, meet Mister Weston," Whit said quickly. "Mister Weston represents the Associated Press in Reno. Don't say anything in front of him that you don't want to read in the papers. Mister Larson is a friend of mine from San Francisco, Pete. Just flew over for a brief vacation."

Larson was smart enough to see that Whit wanted him to keep his yawp shut. Pete, on the strength of his job as a newspaperman, asked some leading questions, but only managed to learn that Larson was a visiting fireman in town for a brief holiday. Pete got discouraged after a while and left.

LARSON said, "Now, chum. What is this all about?"

Whit told him the truth ultimately. He had meant what he said when he promised Casey that Larson need not know too much. But Larson was walking into trouble, and Whit knew now that he could not ask him to risk his life blindfolded. He gave Larson an honest summary of what had happened and what might be expected. If Larson took the job, he could look forward to a few hundred dollars, his expenses paid, and maybe a bullet. That was about all.

Larson said, "What do you mean, *if* I take the job? I'm here. Now if you'll leave me go check in with the local cops—"

"Nope. That's out."

"But I got to. I got a letter from the lootenant to the county sheriff. I don't even have a license to carry a gun in Nevada, and if I don't report in, they could pick me up for carrying concealed weapons and take my iron." He patted the bulge in front of his left armpit.

"You can't do it, Swede. I'm sorry. You'll have to stay under cover."

Larson shrugged. "O. K. You're the boss. What do we do now?"

"We go call on the sheriff, but you keep quiet about who you are. He wants to talk to me about the lump on Sammy Kohler's head."

"He's the guy who stuck you up?"

"Yes."

"O. K., let's go. Maybe we'll meet him again and give him another lump."

"That's an idea," Whit said. "Kitty, you stay right here until we get back, and don't open the door without finding out who's knocking."

"I'm not worried about me. You be careful, honey."

"He's safer than a safe-deposit box," said Larson. "With me on the job—" He snapped his fingers. "See you later."

They walked the few short blocks to the sheriff's office. Nothing happened to them on the way. Larson said, "Why was you so hot to keep me from talking to that Weston guy? Is he somebody to look out for?"

"I think he's O. K. I just don't want to take any chances. He's a newspaperman, Swede; if anything leaks too soon—blooie!" Whit made a tossing gesture. "Good-by, Casey Jones."

"Uh-huh. This whole business sounds like a soap opera to me."

"Never you mind what it sounds like. You just keep your eyes open. Remember I can't pay your bills if anything happens to me."

THE sheriff seemed pleased to see Whit, glad to meet Mr. Larson—Mr. Whitney's fireman friend from San Francisco—and not as menacing as Whit had expected. He waved at a couple of chairs.

"Pete Weston told me you wanted to see me," Whit said.

"That's right." The sheriff stoked up a pipe and tamped it with his forefinger. "Got a couple of things to ask you. You want Mr. Larson to listen in?"

"I don't mind him listening in, if you don't."

"All the same to me," said the sheriff. He blew out a cloud of smoke. "I been doing a little investigating. Pete Weston says yo're all right, as far as he knows, and I hold pretty well with what Pete says, generally. I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt about Pop Foster because, as far as I can see, you didn't have any call to shoot him. But there's something going on here I don't like."

He sucked on his pipe. Whit kept quiet.

The sheriff said, "It ain't rightly my business what happens inside the city limits. But if you were hanging around Pop Foster's house the night he was killed—and I think you were—and if you had a hand in slugging Sam Kohler in Douglas Alley last night—and I think you did—then yo're either mixed up in the murder or you know something about it. I want to know what you know."

He peered at Whit through the smoke cloud.

"I wasn't near Pop Foster when he was killed," Whit said. "All I know about Sammy Kohler is that I met him at Pop's the day I was married and didn't like him. I'll tell you what I told Pete today, when he said some one who looked like me had been seen running away from Sammy Kohler: If people keep seeing me where I'm not, either they're lying or some one around town looks like me."

"I suppose you've got an alibi for the time he was attacked."

"I don't know. When was it?"

"Around eleven o'clock."

Whit looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. If Weston had talked to the hotel clerk, the sheriff could too—if he hadn't already. "I guess I haven't got much of an alibi, then. I was out prowling around the crap games most of the evening, although I don't know just where I was at eleven. But why don't you talk to Kohler? He could tell you that I didn't slug him."

It was a safe suggestion. Sammy wouldn't say anything that had any remote connection with the truth.

"I'm planning to talk to him," the sheriff said. "I don't know that what he has to say will carry much weight, any more

(*Continued on page 48*)

BUCKEYE BOWLES

The thorniest job in Washington is handled by a mild-mannered ex-ad man whose new techniques succeed with the public and Congress alike

BY AIKEN WELCH

Chester Bowles, easygoing head of OPA, who does a dirty job by frank friendliness.

EVERYBODY who knows Chester Bowles says that he's too modest for words. Most of them mean exactly that. Those who like him say that his modesty is entirely natural. Those who are cynical say that he's a lot more sophisticated than he lets on. But they all agree that the very able executive who is now running the Office of Price Administration is Washington's most disarming new bureaucrat.

"Chet never argues with you," a former associate says. "He starts off by insisting that you're right and it's only after you've left the office that you begin to wonder what's become of your side of the argument."

A year ago OPA was in the doghouse. Easterners were in the throes of the second ban on pleasure driving; landlords anguished over rent ceilings; pressure groups of all kinds were burning up the Washington wires and filling the mailbags with pleas, threats, and demands for the extinction of the agency. The tide of complicated and, to the lay mind, unintelligible regulations reached an all-time high. Business declared it was being ruined by long-haired professors. OPA looked as if it were falling apart at the seams.

Prentiss Brown, who had taken over as administrator upon the departure of the explosive Leon Henderson, telephoned Connecticut. He asked his state OPA director there, Chester Bowles, to come to the rescue. Some months before, Brown had invited Bowles to Washington and Bowles had declined. Now the administrator was prepared to offer Bowles full authority to do the job, answerable only to Brown himself. Bowles, at the moment, was getting some well-earned rest in a rented sailboat off Nantucket. In time, his office reached him and to Washington he went. Friends thought it the kiss of death, and they were full of condolences. Time Magazine said: "Give him six weeks."

Forty days passed. Sixty days. Not only was Bowles still in there pitching, but many unexpected things had happened and were happening. Most OPA departments had new chiefs. Hardheaded business men—what business had been crying for—had replaced the "theorists"; but they were business men who believed in rationing and price control. In many cases they replaced professors. But there was no slaughter of the innocents so far as the university men were concerned. Many of them were retained where they were, and others put into places where they were more needed. Bowles will tell you today that he couldn't get along without them.

In that sixty days OPA got a complete overhauling. The language of the regulations became more intelligible. Morale in the big warehouse building at Third and D Streets, S. W., was picking up. Dozens of new business advisory committees dealing with every phase of OPA's operation were called in for consultation. Newspaper releases began to have more meaning for the average person. Fewer contradictory statements were issued and a lot more simple, straightforward "reason why" for its actions supplied.

By citing facts and making them stick, Bowles recently disarmed the Senate Banking and Currency Committee with his plea for the renewal of the Emergency Price Control and Stabilization Act on which OPA depends for its life. Thank his knowledge of advertising, if you wish. The 106 graphic charts showing what had happened to the purchasing power of the dollar in three wars, and what has been done to stabilize prices in this one impressed the senators.

He took the trouble to show them what he was asking for and why. While they held copies of the lengthy prepared statement in their hands, Bowles talked from facts and figures in his head. He talked quietly, easily, emphasizing a point with his one-sided smile, never raising his voice. Before a senatorial growl could be harrumphed in protest of OPA's blunders he deftly beat them to it.

"OPA has made many mistakes. We can't promise not to make more in the future. Let me tell you how some of these things come about and how we are trying to catch them."

And he did.

Relaxed and attentive, the senators listened without squirming from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon, pumped Bowles's hand warmly, and asked him to put the charts into booklet form.

This was something different from the truculent Leon Henderson, whose loud table-thumping and impatience with explanations left the senators wondering what was going on at OPA. They had resented Henderson's attitude.

PRENTISS BROWN, who followed Henderson, had been more to their taste. But many Washington-wise observers will tell you that Brown's trouble was trying to please everybody, with the usual result. Bans on this or that changed with the daily headlines.

When Bowles took over after his experience with OPA in Connecticut, he knew better than to expect a warm welcome from the American public. "Americans don't like rationing, good or bad," he said, "and anybody who tries to administer it is going to have a lot of ripe fruit thrown at him."

Bowles stands well over six feet, but he has lost the lanky, Gary Cooperish look he used to have. An additional twenty-five pounds or so have given his solid frame the profile of a senator. No dandy, he dresses trimly, sometimes in navy blue, sometimes in dark gray double-breasted

(*Continued on page 68*)

Blessed Are The Meek

A Condensation of the Novel by

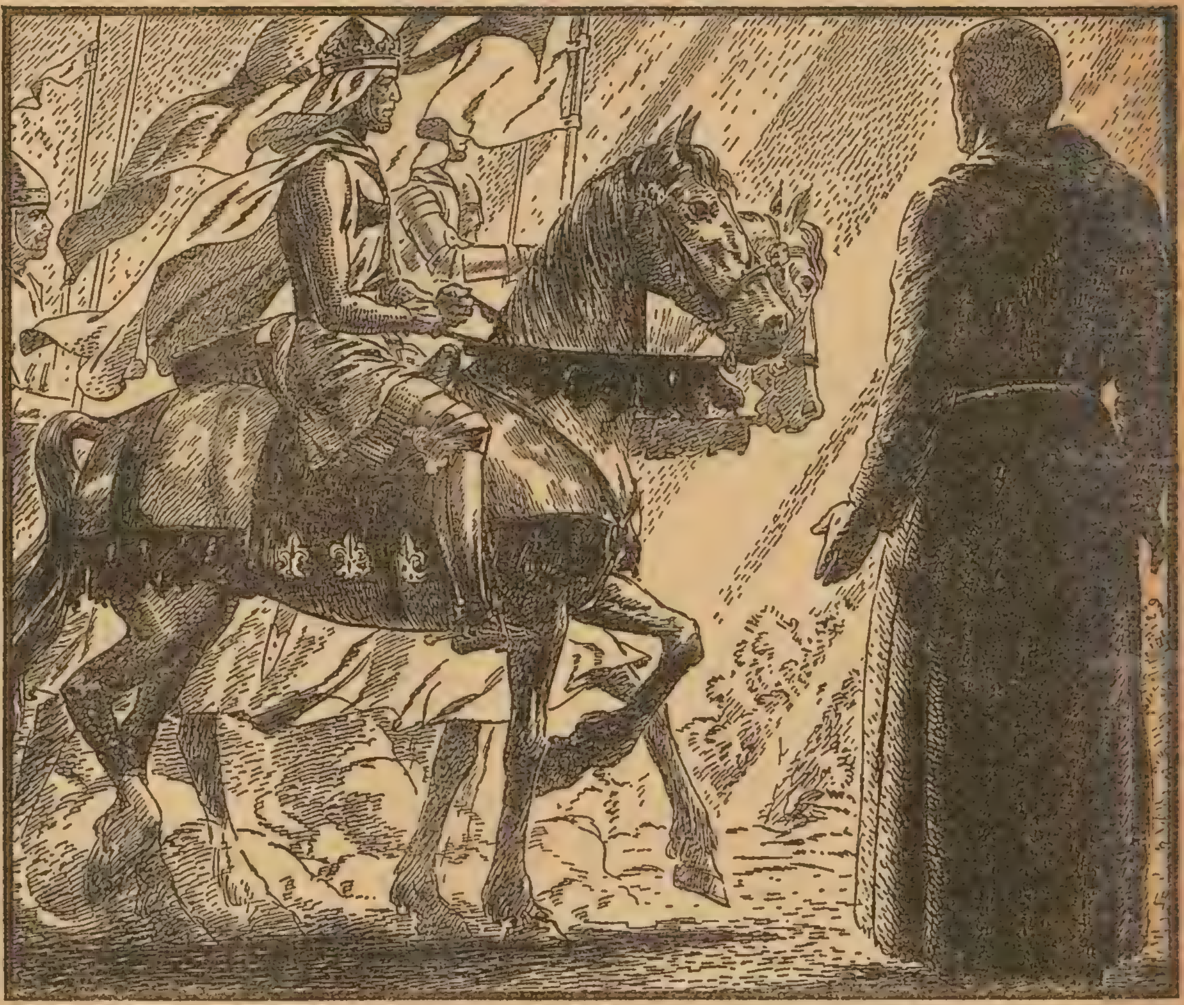
ZOFIA KOSSAK

This colorful religious novel is one of the books destined, we believe, to take its place with The Robe and The Apostle as one of the great books of our time.

It is a best seller, a Book of the Month Club selection. It is a vivid tapestry into which the author has woven love, the adventure of the Crusades, and the significant story of St. Francis of Assisi.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



1.

A New Century Begins

ALTHOUGH two hundred years had passed since at the turn of the millennium the entire world tremblingly waited its doom, every time a century came to a close mankind once more lived through that old pang of terror. And as though all nature shared in human apprehension, multiple signs would appear upon the earth and in the sky: the sun would grow dim or take the shape of a cross, and after sunset red clouds would roll over the skies, the moon split asunder. Indeed, everything seemed to indicate that the times to come would be marked by disaster, conflagrations, and horror. There was restlessness, unconscious, yet throbbing. Restlessness and fear of what the coming century would bring.

It was these times that Pope Innocent III pondered during sleepless nights. He was crushed by his responsibility for the fate of the Church, for the fate of the entire world which the Church was supposed to guide. He felt small and unequal to the task. In vain did friends and foes alike maintain that he had accomplished things that were great and seemingly impossible. He had restored the dignity and the power of the Papal authority in Rome and of the Church States. He had expelled the loathsome Germans; he had set Italy free again. But all this was nothing. He dreamed of converting the constantly warring European nations into one body of great Christian States living in peace, and to attain this aim he craved power, greedily, rapaciously. Power and strength. Had he only possessed it, Jerusalem would not have fallen,

Jerusalem! This was the most painful thorn. Recovered, then lost again! Squandered, fallen Jerusalem!

Cursed by the century which allowed it to happen! Cursed by the year that brought the disaster! Let the men who allowed this disgrace to happen never know eternal rest! Cursed be all of them who did not lay down their lives in the defense of the Holy Sepulcher!

Jerusalem was lost! And the huge golden reliquary

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containing the timber of the Holy Cross stood in the Sultan's dressing room among discarded odds and ends. Save for Innocent III, hardly any one ever thought of it. People had their own troubles.

And so the new century began.

THE inn of Baptisto Vino was usually the last stop for travelers on their way to Rome. Sabina, the landlady, round and squat, stepped out of the house, put her hands on her hips, and looked around.

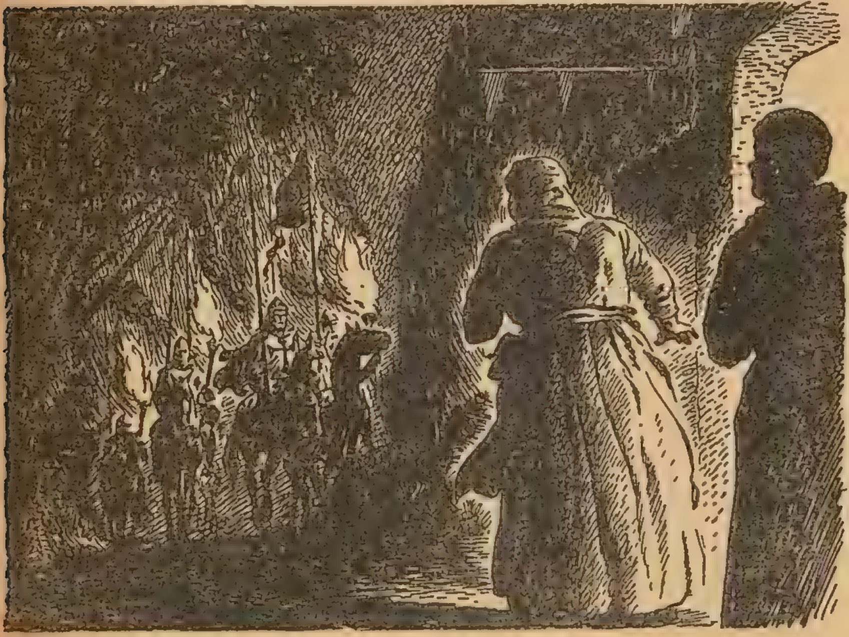
"Tina! Beppo!" she called in a shrill voice.

No one answered, and as she peered anxiously down the road all she saw was a group of twelve men, dressed alike in dingy gray, coming toward her. They stopped in front of the gate, and Sabina faced them, arms akimbo.

"There is no room in the inn," she shouted sternly.

"We need no room," they called back in a gay chorus. "What should we be doing in such a splendid inn?"

Beggars—beggars, of course. Not one of them has as much as a sack or a bundle, Salina thought resentfully.



"Who are you?" she asked.

They glanced at the one they called Brother Francis, who evidently was their leader. Nothing much to look at, decided Sabina, but still she could not help liking his eyes. They were nice eyes, both kind and merry.

"We are faithful sons of our Mother the Church, on our way to Rome to beg the Holy Father to confirm our rule and give us a name. In the meantime, you can call us any name you like. Best of all, 'little brothers' or 'brothers minor'."

"Will the Holy Father send you, then, to some monastery?"

"Oh, no. We are not monastics; we are free. Let us say God's jugglers, singers—"

She shook her head in disbelief. "What shall you have for supper?" she inquired. "I won't charge you very much."

"We have no money." Francis laughed heartily, as if he had been suspected of carrying the moon in his pocket. "We will gratefully accept food, though, if you'll let us work for it. What would you like us to do—cut wood, clean the courtyard, scrub the kitchen?"

"We have a wight to attend to such matters," Sabina retorted scornfully. "We need not wait for some one from the outside world to happen along. And if anybody tried to feed all tramps free of charge, he would soon find himself tramping the roads carrying an alms sack." She turned away impatiently. The sun had set and the cold was rising from the ground. Night was coming, and still no children.

Sabina's hands shook with anguish as she went into the kitchen. She swept from a shelf the stale crusts left over from last week. She took a small vial of olive oil and a pitcher of green wine and went out to the wanderers. They were sitting around a fire they had built with sticks gathered along the road. And as they blew on the flame their faces looked young and wan.

You poor things, she thought, and said aloud: "Here, have some supper."

Francis came up to her.

"May Our Lord give you peace and all His blessings. We ourselves will find some work to do tomorrow."

"To be sure, the courtyard needs some cleaning," she admitted.

"We will sweep it as clean as if it were a chamber. But what is it that worries you, for woe is written upon your face?"

He looked at her with such deep sympathy and his eyes were so kind and clear that she told him of her trouble. "In the last few weeks a stranger loiters around here and lures children to him," she said. "They go after him like flies after honey. He gathers them in a clearing in the woods, and there he tells them of the Holy Sepulcher, the lost city of Jerusalem. He sings hymns with them. But why, pray, does he not gather them in church? Why doesn't he sing there? Why should they hide in the woods like heathen? Why does he tell the children not to heed the priest, not to mind their parents? The children are as though bewitched."

Francis listened, greatly concerned.

"Do not worry, Lady Sister. As soon as daylight returns we shall go and look for your children. Perhaps we will come upon the man who lures them and—"

He did not finish, for at that moment a clatter of hoofs came from the road. Torches glittered in the dark. Some belated and noble guests were arriving. In a minute the courtyard was swarming with horsemen and servants on foot. Stern voices were summoning the innkeeper, who, humble and obsequious, promised excellent wine and a copious supper and, bent in two, begged the noble knight to step inside.

"Who is that? Who is that?" one of the servants asked Sabina.

"Sir Jean de Brienne of the Champagne counts. On his way to Rome to become the King of Jerusalem. Hurry, now. There will be much to do."

SIR JEAN DE BRIENNE was sixty and gray; but he still was a comely man, and women looked upon him more gladly than upon a youth. He had achieved fame as the foremost among knights, and he had never married, although he did not shun women.

Lately a deep passion had bound him to the wife of a near kinsman, Blanche of Champagne, the royal Princess of Navarre. Like Jean, she was no longer young; yet she was still beautiful, still desirable. They were madly in love with each other. Thibault, the Count of Champagne and Blanche's old and decrepit husband, noticed none of it—or, more likely, pretended not to notice. Jean was kin, a fact which considerably lightened the guilt.

Valor and love had filled the life of de Brienne, keeping his spirit in perfect equilibrium. And then, not long ago, this equilibrium had been suddenly shattered by the arrival of envoys from Acre, the capital of the Kingdom of Jerusalem.

The Kingdom of Jerusalem, or rather the scrap that remained of it, was again kingless. The heiress, Marie de Montferrat, was a weak, sickly girl of fifteen. The Syrian barons had sent a legation to Rome to ask the Holy Father that he choose a proper knight for her to wed. Innocent III turned the matter over to Philip Augustus; it was right that the King of the Franks should choose a king for Franks.

Every one wondered upon whom the royal choice would fall. The King summoned the flower of the knighthood to Paris and announced his choice. The Princess de Montferrat should have Sir Jean de Brienne for a husband.

De Brienne stood there, the color in turn rising and ebbing from his face. "Your Majesty deigns to make sport of me. I am gray, and sixty."

"Years seem not to weigh upon you," the King retorted. "Besides, what they need out there is an experienced man, not a green youth. Upon Roland's sword Durendal, you shall go, and none else!"

"I won't know how to rule."

The King laughed with feigned good nature.

"Invent no excuses, Sir Jean de Brienne. Better tell us in all frankness what is the reason that makes you decline such high honors."

There was no escape. Jean bowed low before the King, who lifted and kissed him.

A messenger was dispatched to Rome, and de Brienne returned to his castle in helpless rage. If only he could have set out for that outlandish, weird kingdom with Blanche. What could they not have accomplished together! But no! He had to abandon Blanche, *his* Blanche, for the sake of that wretched maiden!

The delegates who were awaiting him in Rome had sent Jean a likeness of the Princess, his betrothed. It would have been better if they had not. Skinny she was, unsightly. And he had to renounce his beloved mistress in order to share to the end of his days the bed of that skinny ferret!

"No," de Brienne said repeatedly to himself, already on his way to Rome. "No, I will not, I will not!"

He was now pacing the floor of the Good Guardian Inn, and he well knew how foolish and fruitless this protest was. Tomorrow, irrevocably, he would be in Rome. It would be pure madness to think that tonight a miracle could happen which would free him from that unwanted kingdom.

He paced to and fro, stamping his feet upon the earthen floor. He stopped in front of the window. Through the cool dark-blue opening he could see a fire, and men sitting in a circle around it. He glared at the men. What could that ragged, unkempt herd have to laugh about or talk of? What could they know of the wild passions which tear a nobleman's heart?

Unaware of the nobleman's displeasure, the lowborn talked.

"It is better outdoors than in," one of them said. "One can behold the stars."

"Truly better," agreed Francis. "The trees listen to our conversation and brother fire warms us nicely. It is stifling inside. See how restlessly that knight paces the room and throws his head and arms about. No doubt he is suffering. It fairly wrings one's heart to see him struggle and bridle so. May God grant him peace!"

THE birds had begun to twitter in the thickets, and Brother Francis rubbed his eyes, red from sleep and morning dew. He smiled upon his companions and stretched his hands, numb with cold, to the warm glow of the sunshine.

"Now we will separate," he decided, as soon as they had recited their morning prayers. "Some will tend to the chores for which we were given our supper last night, and the rest must set forth in search of the youngsters who have run away. Then, after our work is done, we shall meet here and set out straight for Rome."

They rose with alacrity and went happily about their tasks—some clearing the courtyard, and the rest following Francis into the woods. They had not walked far when they heard voices and the sounds of dry branches snapping under some one's feet. They cut through the trees, and presently beheld a group of youngsters.

Francis smiled at them. "Peace with you. Are Tina and Beppo from the Good Guardian Inn among you?"

A pretty, slim girl no more than eleven and a slightly older boy stepped forward.

"Your mother frets over you. 'Tis not right to leave her so without telling—"

They shrugged their shoulders with complete indifference.

"Our Lord has ordered us to leave everything and follow Him!" shouted Tina.

"He told it to grown people, my little sister. A child must trust its elders."

"The elders have no thought for Our Lord," declared Beppo gloomily. "They live as though they were asleep. They care for nothing. The Lord's Sepulcher is in the hands of the heathen, and it is all one to them. It is up to us to take their place. That's what Nicholas told us. He says it was the old folks who allowed the Holy Sepulcher to be lost. Nicholas told us great miracles will happen if only a great crowd of us gathers together."

"Miracles!" One of the brothers exclaimed. He was John a Capello, who had joined Francis but recently. "What miracles?"

"Oh, great miracles!" Tina said with conviction. "The sun will drink the sea and we shall cross dry-shod. The walls of Saracen fortresses will tumble down. Nicholas knows it for certain."

"It is a sin to expect such miracles from Our Lord!" exclaimed Francis with warmth. "Where might Nicholas abide?"

The children exchanged sly glances.

"Oh, no! You shall not see him. None will, unless Nicholas will have it. For he can make himself invisible or ascend to heaven—"

Francis looked at them with growing concern.

"And did you see how he rises aloft or becomes invisible?"

"No, but we know. He himself told us of it. And he took his leave from us, as he will not be back for a month. That's why we stayed longer."

Nicholas was a tempter. He was worse than Francis had reckoned. His heart bled for Sabina as they returned to the inn and she swept her children into her arms. For it was plain to see they endured her love with indifference.

"What a weird story," remarked Brother Angel when they left. "What do you make of it, Brother Francis?"

"'Tis wonderful," exclaimed John a Capello. "Those miracles!"

Francis turned to him sterner than was his wont. "Beware, Brother John! All that surrounds us is a great miracle indeed, but I set no faith by miracles of which a man boasts." And Francis sighed as he looked back at the inn.

RENZO, the page, was affixing long silver spurs to his master's boots while the squire Wilfred arranged upon the knight's shoulders a long gold-cloth mantle. Sir Jean de Brienne was about to start on his way to an audience with Innocent III. He frowned impatiently, for he was already late and it would not do to keep the Holy Father waiting.

As it turned out, however, de Brienne was not late. On the contrary, he had to wait for over an hour. Innocent III felt ill that day and had risen later than was his custom.

At night he had long lain wakeful, and when at last he fell asleep he was tormented by persistent and evil dreams. It seemed to the Holy Father that he stood in front of the Lateran Church, that most venerable of all temples, called the mother and the heart of churches, and suddenly beheld with horror a deep crevice upon the gable wall. The wall was splitting asunder, and Innocent lifted his arms in despair.

It was in vain that he tried to scream. His numb lips would not move. He tried to rouse himself, to support the crumbling walls, save them. But his feet were rooted to the ground; he could not move. The whole building split, cracked to its very foundations. It tottered, it was about to collapse.

The sound of approaching steps reached his tormented ears—a patter of bare feet. Here! A man short of stature, miserably clad, slight. He advanced quickly toward the cracked walls, stretched his arms as though he meant to embrace the church and hold it. And, in the stupefied eyes of Innocent, he began to grow, grow. He was as tall as the trees, as a mountain. His head reached the cornice of the roof. With one strong heave of his back, he straightened the leaning walls, and wherever his hand touched the crevices disappeared, and the walls grew smooth.

With voiceless lips the Pope prayed his thanks. Tears of joy flew from his eyes. And the giant began to shrink, grow small. Once more he was slight and unsightly. He turned away from the wall, and for the first time the Pope caught a glimpse of his face. He stared at him avidly, blessed him with his eyes. The little man smiled at Innocent and turned away, skipping merrily as he went. There was not a grain of dignity in him. And the Lateran stood haughty, undaunted, unimpaired.

Daylight dispelled the murk of the chamber. The Pope awoke. He drew a breath at the recollection of the nightmare. A strange, evil dream! He felt it boded new dangers for the Church.

Jean de Brienne was annoyed and on the point of leaving when he was informed that His Holiness was awaiting him. After a few moments of conversation, however, his irritation abated. The Pope rejoiced that the Kingdom of Jerusalem would once more have a knightly king who, God willing, should be able to recover the Holy Sepulcher.

"You, sir, shall arouse the slumbering ones," he said. "You must lead a new, mighty crusade which will bring the task of liberation to its conclusion without deviating from its course—as the previous one did."

"I fear Your Holiness overestimates my humble possibilities. Who will listen to my voice?"

"I shall call them, and you will lead."

Cardinal Pelagius, who had listened in silence, now stirred impatiently. Harsh and unyielding, he had few friends and in turn he nurtured a deep-rooted hatred toward all lay lords. He was absolutely convinced that all of them, no matter what their undertaking, had nothing but their private interests at heart.

"Does Your Holiness not think that the crusade should be led by a churchman?" he asked. "Lay captains might be inclined to think of their own gain, not of the cause."

De Brienne's face darkened at the insult, and Innocent tried to soothe the impression left by Pelagius' words, pleading with him not to delay his departure for the Holy Land.

IN THE face of such ardor, such certainty, de Brienne felt small and inadequate, and it was with a sense of relief that he left the palace. If only Blanche were with him! Could he but see Blanche, could he but know what she thought about, talked of— He remembered how he had longed for her the night before, when at a banquet given in his honor William Divini, the famous Italian troubadour, had sung for him. His ballads had brought Blanche so close, so close that on an impulse Jean had invited the singer to become one of his entourage, and Divini had accepted eagerly.

Jean struck his forehead. Strange he had not thought of it before! He pressed the flanks of his mount and started to gallop toward his house, while he sent one of his squires for the troubadour.

Divini arrived promptly, and de Brienne paced the chamber restlessly, not knowing just how to broach the matter.

"I have never told anybody what I shall tell you now," he said at last. "I love a noble lady. She is wedded, and I must protect her name. Yet it is hard for me to live without her. All my body yearns for her. No other can take her place, no matter how fair she might be. I am old. I cannot wait till her husband dies."

"A man who does not know the power of love is not a complete man," interjected Divini. "I admire you and worship you, Your Majesty. And what is a troubadour if not the priest of love, the confidant of lovers? Can I be of any assistance to you? Shall I compose a song for the noble lady?"

"No, I need no song." De Brienne sighed. "And it would be dangerous to send a letter. The only way would be to send a trusted man, a friend who can be relied upon not to do anything rash and repeat to her properly. The arrival of a strange knight would attract attention, arouse curiosity. The envoy must be a man whose arrival would seem natural, a man whom any court would welcome, a man like—" He stopped in front of the bard and said with effort, "Like you! Troubadours are known to travel. None will be surprised at your coming from Rome to Champagne. For she is the mistress of Champagne, my beloved is. And the sister of the King of Navarre."

The bard gasped, but in his heart he decided to go.

"They say a man forgets," continued de Brienne, "gets accustomed to absence. But my yearning for her grows and grows. I cannot forget; I cannot vanquish my love. Let her leave her husband and come to me! I shall make her queen. . . . What nonsense am I saying? She will not come to be a paramour. . . . And it will be that Marie, to whom they have betrothed me, who will be queen—soon my wedded wife. But something else she can do. Let her come in pilgrimage to Jerusalem! No one can forbid her that—nor will any one suspect."

"Jerusalem is in the hands of heathen," Divini reminded him.

"I will arrange all. I will conclude a pact with the Sultan. I will do anything so that she will have no hindrance. Only so I may see her. You will persuade her, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. Start as soon as you can!"

It was with a heart heavy, for once, that Francis came to Rome. For John a Cappelo, lured by the tales of miracles the children had prattled of, had left them to seek Nicholas. He had been the last to join them and he was the first of all the converts to leave, and Francis grieved as though John had been indeed the brother he called him.

The sorrow was still there in his heart the next morning as he advanced toward the Papal throne. Small, inconspicuous, tattered, he looked like a tiny gray sparrow which might have strayed there by mistake. It took him long to cross the vast reception hall, and he blinked at the crimson of the cardinals' robes as they surrounded the throne and surveyed him with a mixture of curiosity, pity, and supercilious indulgence. Then all thought fled from his brain; he was not even able to pray. Completely awed and filled with the sense of his own worthlessness, he approached the throne, humbly kissed the foot of His Holiness, looked up imploringly into Innocent's face, and—found no word to say. God, upon whom he had relied, had sent him no inspiration. Now that he had his audience which would decide whether or not he would receive the blessing of the Holy Father upon his order, he could do nothing to forward his cause. The Pope had read the Rules of the order, Francis knew. Suppose now he considered them unworthy. What of the brothers? Still Francis could find no words.

"What a lout! He does not even know how to address a plea," muttered one of the Cardinals.

"Hush! Look at the Holy Father!"

And, indeed, all eyes had turned to the Holy Father, staring in wonder. The Pope's dilated pupils were fastened upon the gray little figure. It was he! It was he who had supported the Lateran!

The heart of Innocent was flooded with such joy that it choked him. So God was still with him! In spite of sins and faults committed by His servants, Christ continued to watch over the Roman Church! He was giving a manifest, miraculous sign. Oh, the inexpressible, unutterable comfort!

And they all saw how the Pope, taking his hands away from his face, held them to Francis. And when the latter, confused but radiant, climbed the steps of the throne, Innocent pressed his head to his breast.

"My son, my son!" he whispered, almost beside himself. "I bless thee and all thou doest—"

Francis sobbed for joy; the brothers by the door fell to their knees; the Cardinals stared in shocked amazement. For the Pope was like a man in a trance.

JOHN A CAPELLO cast admiring glances at the companion who walked by his side. At last he had met a leader after his own heart. Nothing like the previous one. Nicholas moved with dignity and stateliness, well-nigh majesty. As they stopped in the vicinity of every town, village, and hamlet, he gathered children about them, far from their parents' eyes. The children listened to Nicholas with rapture, for he promised miracles and travels.

"When do we start?" the children cried. "Now? At once?"

Nicholas lifted his eyes and his arms to the sky. "Not till we have visited every village and called all the children. Sometime next spring."

There was an outcry of disappointment. "But we don't want to wait! We want to start at once. We want to rescue Jesus!"

"Nicholas," said a half-grown lad timidly, "I have a denarius here that I took out of the pot buried under the threshold where my father keeps his money. Will you take it from me? Maybe you have need of it—"

John gave an uneasy start and was about to tell the lad he must return the coin at once, but Nicholas smiled gently and stretched out his hand.

"It will hasten our departure," he said.

"Do you think it is right when children take their elders' money by stealth?" John asked shyly, when a few hours later they were again on their way. "Francis always said God has no need of ill-acquired wealth."

"Francis, Francis! Why did you leave him, if you value his opinion more than mine? Go back to him!"

"Be not angry, Nicholas. I am so happy to be with you! Tell me again: is it true the children will cross the sea?"

"I swear to you"—Nicholas' voice was solemn—"that we shall set out in a throng so big it will astound the world, and we shall cross the sea. I do not know whether Our Lord will order the waves to part, or else move the dour hearts of Venetian merchants so that they will grant us free passage on their ships—but cross we will. You will see!"

"Oh, I believe you, I believe you! I can hardly wait to see it happen!"

THUS, in those early months of A. D. 1211 throughout all Campagnia, Umbria, Tuscany, Lombardy, in the Alpine ravines in the French valleys and even on the distant banks of the Rhine, something unheard of was happening. The children had turned against their elders. "We have no faith in you," they said. For the first time since the days of the Creation, parents felt that their own offspring were judging them and finding them guilty.

"The elders lie," said the youngsters. "They are heartless, self-seeking, and untrue. They would have us respect and obey them. But Lord Jesus has released us of respect and obedience, so that we may go and defend Him."

Skillfully fanned, the children's ardor flamed up into a blaze. They hastened from everywhere, children of the rich and poor alike. All of them, spellbound, followed men who promised greatness, beauty, and freedom.

The elders tried to defend them from the spell. They locked them in cellars, or else showered them with caresses and gifts. None found the proper way. Neither could the distressed fathers bring themselves to set up some sensible organized action. Somehow, they were ashamed even to speak of it. For it had long become a habit of elders to look upon the problems of the children as meaningless and trifling.

COUNTESS BLANCHE, born and bred under the warm Basque skies, was as dark and swarthy as a hazelnut. Bold eyes she had under strong arches of eyebrows, and a narrow, arched nose. Under an outward cover of stern stateliness she concealed youthful vivacity. She attached great importance to propriety, and although those near her had at times whispered of her intimacy with Sir de Brienne, she was generally considered a paragon of wifely and motherly virtue.

William Divini, upon his arrival at the court of Champagne, bowed to the Countess with servile adulation, while she looked down upon him with that indulgent disdain which women of high birth were accustomed to bestow upon artists. Unperturbed, the bard waited his time, until, at last, he found an opportunity to deliver his message.

A few days later Blanche looked musingly at her husband. As usual, she sat by her loom, but the embroidery had made little progress. Now was the time to speak—now, before she lost her courage.

She said hesitantly: "It is many years since I vowed a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher. I told you nothing of this, my lord, for want of a proper occasion. But now I feel I must go."

Her husband stared at her as if she were demented.

"Don't you know it is in the hands of infidels?"

"They allow it to be visited."

"And you would ask the Moslems leave? There is none among your kin who has not fought them! And now you will beg them—bribe them to let you in?"

She bent her head, shamed but stubborn. "I do not know how permission is given, but the troubadour says pilgrims are allowed. Have him come; he will tell us."

Divini, summoned before his host, confirmed the words of the Countess. Sir de Brienne intended to sign a pact which was to give the Sultan considerable concessions in return for free access to the Holy Sepulcher for pilgrims.

Thibault V smiled bitterly.

"Thank you, messer," he said, "for bringing us these important tidings. If the Countess would fulfill the vow which I hear she has taken, I shall not hinder her."

Blanche could scarcely control her longing. Almost a year had elapsed since Jean had left her. Their love had come to an abrupt end. No use dreaming of it longer. By a supreme effort of will she had stifled her love. But now Jean's envoy had arrived, and all that was dead sprang to life again. Jean was summoning her. He would not accept separation. He loved her as of old.

Her own resigned, smothered passion burst into flames. But along with her resurrected love appeared its inevitable companion—burning, gnawing envy. She was jealous of the woman by whose side Jean was compelled to live. A poor, sickly child, a mere pawn in the hands of statesmen, had become the object of a consuming, obsessing hatred which sent red darts shooting through Blanche's brain.

"I shall not incur ill fame," thought the Countess, stringing and unstringing pearls. "I shall not meet Jean by stealth. No; I must rid us of her and take her place. I shall leave my husband to become a queen. The Holy Father will surely agree to a divorce if Jean promises to reconquer the Holy Sepulcher in return. But first we must be rid of her!"

Common sense reminded Blanche at times that Jean was King only because he was Marie's husband, but she would quickly push the thought aside. Wait till the Syrian barons recognize Jean's prowess as a warrior, Jean's brains, Jean's sword, and they will not care to lose such a King just because he has changed his wife.

At night, when the freshly awakened, unappeased lust would not let her fall asleep, her brain seethed with savage images—until at last, one evening when the whole household was asleep, Blanche de Navarre, Countess of Champagne, stole out of the castle. Casting a furtive glance over her shoulder, she looked like one of her own wenches threatened with flogging for such nocturnal escapades. She trod stealthily, cautiously. She was on her way to the hovel of the witch Margot.

SHORTLY before Easter they started from everywhere. Their small feet trampled the spring mire of highroads. Children Crusaders! The entire world quivered in astonishment. Nothing like it had ever happened before.

Innocent III spent the whole night praying, beseeching the Lord's counsel. In the morning he rose, his eyes aflame. "It is a divine sign, if only the entire community joins in. Children are putting you to shame! Children have arisen to defend God! It would be infamy to let the little ones go alone, not to follow their example. As of old, let anybody capable of carrying arms join the ranks!

To arms! To arms! Follow the children! Save the Holy Sepulcher!"

To the Patriarch of Venice came Messers Ferreus and Porcus, the shipowners, to announce that, moved by the enthusiasm of the innocent youth and the holiness of the cause, they offered to transport the children to the Holy Land free of charge. The news spread like lightning, and now no one doubted any longer the divine origin of the Crusade. It was common knowledge how hard and cunning were the hearts of the Venetians. And now, of their own accord, they offered free passage!

Encouraged by this example, others likewise hastened to help. But follow the children, as the Pope bade? No one would. It was asking too much! Their fathers and grandfathers had done enough of that wandering to the Holy Land. The present generation had recovered its senses.

"What, none are going? None?" the Pope asked in horror. "No baron with a knightly train? None of the princes? Has the example not roused them, has the call not stirred them? Then I will not allow the children to depart alone. Write at once—they must be stopped in port! To send those innocents right into the jaws of the infidels—never!"

BUT, on the very night the Pope's messenger arrived in Venice, Messer Porcus had a vision sent from heaven. Such a hard-hearted, tight-fisted merchant, one would think, and yet he had visions. Pope Urban II appeared to him, just as though he were alive, and threatened him with God's wrath if the children did not sail at once. "I shall lead them," the holy man had told him. "I shall direct that angelic herd. Waste not even an hour. Sail at once!"

The children themselves were quivering with impatience. The galleys lay ready in port, under sail. To be sure, some belated group of youngsters from Germany was still expected; but they would not wait for them, just as they would not heed the letters sent by the Holy Father. "Sail at once! Sail at once!"

There was no stopping them. They piled aboard the ships eagerly. The rusty chains creaked, the helms began to rustle. The vessels, rolling heavily, executed a half turn. Between the shore, where desperate mothers struggled with port guards, and the hulls of the ships, opened a dark green cold ditch which grew wider, wider.

Some of the children burst out into sudden piercing sobs. Hitherto they had not realized, but they knew they did not want to go away. "No! No! Mama! Papa! Let us go back! Please, let us go back!"

But in vain they cried and stretched out their arms. They no longer could be heard from the shore. The gale billowed the sails. The waves knocked at the sides. Ashore, wild with grief, not comprehending how it all could have happened, women threw themselves upon the trampled sand and kissed the prints of small feet. From the sides of the galleys oak-leaf garlands became detached. Waves swept them to the shore, to the very lips of the mothers, as though in a last farewell.

On one of the ships, as they got under way, the children saw a strange man coming out on deck. They turned around, astonished. Who could he be? Dressed in a long loose white garment. A long black beard, a beaked nose, small piercing eyes. On his head a big white Moslem turban.

Two men were following him. One of them was Nicholas. The other was William Porcus, the shipowner who had been graced by the vision of Pope Urban II. The man with the turban sprang toward the girls and tore off their dresses, turned them around naked, tapped their shoulders, slapped their knees.

"Mama! Mama!" the children screamed.

In his hand flashed a short leather whip. He stepped over to the boys. He examined breasts, backs, eyes, teeth, legs, as though they were horses. The children stood dumb with terror. What did it all mean?

A small girl, huddled on the deck, continued to sob. "Mama! Mama!"

Once more the whip appeared. The children sprang to their feet.

"Nicholas, Nicholas! What is happening?" they cried. He did not answer, and they ran after him. "Nicholas, didn't you hear? What is happening?"

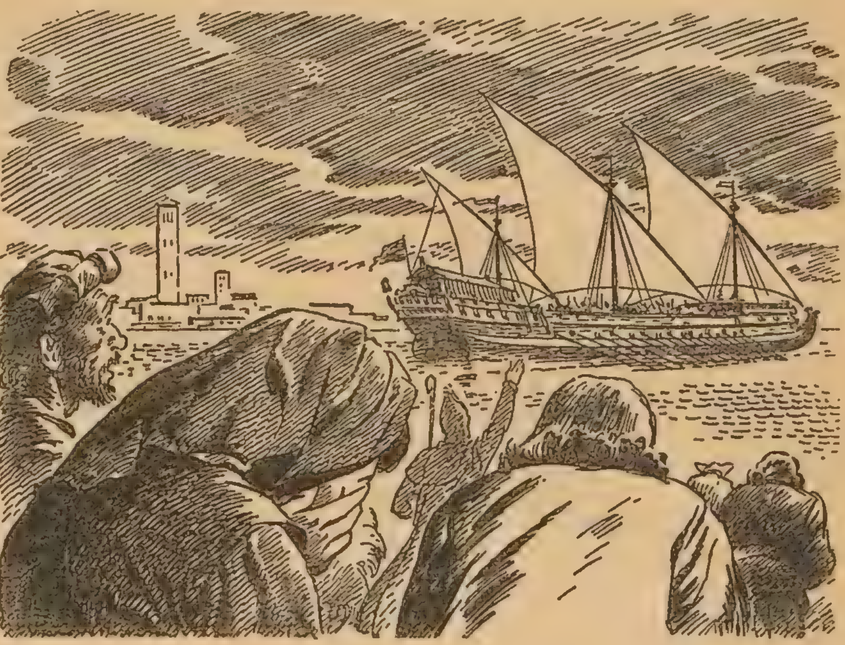
How dreadful it was to be small and not understand! Oh, how dreadful to be small and helpless! As little and as helpless as a nestling! Why was there no one here to protect them? Why did Nicholas neither hear them nor see them? They wept. In vain they called their mothers, not knowing whether they were calling the Sacred Mother or their own mothers left behind. Huddled and terrified, they were seeking some protection, some help. A hand that would save them. They dared not move, lest the man with the lash return. And only that one word: "Mama . . . mama . . . mama."

Dusk fell. Night was coming. No one paid any attention to the children, no one put them to sleep or showed them where to rest. When the night passed, the turbid daylight revealed that this was no longer the joyous crowd of pilgrims, the army of little Crusaders, but a herd of slaves sold to misery and hardship.

Even before the sun had risen, a terrible tumult burst on deck. A lifeboat had disappeared. Some one had unchained it, lowered it into the sea, and rowed away. Holes had been cut in the remaining boats. Robert and Walter, two of the bigger boys, had cunningly insured themselves against possible pursuit.

"Repair those boats!" Porcus screamed to his men. "Hurry! We shall overtake them yet."

The skipper raised his voice. "We shall soon repair the boats, Porcus, but I shall not send them anywhere. Those lads will perish anyway. And we will need the boats."



His hand pointed to the sky, which had turned a dull gray. "A storm is coming."

"Will we have time to escape it?"

"Yes, if we change our course at once to the north—"

"You know that is impossible! North? Back? Right into the Pope's hands? Are you mad, Benito? We must follow the course!"

"Not with these galleys. You took these rotten boxes to make a bigger profit—old rot which can be sunk without grief, pretending a mishap for which you were promised pay!"

"You lie! The vessels are still good, and besides there's no telling whether the storm will come."

"Ask your partner, the devil, not to send it. Maybe he's not longing for you yet."

ROBERT and Walter rowed bravely all night long till daybreak. The wind was in their favor, but by morning they were exhausted. The storm which had sunk four galleys carrying the little Crusaders did not fuss much with a miserable shell and two boys who knew nothing of the sea. Walter at once went down. Robert, who was a good swimmer, fought long for his life. He let the waves carry him without resistance till a sudden blow on the head made him lose consciousness. When he opened his eyes, he was lying on the shore. He craved the sight of man, to spread the news that the shipowners had sold the children as slaves to Moslems! Let every one know in whose hands they had placed the children! Let every one hasten to the rescue!

He dragged along the coast, and everywhere he went he told the story, until the news spread throughout the whole world like a pestilence.

Everywhere the story aroused horror. And what the Pope's summons could not accomplish was now fulfilled spontaneously. Men gathered, armed, some driven by grief, others by shame. And hastily knightly trains made ready their arms, offerings poured in, men volunteered everywhere. Women urged them: "Make haste! For mercy's sake, make haste! Let the Holy Father appoint a leader! Let a fifth mighty crusade set forth!"

Like a ball rolling down an incline, like an avalanche sweeping everything before it, the Crusade grew. And among those who left was Francis, accompanied by two of the brothers. The others of his little band would remain in Italy.

JEAN DE BRIENNE received news of the Crusaders' armies which were gathering in Italy. Huge forces were reported, thirty thousand strong, and any day now they would set forth under the leadership of the Holy Father. The main thing now was to use these forces properly, to prevent the expedition from turning to nothing, as the third and fourth Crusades had done before.

"Your Majesty must be given command," old Ibelin of Beyrouth was saying to Jean. During the minority of the Queen, Ibelin had acted as regent of the Jerusalem kingdom. "The Holy Father will be the spiritual leader, but he will not lead them in battle. This must fall to you, for the sake of the Holy Sepulcher."

Jean looked at him gravely. "I have already worked out a plan of campaign and have dispatched it to the Holy Father," he said. "For, as I see it, the troops ought not to sail here, but straight south."

"But why?" the Queen exclaimed suddenly. Seated in her big armchair, she was so inconspicuous no one had remembered her presence. Now all eyes turned to her with surprise. At once she was overcome with shame and confusion. State matters did not interest her; when confronted with them she felt small and lost. She had come today only to get a chance to see Jean. Since she was with child he had altogether ceased to visit her, to spare her strength and health, he said. But the presence of her husband would have been a great help and solace to her. This, however, she dared not tell him. She admired Jean and despite the difference in years had soon come to love him. He was so clever, so brave! The barons held him in great esteem and, what was rarer still, obeyed him.

Jean did not look her way.

"The attack ought to be launched upon Egypt," he said. "Either at Alexandria or Damietta. From there comes the wealth of the sultans! From there their might! They would sooner lose anything else than the Egyptian ports. If we are successful in taking Damietta, they will be glad to return the Holy Land in its stead."

"Bold plans, these," mumbled the Master of Templars, William de Chartres, without conviction. "But will the western lords agree?"

"If the Holy Father gives me supreme command, I will persuade them."

"Surely His Holiness will give it no one else," Ibelin said with conviction, "for he will find no one more worthy of it. Your Majesty—" He stopped suddenly, for a wild commotion had broken out in the street below them. The bells in every church in the city were ringing. And as they stared at each other wonderingly the door opened and a strange knight was ushered in.

"I have just arrived on a French galley, the bearer of evil tidings," he said. "The Holy Father is dead! The knights await a new leader."

"Your Majesty must hasten to Rome in person now," mumbled Ibelin, and de Brienne gave a confirming nod. He turned to the stranger.

"Indeed, these are evil tidings that you bring us, sir," he said.

"I hurried as much as I could. Though I am only a pilgrim, I availed myself of the kindness of the Countess of Champagne and came on her galley."

He broke off, amazed at the effect the words produced upon the King.

"My kinswoman! Where is she abiding?"

"At the hospitium for noble pilgrims."

"Tomorrow morning I must pray her to move to the castle. I am glad to welcome you, sir. Please remain here as our guest! Your Honors! In view of the mournful tidings, we shall suspend the Council now."

"But, Your Majesty," remonstrated Ibelin, surprised. "Just because of these tidings, we should decide at once what is to be done. You know the western lords. They will be all too eager to avail themselves of the Holy Father's death to bid for leadership!"

"I cannot push myself till asked," retorted de Brienne. "Besides, we can talk it over tomorrow. Or the day after," he added absent-mindedly. And he walked out of the hall without a glance at his wife, who followed him with her childish brooding eyes.

De Brienne wanted to be alone—alone with that sudden joy of his. Blanche was here! Suddenly he was seized with a mad desire to leave the castle and run to the hospitium. "Steady now, mind you are a king," he reminded himself. "Tomorrow she will be here. You will bring her from the hospitium yourself. Tomorrow. Only till morning—no longer."

BLANCHE stood on the threshold of the pilgrim's chamber, seemingly motionless, her head bent stiffly as Jean walked with restrained steps toward her. Her maids behind her dropped deep curtsies. She and Jean were awed by the flame that burned them. They could not trust their voices. And all these people around!

Blanche was the first to recover. "I have brought you, my cousin, a confidential message from my husband, Count Thibault."

Straight-backed and stiff, she went into the adjacent room. Jean followed her. With wild passion they fell into each other's arms, closely entwined, swaying.

"I will take you at once to the castle," mumbled Jean incoherently. "We will be able to see each other freely there."

"Is your wife there?"

"Of course. But I never see her any more. She is with child. So—"

She frowned. "I will not set my eyes on her! I hate her! I won't be able to conceal it! No, I shall never come to your castle—as long as she is there. I will not live under the same roof with your wife!"

He stared at her with deep admiration. That was the way he loved her! Proud, wild, passionate. No, no! Nothing could separate them. Nothing greater than their love could ever happen, greater or more important. It was worth any sacrifice.

The old Lord Ibelin of Beyrouth walked slowly to the Queen's apartments, and immediately plunged into the matter which had brought him here.

"Why doesn't His Majesty do something to be appointed captain of the Crusade? In Rome they are fighting tooth and nail who will take command. The new Pope, Honorius, is no warrior by nature, and, though he urges Christian barons to set forth for the Holy Land, he himself does not intend to go. He is to appoint their leader, and I pledge my head, should any one else but His Majesty lead the Crusade it will fail."

"I thought it settled the King would lead the expedition," broke in Marie, surprised at this long oration.

"It was settled as long as the Holy Father Innocent was alive. But not now! Lay barons and Cardinals are already storming the Holy See to get the appointment. Time is passing. Three weeks have gone by since the news of the Pope's death came, and His Majesty has done nothing so far."

Marie listened with great concentration. "Have you talked of this with the King?"

"I tried several times, but I had no luck. His Majesty put me off. 'I will attend to it tomorrow,' he said. And that 'tomorrow' lasts already three weeks. That is why I came to you, madame. You must persuade your royal husband!"

Marie lowered her eyes, pensively gazing at the points of her golden slippers. Her eyes were brimming over with tears and at the same time she felt a spasm of bitter laughter. So Ibelin expected her to persuade Jean? Why, any one could see Jean more easily than she, his wedded wife. But this she would tell no one. She would not admit it even to her old guardian. And so she lowered her head even more and said that she was tired now and asked him to leave.

Marie sat motionless after he had gone. Only the child stirred restlessly in her womb.

What could she say to that austere, taciturn man she had married—she who had so little influence with him? Even his kinswoman held away from her. Marie had been sincerely grieved when Blanche had refused to take up her abode in the castle. She thought of the Countess of Champagne as an amiable elderly lady with whom she could have made friends and in whom she might confide many a thought and worry. Maybe cousin Blanche could tell her more of Jean's disposition and likings. Maybe she could advise her now. She was told that ever since his kinswoman's arrival Jean had become more cheerful. He was gloomy because he was homesick. Maybe Blanche— But Marie pushed the thought away regretfully. She could not impose herself on this woman who had shown so clearly she had no desire to meet her. Marie was proud. Humiliation should not be shared with any one. No, she must confide in no one.

Her eyes fell upon a small silk-covered door next to her bed which connected the two bedchambers: the King's and the Queen's. With an involuntary sigh, she thought that probably never before in the lifetime of any other Queen was the little door as seldom open as it was now. But today, at any rate, she must use it; for the welfare of the kingdom hung in the balance.

Cautiously Marie opened the small secret door, and found herself in the lighted chamber, facing her husband.

Jean stared astonished at his wife. Had she learned the truth? Was she spying on him?

"What has brought you here, madame?" he asked.

She made an awkward motion with her hands. "I wanted," she mumbled timidly—"I wanted to ask whether you have already been appointed the leader of the Crusade."

So it was this she had in mind. Of all things! To bother him with this, when he was hastening to Blanche!

"I will beg no favors," he said stiffly. "If they find a better man, let them."

Marie clasped her hands. "But this is a matter of recovering the Holy Sepulcher! Of restoring the kingdom! No one can lead the expedition better than you!"

He deigned to give her a halfhearted smile. "I am grateful for the high opinion you seem to hold of me. And now you must return to your own chambers, madame. In a moment I am expecting several of the knights to join me in a privy council. Ibelin—"

She lifted her eyes to him. She was about to say, "That is a lie! Ibelin himself has sent me here." But the words stuck in her throat. Silently she turned.

"Fear not!" he called after her, as she disappeared through the door. "The care of the Holy Sepulcher is uppermost in my thoughts."

She did not reply. The door creaked ever so slightly. Jean stood still for a moment as though waiting. But no, she would not return. She was gone.

Quick! Quick! How long had Blanche been waiting! This door must be locked. How careless of him to have left it open. Hurriedly he finished dressing.

WEEKS passed, and though both dreaded it and it remained unspoken of between them, Jean and Blanche knew that soon he must make some gesture toward leadership of the Crusade. Today a gale blew directly from the sea. In the west, black heavy clouds wallowed in the sky, glittering with lightning.

Disregarding the oncoming storm, King Jean had arrived at the hospitium to visit his kinswoman. He did so openly once a week now.

Blanche sat in a carved armchair. Jean in a similar chair faced her. By the door stood the host of the hospitium in an attitude of profound respect. Wilfred, Jean's squire, hovered behind the chair of his master, Genevieve behind that of her mistress. The King and the Countess exchanged measured, ceremonious remarks. Outside the gale roared as though a cavalcade were tearing by.

Then the host of the hospitium took his leave, and immediately Wilfred and Genevieve vanished likewise. They found it dull to wait at the door and decided to withdraw to a cubbyhole.

Left alone, Jean and Blanche moved to the alcove. A soft, heavy curtain separated it from the room.

"I am sending a missive tomorrow to the Holy Father," said Jean, when she came to rest by his side. "It means that very soon our happiness will come to an end."

"Then what am I to do?" she whispered.

"Wait. If God allows me to reconquer Jerusalem the Holy Father will not refuse me a divorce."

"But the war may last several years! I can hardly stand another day! You must choose. Either she or I."

"I never see her any more," he argued gently. "I cannot see in what way she hinders you!"

"In what way? I have to sit here like a servant, at the mercy of my own maid! I have to slip out like a wench because I see you on the sly."

"Hush! I think some one has come in."

"No. It must be the knocking of the wind. Genevieve would not come unless I called, nor would she let anybody in. . . . I won't take it! Look what I carry here in my bosom. No, it's not a scapulary. It's herbs, from the witch Margot. I went to her before I left. I can get rid of whomever I please—"

"Hush! Hush!" he whispered, horrified. "Don't ever say such things again. Neither of us is a murderer. God forbid! I would gladly cast off both kingdom and wedlock and take you for my own against the whole world were it not for the approaching war. I will sacrifice anything for you, but not my honor. When the war ends, we shall leave together."

"I cannot wait for the end of a war."

"Some one has moved the door," he whispered with renewed apprehension.

"You are hearing things. That's exactly why I cannot stand it! Always atremble lest some one come in. Spring up because the door has creaked. Take servants into our confidence."

WITH a gesture of finality, he rose and left the alcove. There was a sound of voices in the hall. Jean opened the door to call Wilfred, and, to his surprise, beheld Eudoxia, his wife's old nurse, crouched and dripping with water.

"What brought you here in this rain?" he demanded.

"I wanted to forewarn Her Ladyship that Her Majesty the Queen intended to call on her, but I came too late. I just met her litter already on its way back!"

"There was no one here!" shouted Jean, his voice trembling a little. "Wilfred! Did any one come?"

Flushed and confused, the squire emerged from the shadow. "I—I don't know," he mumbled.

"Did you stand here all the while?"

"No," confessed the lad, almost in tears.

Jean was about to explode, but he checked himself. He turned to the nurse.

"Why did Her Majesty intend to come here?"

"She meant to ask Her Ladyship to use her influence upon Your Majesty so you might hasten to take command of the Crusade."

Jean paced the room, shaken to the core. So she was here; he had been right. She had slipped in, noiseless like a mouse, as she had slipped into his chamber. And she had left without a word. Why? What had she heard?

Blanche followed him with her eyes. A wicked smile hovered on her lips. Outside the storm seemed to subside. A clatter of hoofs resounded under the portico: a messenger from the palace.

"The Mistress of the Household begs you to hasten, sire. Her Majesty is in childbed!"

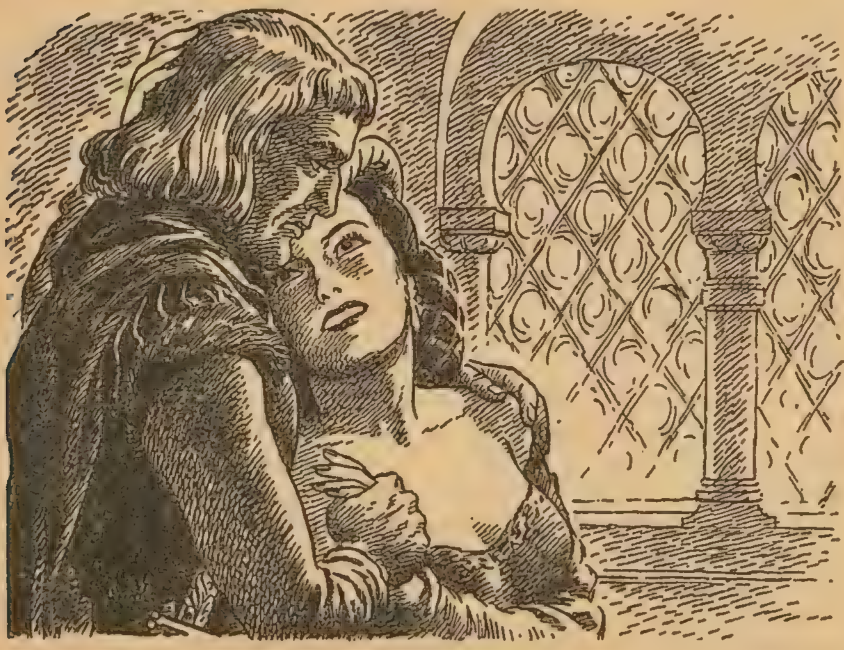
"Good Lord!" Jean exclaimed. Wilfred was already leading his horse around. The King sprang into the saddle and plunged into the night. The Queen in childbed? Surely this was premature. Good Lord have mercy upon her! And to think that she had been here less than an hour ago!

The child, a tiny girl, Isabelle, was so weak that she had been baptized at once. Against all expectations, however, once she was put to the breast of a buxom nurse she seemed to improve. The Queen, though, was sinking fast.

Jean did not leave his wife's bedside for a moment. Tensely he scanned the waxlike face of the sick girl, whose sharpened features revealed the approaching end, and vainly tried to penetrate their secret. But she was going away in silence, just as she had lived, not sharing her thoughts with any one.

Jean begged the doctors to apply all their learning. But they spread their hands in a gesture of hopelessness. What could they do, when Her Majesty would take neither medicine nor food? Marie with revulsion (or was it fear?) looked away from anything handed to her. It was in vain.

Jean, leaning over her, begged with belated tenderness that she drink of a strength-giving cordial. She closed her eyes and mouth, refusing by a scarcely perceptible motion of her head.



Stifling her sobs, the old nurse Eudoxia advanced to the bed, holding a tumbler with a potion.

"Do drink this, at least, my dove. Try it, my sweet little bird. This potion always helps. It's not hot, fear not!"

As though to convince her patient, she took a sip of the brew herself, and held out the tumbler pleadingly. Marie opened her dry, parched lips and took a few swallows almost with avidity. Jean felt a stab at his heart. She had drunk the potion because the nurse had tasted it first. She had refused food and medicaments because she feared to be poisoned. She must have heard their conversation! And she was afraid. That poor, dying child feared poison from her husband! From him! The realization hit him like a blow. Oblivious of the others, he fell to his knees.

"Marie," he called, "I swear upon the salvation of my soul, I never meant you ill!"

Did she hear him? Did she understand? Did she believe? He never learned. For she did not open her eyes again and did not say a word. That very night she died.

As soon as the magnificent funeral was over, Jean de Brienne summoned the Council and solemnly resigned the crown. But with unwonted unanimity the barons and the masters of knightly orders insisted the King remain as Regent, ruling on behalf of the tiny Princess Isabelle.

So Jean remained. He plunged feverishly into the work he had neglected for months. Before the reply from Rome arrived everything must be ready for the campaign.

Blanche was incessantly on his mind, though they had not seen each other since that memorable evening. Yet it seemed to him that by visiting her now he would be doing a new wrong to his dead wife—a wrong not less than the previous one. Nevertheless, when Blanche at last sent for him, he went. He was aghast at the change he found in her. She looked ten years older. They held each other in a long, passionate embrace.

"I thought you no longer loved me. I thought they had forced you to swear never to see me again."

"I would never take such an oath," he replied. "Besides, no one asked me to. Nobody knows. I could marry when the mourning is over and if you were free—"

"Thank God for that," she sighed, relieved.

But Jean's face was still gloomy. "The others don't know, but there is an obstacle within me, Blanche. I have not stopped loving you and never will, and yet I can't think of anything now, not even of you. She thought I wanted to poison her! Do not hold it against me that I shall not visit you now—for a time . . ." He broke off, unable to express the too complex feelings which he himself was unable to understand.

Blanche stared at him, her eyes wide with horror. "But you cannot abandon me!" she moaned. "Remember, it was at your summons I came."

It was true. In the attempt to justify himself, so common to all men, Jean had forgotten it—unconsciously had looked upon her as the guilty one, the temptress.

His heart felt even heavier than before. "I shall not abandon you, Blanche, nor will I ever cease loving you, but leave me alone for a while. Give me time to forget. Maybe things will right themselves."

"Let us hope so," she whispered dully.

In the palace the barons already awaited Jean. Letters from Rome had arrived. Impatiently he broke the seals. There were two letters, one from the Holy Father. Jean scanned it hastily. The blood rushed to his head. Without a word he handed the letter to Ibelin.

"God help the Holy Sepulcher," Ibelin exclaimed, after he had read it. And he repeated the contents aloud: "The Holy Father, Honorius, advises his beloved son, Jean de Brienne, that to lead and command the Fifth Crusade he has appointed Cardinal Pelagius of Albano. . . ."

The second letter was from Cardinal Pelagius himself. In his capacity of commander in chief, he summoned the King of Jerusalem and his troops to take up their posts under his command. In three weeks the Crusaders' fleet would be in Cyprus. The knighthood of Jerusalem was to await it there, under penalty of excommunication.

Jean shook his head. Pelagius, of all men! He recalled that tall figure, drenched in crimson, the hard birdlike eyes, the rash, offensive words.

"Who brought the letters?" he inquired in a dull voice.

De Layron of Cesarea bowed low to the King. "Your letter arrived too late, sire. The Holy Father would not have any one but you. Only when the men threatened to disband did he appoint the Cardinal of Albano. Only then—"

Jean rose without a word and left the room.

FOR three months the Crusaders had made no progress. Behind the safe barrier of chains stood the Sultan's flotilla, and still farther, on the left bank of the Nile, the Sultan Malik al-Kamil and his army lay in wait. Impervious to the heat and storm, de Brienne personally surveyed the structure of a new gigantic ram. It was a veritable floating castle, five hundred yards in circumference. The tower, completely covered with iron shells, stood upon a platform resting on four galleys. From the front protruded a heavy iron spur which was to batter the bastion's gates.

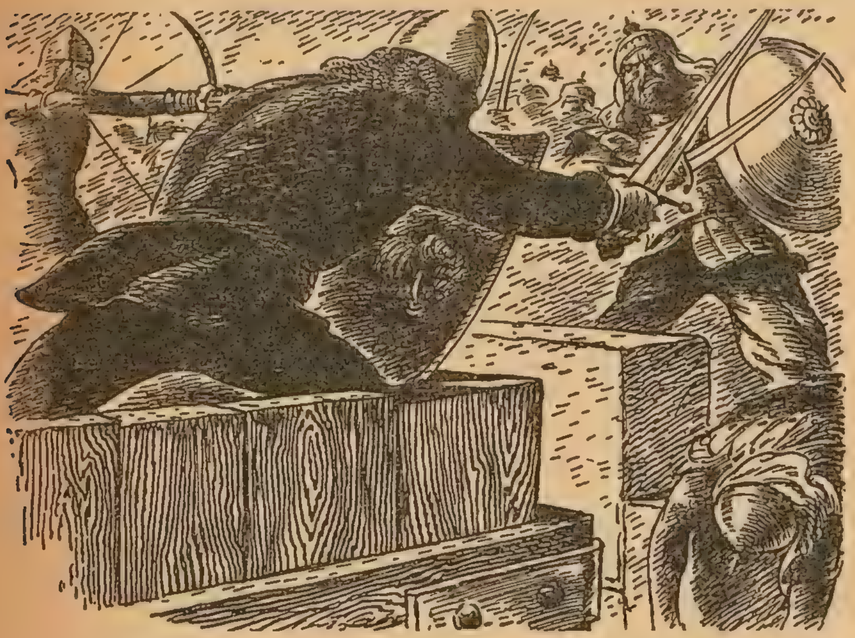
In the tower and inside the palisade there was room for three hundred men.

Jean had grown dark and gaunt. Soon after the troops arrived in Egypt the Cardinal had been taken ill, and of necessity the command fell to the King of Jerusalem. He had neither time nor desire to reflect what turn things would take once the Legate recovered, nor what Blanche, who awaited him aboard her galley, might be thinking of.

For the Countess of Champagne had also come to Egypt. In vain Jean had tried to persuade her to remain in Acre. Nothing could make her stay in Acre alone, without Jean! To return home would be even worse. And so she came here, indifferent to all that was not Jean. And Jean never came any more. The war, the capture of Damietta, absorbed him completely.

But was it only because of his eagerness to fight that they were now like two strangers and he no longer sought her? No! Blanche had no illusions. It was the shadow of the dead woman that stood between them. Even though Margot's herb, never used, still remained in her bosom, Marie was avenging herself. She was the reason he had ceased visiting her. Yet Blanche continued to wait idly, hopelessly, doggedly.

Moored right in front of the Countess' galley stood the huge, magnificent galley of the Legate. Over her bow, covered with crimson cloth, flew the Papal flag. On the deck, shaded by sails, the supreme commander of the Crusade lay on a sumptuous bed, so emaciated by malaria he appeared a mere ghost. But he continued to consider himself the responsible leader of the campaign. If only he were well, Bur-al-Silsil would have been taken long ago; by now Damietta would be encircled and about to surrender. If only he were well!



"The work on the big ram is progressing briskly," his chaplain, Brother Philip, tried to console him.

"Hold your peace, brother, rather than talk of things you know nothing about. Brisk indeed! It's four weeks since they loiter over it, and you call it brisk! Hear that wind! Just what we need. We may have to wait for weeks for another wind like that one. They did not finish in time. And all because I was not there. Oh, Lord, grant me health! Not for myself but for Thy glory!"

THE furious gusts of desert wind were indeed unusually propitious to the Crusaders, and Jean de Brienne, contrary to the Cardinal's expectations, was fully aware of it. With sudden resolve, he shouted orders: "Sound the bugles! All at their posts! In the name of God we shall charge!"

A moment later bugles began to blare. Knights and squires sprang to their feet, rubbing eyes smarting from dust. Four hundred men-at-arms took to their posts on board the battering-ram.

"Let the chains go!" shouted Jean from the deck.

The sails swelled, stiffened. The oarsmen cut the water with their oars. Creaking and moaning, the huge raft shoved away from shore. Knights atop the tower held the drawbridge in readiness. If they succeeded in throwing it over the parapet, the chain tower of Bur-al-Silsil would fall.

Now the craft glided straight for the gate. The Moslems on the parapet thrust out poles, timber and iron shafts. To no avail! The speeding engine struck the stone citadel with such terrific force that the deck of the craft split asunder and the knights tumbled from their posts. The battle turned into a hand-to-hand struggle. Burning torches fell and went out. On both sides dead and wounded rolled into the river.

The Cardinal tossed restlessly on his great bed, groaned, fretted. Deeply exhausted, he tried to rouse himself, dispatched messenger after messenger. He expected the worst and would not believe his ears when suddenly a joyful tumult broke out all around. The chaplain, panting, rushed to his bedside. "Our men have scaled the citadel! Bur-al-Silsil is taken!"

No sooner had daybreak dispersed the murk over Pharaoh's land than the Crusaders' galleys, which for three months had stood idle, began to move up the Nile along the walls of Damietta.

THE Legate was beginning to feel stronger. As yet too weak to get up and issue orders, it irritated him that Jean did not come to him for advice. De Brienne, hearing of these grievances, appeared unbidden on board the Cardinal's galley.

"Your Grace," he said curtly, "where two are in command the foe is sure to thrive. When Your Grace recovers I shall return the command."

"In no time now I shall recover my strength," the Cardinal assured him. "Little as you wished me health, no doubt Our Lord has provided otherwise."

"I have never sinned against you, either in thought or in word, Your Grace," retorted Jean dryly, and left, cut to the quick.

But he was well aware it would not be easy to give up the work he had begun. And yet, were it not for his own neglect, he and he alone might have been leader. Unconsciously he lifted his head and glanced at a near-by galley. On that carved bow stood a figure leaning over the railing. Jean gave a start. This was Blanche looking at him—Blanche, whom he had not seen in two months!

He motioned the oarsmen not to row ashore but to row to the galley. With his usual agility he climbed on deck. She neither reproached nor questioned him. But Jean felt the need to excuse himself. "I cannot leave the camp," he explained. "Everything rests upon my head. That was why I insisted that you remain in Acre. But in a few days the Legate will be well again. Then I shall be free."

He tried to make it sound casual, but his voice broke.

"No, no. No one could possibly be the leader now save you," she insisted warmly. "The knights won't let you go. You must retain the command!"

"I might have had it, but now I shall not," he retorted. He wandered restlessly around the deck, and Blanche tried to hide her despair. Here he was, that beloved man for whose sake she had left everything, and yet so distant, so alien. He had not even tried to touch her, to caress her. It seemed incredible that hardly a year had elapsed since they had loved each other with such mad passion!

Jean, turning around, suddenly met her eyes. "I must be on my way," he said.

"But you just came," she protested shyly.

"I can't stay. Don't grieve, my love. Maybe, God willing—" He meant to say that glorious, happy days might yet return for them, but he found himself unable to speak what he knew were lies. "Let me go. You can see for yourself how dull I am. I have so many troubles! And I am tormented by the lack of news from Acre. How are things there? How is the child?"

The child! Blanche cringed inwardly. The half-forgotten shadow of the dead woman once more rose between them.

What was that? Suddenly Jean ran to the rails. His ears had not deceived him: in the camp bugles were blaring. Without taking leave of Blanche, without a glance at her, Jean slid down the rope ladder.

AYMAR DE LAYRON entered the royal pavilion with unaccustomed solemnity.

"Your Majesty! The Sultan's envoys have arrived and ask to be received. In return for our leaving Egypt, they will give us all of the Holy Land and the Timber of the Holy Cross."

Jean drew a deep breath and crossed himself. Victory! Victory! Jerusalem recovered! The Holy Sepulcher once more in Christian hands! A warm wave of pride swept over his heart. He, de Brienne, would carry inside the sacred walls the recovered Timber of the Holy Cross.

The news of the envoys' arrival had spread like wildfire throughout the camp, and in the open space in front of the tent a crowd began to assemble. Every one was pressing forward—servants and scullions, archers and shield-bearers. Brother Francis pushed his way through them and darted to the King. He threw his arms around his knees and, staring into the King's face, whispered: "Is this true, sire?"

"Yes, it's true," Jean replied, placing his hand on Francis' shoulder. He felt so happy that even this baffling little fool seemed close to his heart.

THE envoys bowed low. The white-bearded leader spoke. "In the olden times no ill will existed between the Kings of Jerusalem and the Favorites of the Prophet. The Ruler of the Faithful, al-Kamil, would fain restore this friendship so seemly between knights. This is what he ordered me to say: 'Let the lionlike Franks return to their domains and leave ours. We shall give them, in return, possession of Palestine and the Timber of the Cross of the prophet Jesus.' "

He stopped speaking, and Jean was about to answer, when suddenly a commotion at the entrance attracted his attention. He saw a flash of crimson in the parted curtains of the tent. Leaning upon the arm of his chaplain, in came the Legate of the Pope, Cardinal Pelagius. Between his pallid cheeks two black Spanish eyes blazed angrily at Jean.

"Who gave you leave, sir, to receive envoys without me, the leader appointed by the Holy Father himself?"

"It was my right to do so," Jean returned, "as deputy of Your Grace in time of his illness. We refrained from giving you the news, as we meant to cheer Your Grace with the tidings of an accomplished fact. The Sultan offers a permanent truce: the return of the Holy Land and the Timber of the Holy Cross in return for our withdrawal from Egypt."

"And you, blind that you are, would accept it?"

"We undertook this expedition to reconquer the Holy Sepulcher."

"To reconquer it permanently! To secure it forever! You will never accomplish this without Egypt, whence Islam derives its wealth and power. We will not move from here till we get hold of Alexandria and Damietta. I am the leader; I alone have authority to speak here. I do not accept the Sultan's terms."

Silence fell in the pavilion—silence in which only rapid breathing could be heard. Jean turned his eyes away. Without a word, the envoys rose to their feet, bowed, and departed.

WITH great tenderness Francis took leave of his brothers. He had been granted an audience with Cardinal Pelagius, in which he had pleaded in vain that he accept the peace offer made by the Sultan. Now the little friar was on his way to see the Sultan himself. He set forth at a brisk pace. He stepped so boldly and calmly that it never occurred to the Sultan's outpost to ask him what right he had to be here. In his gray miserable cloak, his head wrapped in cloth, he looked like a dervish or a madman, and madmen were considered saints by the Moslems.

His progress was slow. Everything interested him, he smiled upon every one. He did not feel a stranger, an enemy, among these people, and he felt a great desire to remain here and tell them of the Lord.

Any dervish was allowed to come to the doors of the Sultan's palace, but it was not easy to get inside. The guards did not let Francis in. Not in the least upset by this failure, he calmly seated himself under the wall and contentedly stretched out his road-weary legs.

The Sultan was just returning from a ride. A band of beggars and dervishes ran behind the horse, shouting and stretching their hands.

"Soldan! Soldan!" yelled Francis.

His foreign pronunciation attracted the Sultan's attention. He gave an order, and two guards leaped upon Francis, naked daggers between their teeth, rapacious hands stretched toward him. The Sultan stopped them with a motion of his hand.

It flashed through the Sultan's mind that the man was a spy and would betray the plans of the Franks in return for gold. "Speak up, whatever you have to say," he said. "If the matter is truly important I shall reward you generously."

"The matter is of extreme importance," Francis assured him gravely, "and I am expecting a great reward from you, Messire Sultan. I would like the war to end. The Legate would not listen to me, so I came to you."

Al-Kamil peered at the huddled gray form at his feet. "I can't help it that your leader is stubborn. Ought I perchance to relinquish all Egypt to the Franks and withdraw with my people into the desert to starve?"

"That wouldn't be fair," replied Francis earnestly. "Egypt is your land and no one should take it from you. But you must do something else, something very profitable and beneficial, which will likewise put an end to the war. You must embrace the Christian faith."

The Sultan guffawed with laughter. "Embrace Christianity?" he echoed. "I will give you better advice. You embrace Islam, bow to the Prophet, and the war will also end."

It was Francis' turn to burst into laughter. "How could that be, Messire Sultan, when our faith is the true one and yours is not? Who would ever exchange something better for something worse?"

Again words not to be uttered in the presence of a true Moslem. Al-Kamil frowned.

"So your faith is the true one and mine is not. How will you prove this to me? I cannot renounce the faith of my forefathers on the strength of what some vagabond tells me. What will your Lord show me?"

"Our Lord can do anything He pleases," Francis replied earnestly. "You, Messire Sultan, can order a great bonfire and have me thrown in it, and, if such be His will, He can make me come out of it unharmed."

"By Allah!" said the Sultan, squinting his eyes. "I am tempted to do it. Aren't you afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid; for my Lord is about me and nothing can befall me save what He means me to bear and what I duly deserve, and whatever He means me to bear He will adjust to my strength. But let one of your men enter the fire with me. And let the one whose faith is false be consumed by flames and the one whose faith is true come out unharmed."

The Sultan turned to his court. "Which one of you will take up the challenge?" he asked.

WAS the Sultan speaking in jest or was he serious? They stirred uneasily, each trying to hide behind his neighbor's back.

Al-Kamil turned angry eyes upon his courtiers. "This stranger will deride us and the Prophet. Miserable cowards, will none of you dare?"

No one answered, and the Sultan's eyes flashed as he turned to Francis. "Why is it that my men are afraid and you are not?" he shouted angrily. "I don't want any trial. You may go."

"I will not go, Messire Sultan, until you promise me you will learn to know Our Lord, and, once you know Him, accept Him."

Al-Kamil laughed hoarsely. "You poor fool! You can go. You are leaving like a child, unaware that you have put your head into the lion's jaws. For I have sworn hatred to the Franks and ordered that none who come here be allowed to depart alive! But you I shall let go free. Not only that—I want to reward you for the entertainment you have provided. I shall give you as much gold as you can carry."

Francis lifted his arms, alarmed. "Gold? What would I do with it? I don't need any gold. But instead pray give me another precious gift. Allow me to visit the spot where the most blessed Virgin Mary and the Holy Child dwelt."

Al-Kamil nodded. "You may go there. I shall give you a rope with my seal. With this sign you can go safely anywhere, even to Jerusalem." Al-Kamil watched him from the corner of his eye, a strange smile hovering on his lips. "And I shall detail a slave for your protection. Afterward he shall take you to the advance posts of the Franks and then return to me. Remember, you must send him back." He turned to a servant. "Have one of the Christian slaves brought here."

A moment later a miserable-looking man clad in gray slipped into the room. Francis looked at him and gasped. That emaciated wretch with the twisted head was none other than his old companion, his renegade brother, the brother who, like a child, craved miracles—John a Capello himself!

The Sultan watched them with a quizzical smile.

"I see that you know each other," he said. "So much the better. This man is my slave, dervish. He will accompany you as a guide, then he will take you to the Franks' outposts and return to me. Here is my sign. It will open all gates before you. You may go now."

THE ruins of the ancient city of Heliopolis, of which Cairo, the present capital of the Sultan, was once but a miserable suburb, stretched far and wide in a shapeless heap of rubble. Not a single building had remained standing. All that was left was a double row of obelisks, and at the end of this long avenue of stone giants rose the gnarled and twisted sycamore tree called the Tree of the Virgin.

Francis gazed upon it, enraptured.

John a Capello watched him with brooding eyes. "You do work miracles!" he said at last. "Have you not bewitched the Sultan? It seems incredible that a Christian should have gone to Cairo and departed not only alive but bearing the Sultan's seal. It gives you limitless power. With it you can go into any city and demand anything you please: the treasury, the slaves, anything! You could go and order all Christian prisoners to be set free. . . . You will do it, won't you, Francis?"

"I will not. I would be abusing the Sultan's trust. I can only go back to him and beg him to release them."

"But you won't order me to—" John peered anxiously into Francis' face.

Francis smiled. "Were you very unhappy here?"

"It was hell! Hell! God, what a hell!"

"Then you won't remain in it. I shall go back in your stead."

"You in my stead?"

"Yes. You have suffered enough, brother."

"I don't want you to remain in my stead!" shouted John. "Why can't we both go?"

"Because the Sultan has put his trust in us."

"He did it deliberately. I saw how he smiled. The devil!"

"The more reason why we must not succumb to temptation. Do not worry about me. I have fared too well in this world. It is time I suffer a little for Our Lord. Come, let us drink some from the spring of the Most Blessed Virgin. After that I would like to take a look at those great pyramids and the figure of the Sphinx."

"I have seen it many times," returned John, "The Arabs call him Abu-Hol, the Father of Horror. It smiles as though it scoffed at everything. I used to pass it while dragging stones with others, and each time the burden seemed heavier, the brace cut deeper in the flesh." He broke off and in a burst of despair shouted: "I don't want to stay! I will not stay!"

"I told you already you shan't—"

But John would not be soothed, and when, after washing themselves at the spring, they set out for Gizeh, he dragged behind, weighted down by his thoughts.

"I shall bolt," decided John. "Nothing will happen to Francis, anyway. He will continue to smile in that way he has, even in captivity. If they beat him or abuse him, he will say it is all right—he naught deserves else."

The moon rose big and red, flooding the sky with light. Francis stopped abruptly. "Is that he?"

"Yes, it is he," replied John, involuntarily lowering his voice. "The Father of Horror."

The mighty slopes of the pyramids shimmered in the moonlight, and against their background rose the stony face unlike any other in the world. The desert sand had covered it almost to the neck; the line of its back was barely perceptible under the dune. The moon sailed across the sky, lengthening the shadows upon the stony face, and one could easily imagine that the giant was alive and about to speak.

"He is waiting for something," thought Francis. "He lifts his head and peers watchfully. He smiles because he knows that whatever he is waiting for will come. But what is he waiting for? The Moslems say that demons made him and he himself is a demon. A blue-clad feminine figure with the Child in her arms passed over these sands many centuries ago. Maybe it was her return the face of stone awaited. For was she not to beg and obtain salvation for all? Salvation for all! Did it not smile because it knew of its future liberation and was awaiting it? The mystery of the Sphinx—why, it was the conviction of ultimate salvation!

And Francis, filled with overwhelming joy, stretched his hands toward the stone giant with a deep sense of brotherhood and common hope.

John, startled by the gesture, lifted his head and gasped. For suddenly it seemed to him that the smile of that good Brother Francis was the reflection of the omniscient smile of the Sphinx.

"LOOK! You can already see our men from here," said Francis, serene as ever. "Farewell, brother. May Our Lord guard you and grant you peace."

"Don't go away yet!" John clutched desperately at his hand. He looked at the tents that shone white a little way off, at the pennants fluttering in the wind. Yes, here were Christians, Latins. Here he would find his countrymen. A few more steps, and he would no longer be a slave but a free man. "Don't go away yet," he repeated. "You are torturing me! You must understand that I can neither reject nor accept your offer! Oh, how I suffer!"

"My brother," whispered Francis gently, "don't worry over me. I am happy."

But John could no longer control himself.

"Happy?" he almost screamed. "I know! You are always happy! I dread you—you tempter! You are terrible in that love of yours for everything. You are inexorable. There is nothing you would not demand of a man. You would turn the world upside down!"

"Brother of mine—why, I neither want nor demand anything. It is He who calls you, it is His love that is inexorable."

"Am I to remain a slave and not return there to my own kind?" sobbed John.

"Not at all. I tell you, go. I am happy. Perhaps I will be able to atone for some of my sins; to lessen the penance that awaits me after death."

John kept silently staring at the ground. "And the Holy Land? Won't you go to the Holy Land?"

"No. Probably I don't deserve to see it. Don't worry about me any more, brother."

"I can't help it! Don't go away! You will set off, at peace with yourself, and I—I— How am I going to live?"

"Then let us pray together." And they knelt side by side.

"Has the slave I sent with the Christian dervish returned?" inquired Sultan al-Kamil the next day.

"No, O Ruler of the Faithful. Shall we send a pursuit?"

"No." The Sultan stared at the ceiling. I expected, he thought, this man would prove different from the rest. I was wrong. All men are alike, no matter what their faith. Men are but cattle, contemptible cattle. I was wrong. "What do you want?" he inquired sharply of a servant who had slipped in timidly.

"O Ruler of the Faithful, I only wanted to tell you that the slave about whom you asked has returned and gone to work with the rest."

"Allah akbar. You can go away!"

THE Egyptian summer had withered the Crusaders. This was their second summer here. The third year of their stay on the Nile had begun and less than a half of the Crusaders' forces remained. They had taken Damietta, but afterward strife, illness, and the ease with which they could return home by the galleys that sailed back and forth continually were responsible for depleted ranks. To make matters worse, rumors were rampant that the Sultan's brothers were already on their way to the long awaited rescue of Egypt.

Things being as they were, de Brienne advised the Cardinal to gather great stores of food in Damietta and wait for reinforcements. But Cardinal Pelagius would not hear of it.

"We have been standing here long enough to no good end," he insisted. "We must strike and take Cairo."

"To take Cairo," de Brienne replied, "we would need five times as many troops as we have. Your Grace, take the advice of an old and seasoned soldier! In the strong-hold we are absolutely safe; no power can move us from there. We can wait in safety till the Holy Father sends us more men. Let us wait. If we accomplish the conquest of Egypt in twenty years, it still will be soon enough!"

"We will conquer Egypt now or never!" bellowed the Cardinal. "Tomorrow, at dawn, we are off!"

"At least there will be no doubt in the future as to who lost the campaign," retorted de Brienne, and he went out, bursting with rage and grief. The next day they set off for Hattin.

The ranks of Crusaders pressed in panic. What they saw could have happened only in Egypt, that land of dreadful miracles, where Moses drowned the heathen army in a previously dry sea. Some unknown sorcerers must have learned Moses' magic and passed it on to their posterity, which was now avenging itself upon the Christians.

It did not rain; there was no storm nor gale. Then where did the water come from? That water which had turned the valley into a yellow turbid sea? The tumultuous waves carried tufts of grass, floating islands torn off from the shore somewhere in Upper Egypt.

Far, far away, invisible to the human eye, men stood on the high banks. They looked with despair, for here was the Father of Rivers carrying its life-giving annual gift of moisture and fertile mire, and yet, at the Sultan's orders, all the ditches and canals distributing the water to reservoirs had been closed, and the whole force of the river was rushing uselessly toward the Delta, to vanish in the sea. Such were the Sultan's orders; the Sultan's will was the will of the Prophet; this year would be a year of famine. But the water would drown the impudent and proud Franks. Great is the name of the Prophet!

The crowded ranks of Crusaders stared, stupefied. Water surrounded on three sides the elongated hilltop upon which they had set camp. A narrow crest winding toward the south was now all that connected the encampment with the land.

Amid silent, dumb-stricken rows the Legate on horseback flew like a red flame. "Onward!" he shouted. "Onward! There is nothing else we can do!" In all haste the troops made ready to set out. Bugles blared insistently. The mounted troops started at a gallop and the foot ranks followed. In less than two hours nothing remained on the hilltop, surrounded with ever-mounting water, save deserted carts and abandoned tents.

The Crusaders' progress did not last long. No more than two leagues away a high wall surmounted by turrets barred their way. It ran from the swollen waters of the Nile to those of Bar-al-Sagir. That wall, those turrets were the surprise the Sultan had prepared for them. In order to overcome it, one must possess battering-rams, catapults, ladders, Greek fire. One must have a well supplied army, and time. The Crusaders had neither. Hungry horses, hungry men, in their hands nothing but naked swords. At their back—water.

THE army turned back in the same way it had come. Without stopping, they passed the encampment they had abandoned in the morning. They continued straight toward the water. Sails came into sight. Our fleet! Our fleet! Sinking in the quagmire, then wading into water, men ran, made signs, stretched their arms. Alas! It was not the Crusaders' fleet. Those were the Sultan's galleys. Taking advantage of the high water level, they had come here from the Meusalah lake to cut the invaders' retreat. There was no longer any way out.

The army of Cardinal Pelagius, more than twelve thousand men, was lost—irrevocably, shamefully doomed. Weak from hunger, they stood knee-deep in water. Some lay down in the mire. They no longer cared; the sooner they died, the better.

The rest, painfully dragging their feet out of the morass, returned to the camp, where everything remained as they had left it.

The Cardinal proceeded to the tent of the King of Jerusalem. Each step weighed him down like a load, each aged him years. How much pride he must trample down, how cruelly break his own spirit! The Legate slowly entered the tent.

"I came—I came to ask you—" He swallowed hard and finished: "—to go in my stead to the Sultan."

"I am not the commander," retorted Jean. "If I were, we would now be masters of Jerusalem! I will not go. I'll die, for die I must. But I neither need nor will abase myself. Why doesn't Your Grace go yourself?"

"What of my spiritual dignity?" cried Pelagius in despair. "Even if I would, I cannot cease to be a Cardinal and the Holy Father's Legate. In my person Christ's Church will abase itself before Mahomet."

"How many times," retorted Jean bitterly, "have you comported yourself, sir, like a proud and insolent man, moved neither by the love of your neighbors nor by the Church's teaching? How many times have you humiliated us all, never once thinking of the charity that Our Lord commands?"

"I have sinned—I am guilty. But you, a Christian, have regard for the Church!"

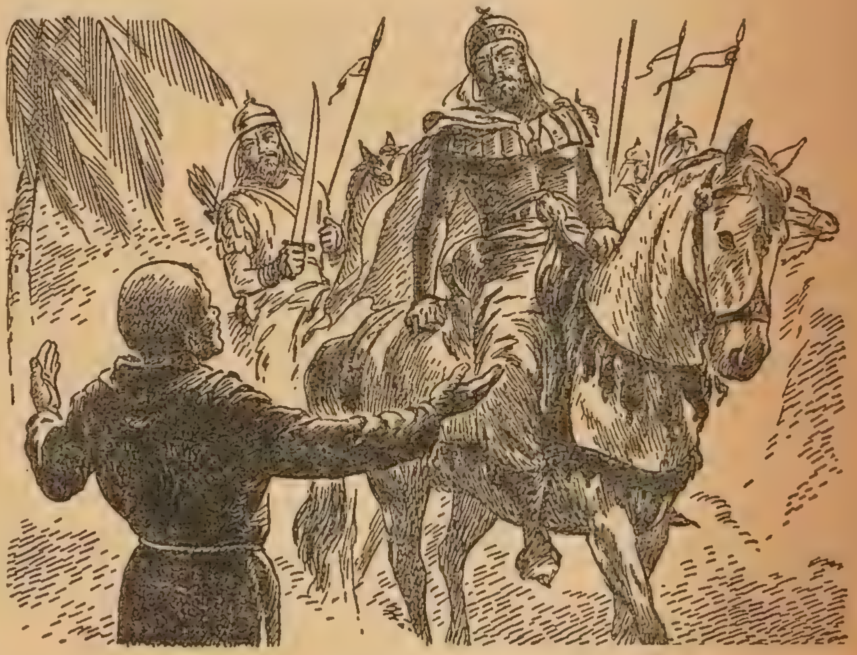
And, before Jean had time to stop him, he fell prostrate at his feet, grabbed a handful of dust, and threw it on his head. It seemed to de Brienne a rock had crashed—a crimson rock.

"Rise, Your Grace," he said, "people are looking!"

Jean's thoughts were in turmoil. No, he would not go and let the Sultan jeer at him. Not he! Let the man who was to blame go. The Church? The Church was at stake. If they insulted Jean, they would insult a knight. If they insulted Pelagius, they would insult the Pope's Legate. He, Jean, was a Christian. It was his duty to protect the honor of the Church. Still he would not go! Never!

"I am not to blame," Jean consoled himself. And suddenly incredible horror smote at his heart. You are not to blame? Then who? Whom had the Holy Father wanted to appoint commander? For whom had he waited? Why aren't you leading the Crusade, instead of that other stubborn, proud man? Indeed you and you alone are to blame.

With terrible clarity the events of the last few years rose before his eyes. Oh, that accursed poison of poetry which would have people believe that the love of two people was supreme law! Contrary to what the troubadours might say, life had stern and hard laws which no one could break with impunity. A sin against these laws had wrought a chain of consequences which would drag behind him now all through his life, and beyond his life too. Something stirred in Jean's heart. Suddenly he felt overcome with pity for the man. He helped him to his feet.



"Trouble yourself no more, Your Grace. I am as much to blame as you are. I shall go to the Sultan."

Hastily he snatched away his hand which the Legate had grasped and was trying to kiss.

The multicolored pavilion exceeded in magnificence anything Oriental fables might conceive. It was not a tent at all, but a portable palace with seventy-seven chambers. In the main hall sat Sultan al-Kamil. Jean approached and handed him his sword, hilt forward.

"Keep your sword, King," said al-Kamil with great dignity, "and be seated by our side."

Black slaves brought in low tables loaded with food richly flavored with spices, golden goblets with wine, crystal dishes with sherbets. The Sultan did the honors, but his guest stared in front of him. He saw a piteous encampment upon sodden tufts of grass, the camp of moribunds doomed to starvation.

Enough of this game! He must find out whether they would obtain mercy or suffer humiliation in vain. Looking straight into the Sultan's face, Jean said: "There are twelve thousand men out there who want nothing but to be allowed to return to their own country."

"Why did they come here, then?" al-Kamil asked.

"They came to reconquer the Holy Land, which above all else is dear to our hearts," replied Jean.

"I offered to return it. You would not take it. It was not the Holy Land you were after, but Egypt's wealth!"

Silence. Jean must take a sip of wine to cover up the howl that again rose from his soul. The Sultan had a right to speak as he did, indeed as he had!

Al-Kamil spoke again. "Listen to my words, King! I have vowed by the Prophet that none of you Franks shall leave this land alive. And I would have kept my vow. It would have availed you nothing to humble yourself before me. But a while ago a man came here from your camp. Did you hear of it?"

"Yes, I did," replied Jean, startled. "I know. A monk. They call him Francis."

"I would see him again some day. Anyway, remember, King, that only for his sake, for the sake of the one and only Christian whose deeds do not belie his faith, I am ready to spare your lives. Only because of him! I want him to remember me well. Therefore I shall let go free not only you but all my Christian prisoners. You can take them all with you. I have enough slaves here. In a few days the water will recede. When it does, you may leave. As for food, I shall order it sent to you today. Allah is great!"

"Allah is great!" echoed his court, bowing their heads.

Jean de Brienne rode slowly, paying no heed to the angry shouts, laments, and imprecations of the street mobs. The Sultan had given the Crusaders two weeks to clear out of Egypt. The Cardinal never left the deck of his galley, but, clad now in penitent's garb, the once so proud Legate had handed over the command to Jean de Brienne. It was Jean who directed the evacuation. It was he, too, who had to listen to all the fervent imprecations and curses.

Harassed and weary, he was going to the only human being to whom he could open his heart—to Blanche. He had missed her lately. For were they not united by a strong bond, if not of past love, at least of guilt shared in common?

LIKE the Legate, the Countess of Champagne had already moved on board her galley. Unlike the Legate, however, she was neither broken nor repentant. Deep in her heart she believed the disaster had little to do with Jean and herself. They both were alive; that was all that mattered. They still could look forward to a better future. At the sight of her lover her eyes shone, a deep blush like a young maiden's covered her face.

But as for Jean, her beauty, instead of filling him with rapture, seemed to shock him. He had come here to seek sympathy, to pour out his heart and confide his grief. He was dismayed to realize that she expected confidences of a very different kind. His brows were drawn in a painful frown. She guessed he had been stung by his visit to the Sultan and the humiliation he had suffered there. She looked at him with warm tenderness.

"Whatever happened was no fault of yours," she said.

"Not mine? On the contrary, Blanche. It was all my own fault. It was because of me that the Holy Land was lost. I neglected to obtain the command over the expedition. It was because of me that Marie died. Her death weighs on my conscience."

She listened petrified. "We had a right to do it," she insisted.

"That's what I used to think, too—once. Today I don't believe there is any special law for love and lovers. There is but one law: God's law. And a stern law it is."

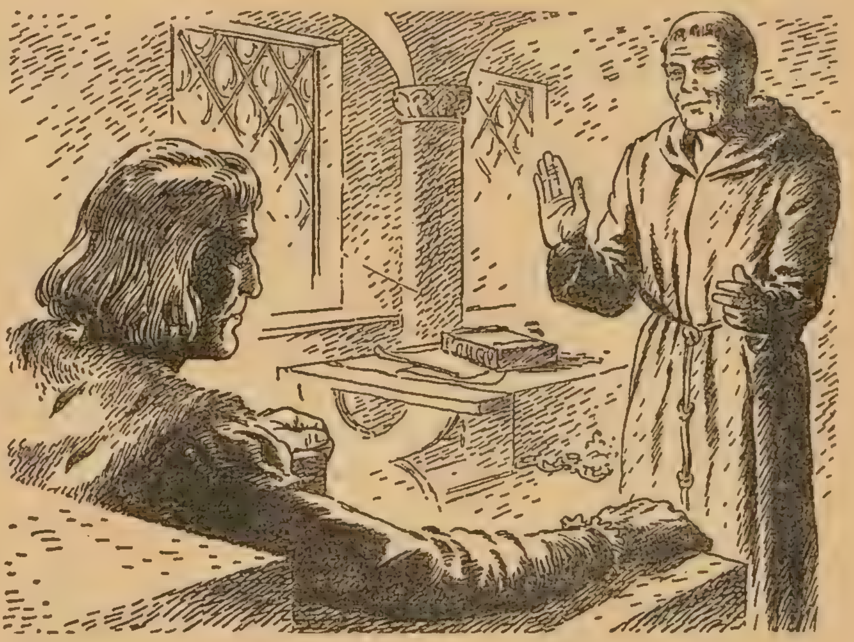
"It was not your fault the war was lost!"

He made a despondent gesture. "What good will it do me that people blame the Legate? I know I am guilty—and nothing can silence that conviction."

"But we loved each other!" she exclaimed in despair. To her the words absolved everything.

"We loved each other," the knight echoed her words. "I still love today. You are a part of me. If I were to lose you, I would suffer just as if I lost an arm or a leg. But it sometimes happens a man will say, 'Would God I had no arm or leg rather than do as I have done.'"

She stared at him wide-eyed as he wearily began to pace the deck. Suddenly he stopped in front of her.



"Don't you think you had better return to your home?"

She quivered. "Never! My husband—and every one else—would think you've grown weary of me; that you sent me away!" Her hand touched her breast. She sighed, relieved. It was there, the little linen bag that she had got from the witch Margot to remove another woman. Well, its time had come at last.

"Good-by, Jean," she said.

There was something in her voice that made him look up. He grasped the hand she held against her breast as though concealing something.

"I will go, but I'll come back tomorrow. I shall not let you leave till we see eye to eye in this, Blanche! How could we two part in grief? You don't know how I loved you!"

"I am glad you admit that you loved me—once. Surely you've stayed here long enough. You might forget some duty again!"

"Blanche!" There was such heartfelt reproach in his voice that she almost burst into tears.

"I am sorry," she whispered. "Go, now. When you return tomorrow, I shall be calm. I promise."

"Good-by, then—until tomorrow," he said.

WHEN Genevieve burst into his chamber, there was no need for her to speak; de Brienne already knew. In that second he realized he had known it since yesterday—that it was precisely this news he expected. Blanche was dead! Dead by her own hand! And it was he, de Brienne, who was guilty of her death. How could he have gone away yesterday leaving her as she was? He recalled her irritation, her rebellion, then that sudden feigned indifference. It must have been then that she had made up her mind. And he had not guessed. He had gone off, secretly relieved, with a promise to return the next day. "You will find me calm," she said. And she had kept her word. Her beautiful body, desperately craving caresses and passion, had grown calm forever. But what had become of her proud, defiant soul, of Blanche herself?

"But surely in our dispute it was I who was right," he tried to argue with himself. "You were right," his conscience replied, "but at the same time you left her forlorn, desperate, not caring to what thoughts she might fall prey. You did not care enough to remember that Satan prowls incessantly around those who are left alone in their despair." And in his heart he thought: "Again and again that chain of consequences. When and where will it end?"

THE magnificent basilica covering the Holy Sepulcher with its vast dome stood neglected and forlorn. This was the way Francis found it upon his arrival in Jerusalem. The Sultan's firman, which opened all doors to him, also opened the portals of the Shrine. From inside came a draft of stifling musty air. Not a trace remained of the innumerable gifts and offerings which once used to cover the Holy Sepulcher like a film of gold. The side chapels were piled high with rubble and litter. Broken fragments of monuments and statues lay in the way. But the rocky bed carved in solid stone upon which God's Body had rested and the stone which the angel had rolled aside on the Day of Resurrection had not been damaged.

Francis prayed for a long time, but not too long, for he must tend and clean the church. The sentry looked on in surprise as he carried out the rubbish and washed the filth-covered walls. After putting everything in order as best he could, he began to roam the city. Neither he nor his brothers could rebuild the ruined churches, but they could preserve the ruins and keep them clean. They could keep a light burning in front of the Tomb and adorn the Holy Place with palm leaves; they could bring big scented violets which grew on Mount Olivet.

Francis would gladly have remained in the Holy Land for the rest of his life, planning what could be done if the brothers could come here. But one day he was astonished to see before him, in Arab garb, John a Capello, with whom he had parted at the gates of Damietta. Francis was overcome with joy.

"Little brother!" he shouted, stretching both his hands toward him.

John smiled. "I am no longer a slave. I am free. The Sultan turned all of us free when he released the troops trapped in the Delta. It happened because of you, Francis. It is to you and no one else we owe our freedom. The Sultan told the King of Jerusalem that he would release the troops and us on account of the only Christian he had ever met. It could be only you."

"I?" exclaimed Francis, and guffawed with laughter. "I? Come, brother, don't make fun of me. I would be truly sorry for the Sultan if he had not beheld a better Christian. But how did it happen, little brother, that you did not go back home?"

"I wanted to see you first," John a Capello replied. "I knew you were in Jerusalem, so I went to Acre and waited there. I would probably be still waiting there were it not that Brother Pietro arrived from Italy to fetch you. He implored me to bring you to Acre soon, for whatever he had to say was most important."

"I shall start at once," said Francis, with a sigh. "I was so happy here, at the feet of Our Lord. I forgot about those others. Shame on me! Whatever could have happened? I must go."

IT WAS Wilfred who first saw Francis in Acre and recognized him. It was through him that de Brienne learned the news late that night.

"Francis of Assisi?" he exclaimed. "Bring him here at once."

Wilfred ran in search of Francis, while de Brienne slowly dragged himself to his chamber. He felt dead tired. He ruled a strip of the shore pompously called the Kingdom of Jerusalem. He ruled with wisdom, honesty, and sagacity, and he was held in general esteem and respect. His child, the little Princess Isabelle, fared well. On the surface nothing had changed for the worse in the last few years—nothing that would account for the growing melancholy of the King.

When Francis entered with that serene smile of his, de Brienne's first impression was that he had not changed.

"You are come from Jerusalem, brother," de Brienne said. "Tell me. In what condition is the Holy Sepulcher?"

"The Tomb of Our Lord is intact; only the basilica over it has been ruined. All the churches in the Holy Land have been destroyed, and just to look at these ruins wrings your heart. Not a single one remains, save the Shrine of the Nativity in Bethlehem."

De Brienne sighed heavily and began to pace the chamber. "I don't know why," he confessed, "in the old days those things did not affect me so much. Now I am bowed down by the thought that the holy places remain neglected and ill-fated."

"Not completely neglected," Francis exclaimed, "for I left a goodly garrison which will neither fail nor surrender. A handful of Brothers Minor who joined me there. Do not worry over the Holy Sepulcher, sire. It is not deserted. Oh, no!"

"But you said yourself the temple over it is sacked and ruined."

"Our Lord cares nothing for splendor, only for human love. The Brothers Minor will love Him as much as they can. Their prayers will replace the dome."

"I can't believe they will hold out," sighed de Brienne. "The Moslems will disperse them to the winds."

"They will hold out, for no one will wish them ill. Only a weapon challenges a weapon, and might challenges might, while that which cares not for worldly protection is the safest and lasts the longest."

"You have an answer to everything," remarked de Brienne. "Maybe you could explain to me some things that trouble me sorely. Life is not easy for me. I live in torment."

"The first time I saw you, sire, you were in sore torment, too. It was in a hostelry near Rome. You were on your way to the Holy Father to obtain the Jerusalem crown, and I and my companions were also going our way to the Holy Father to get his approval of our Rule."

DE BRIENNE rubbed his forehead. Vaguely he remembered the torment of those days. He was going against his will, forced, rebellious, repeating at each step his childish "I don't want" and yet continuing his way. He recalled the night spent at the inn, the dark blue chill of the night, a group of men around a fire below. He remembered now how annoyed he was by the laughter and loud conversation. And today he looked with something akin to humility at one of them; looked to him for help and consolation. In what lay the secret of the serenity and clearness of that strange man? It seemed to de Brienne that if he only could gain possession of it he would understand the real meaning of life.

"I saw you through the window," Francis went on. "You walked around vehemently, throwing your head and arms about. I thought then, 'How this knight suffers! How I'd like to help him!' "

"Then help me now. I suffer more today than I did then. So many crimes weigh upon my conscience that the thought fills me with terror. The last is the worst. A certain woman, whom I brought to sin, died by her own hand. I told her we had no right to go on sinning, and she rebelled and cried, 'Why not? We are free!' I could not explain to her why, and—I did not save her!"

"The thing to do was to show her love and indulgence, as one does to a child. For only a child would not see why. Only a child will say, 'I prefer to crawl rather than to walk, for it is very hard to learn to stand upright.' If an ox puts its head into the yoke it will plow the soil, which in turn will bear grain. But if the ox were to roam as it pleases, the field would lie waste and would not bear its crop. Our Lord has created us to achieve glorious things, but we cannot achieve them without effort."

"When one listens to you, everything seems too simple," smiled de Brienne. "Yet in reality this eternal constraint under which we live breaks a man."

"Why break, sire? It releases him."

"Releases him? I don't know. I must consider. It is getting late. You are surely tired, brother. Time you had some rest. But promise me you will not leave before you see me once more. I would like to continue this conversation and ask you—ask you—"

"I will come, indeed," promised Francis. "May Our Lord's peace be with you, sire."

After he left, de Brienne stood for a long while motionless. And suddenly he felt that his restless, desperate pacing had brought him to his goal; that he had arrived. The goal was here—right here where but a moment ago Francis had stood.

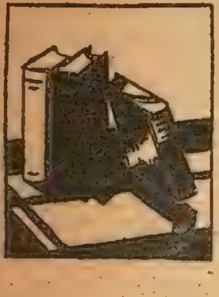
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ONCE you accustom yourself to its breathless style, you will have a pretty swell time with **Mom Counted Six**, a warm, engaging first novel by **Mac Gardner.**

As for me, I lean toward the straightforward prose that Grandpa used to write, and a book wherein Mom is always referred to cutely as Mom So (just like that) disconcerts me considerably. Of course there is a reason for it. In the Holly family there was young Sara, who was called Sorry—only of course not Sorry, but So. And Mom's name was also Sara, so she was Sorry too, only of course she was Mom So and Sara was So.



That gives you an idea. If you can take that, you can go right ahead with Mom Counted Six and unravel a fascinating story about a girl growing up—the story of Brooke Holly and her family. It will remind you of Francie in A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, but the Hollys are better off and live on the West Coast.

Brooke grows up, the youngest in a family of individualists. Mom and Pop have brought up their five children to think for themselves and act independently, too, just so long as they don't infringe upon anybody else's rights. For the most part it works well, but it doesn't spare Brooke the pangs of growing up and learning about life. In the summer before she goes away to college she falls in love with Kip, the rough, incorrigible little boy she had admired in school, who has been away and now has come back to see the town again.

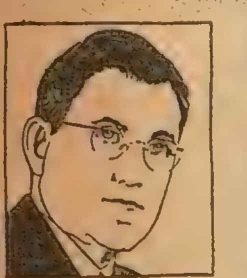
Kip is old enough to earn some money as a prizefighter, and quite old enough to know what he wants, which is Brooke, with no holds barred so far as he is concerned. Through the summer Brooke makes him know love, true love, the kind of love that goes with marriage—and they might have married, too, if they hadn't been so young and if Kip had been sure of earning enough and if the war hadn't come along and if Kip hadn't enlisted in the Marine Corps—because that was another way to get boxing instruction and experience.

But Brooke learned much before she left for school and Kip was due to join the Marines. She learned what it means to have an affair with a man you truly love and how it makes you feel toward your family, and she learned a little of joyousness and a great deal of heartbreak and how to cope with that, too.

It is a remarkable picture of a girl growing into womanhood. Though the publishers are unnecessarily coy about telling us who Mac Gardner is, one surmises that this is an autobiographical novel, which accounts for the perfection of the portrait.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price, $2.50.

A BEAUTIFUL job has been done by **B. A. Botkin** in giving us **A Treasury of American Folklore**—a rich mine of the wonderful stories, the tall tales, the ballads and the songs that have been growing along with America all these years.



B. A. Botkin

A book like this is a wonderful source for discovering your country, for revealing the character of its people, the dry humor, the love for the great and the sweeping, for shrewdness, for efficiency, and for gigantic undertakings.

It is also good flavorsome reading. As Carl Sandburg puts it in his Foreword, "It will pass the time, furnish laughter, provide entertainment." You couldn't ask more of Hollywood.

Published by Crown Publishers, New York. Price, $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

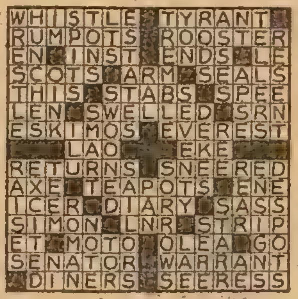
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What's slang for a male corporation?
4 And slang for teeth
12 What's 100 times 11/10ths?
13 What people are headed by a leader called "Dev"?
14 Who roars loudest when the box office line is longest?
15 What's the second most common street name in the U. S. A.
16 What statesman had the lovingest name?
17 Fred Allen's known for his ability to do what? (2 wds.)
19 What English carrier has sprung into prominence during this war?
21 What's CL.I times X?
22 Who was the magician of the Bible?
24 Red who is known for his broadcasts about Bums?
27 Gilbert Seldes dog-tagged the Seven Lively whats?
28 What animal did the Greeks call the Terrible Lizard?
30 Name a long established motorcar
31 What is the usual nickname for a gent named Larsen?
32 The Borscht Gestapo would be the what? (abbr.)
33 What's one of the cleanest words you know?
35 Borscht is made of what vegetable?
36 What American general built up our armored forces for this war?
37 Roses is an anagram for what?
38 The littler the dog in comic strips, the bigger his what?
39 Name the greatest unknown poet
40 Who, because of paving stones, didn't become minister to Australia?
43 At what labor parley did Russia fail to appear recently, scoffed at it instead? (abbr.)
44 The tyrannosaurus reproduced through what medium?
47 What is known as just a Bowles of Worries to Chester? (abbr.)
48 The egg as well as nest down of what bird is collected for human use?
50 Name the Pfennig français
51 Helen Wills was known as Little what? (2 wds.)
52 A paratrooper dressed as a nun would be classified as a what?

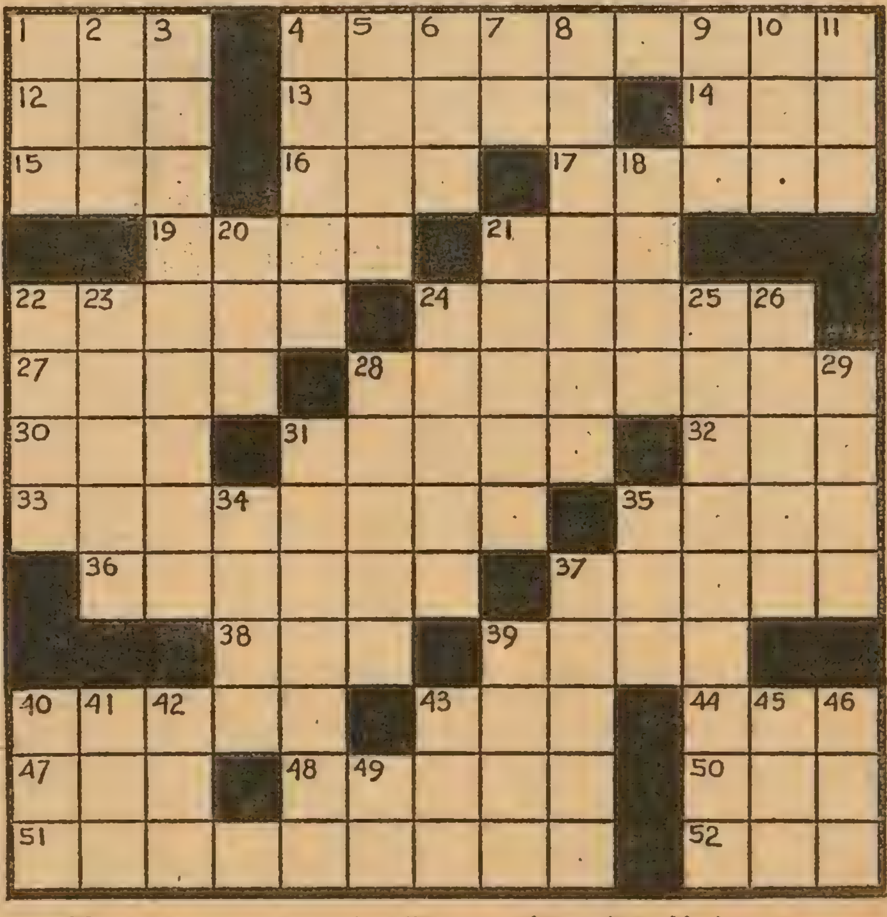
VERTICAL

1 What do the English make well only with meat?
2 The Big Inch is used for what?
3 Billy the Kid operated around what town?
4 "Scorchers" used to ride what? (pl.)
5 What metal was as important in ancient wars as in today's?
6 What did John Lewis fail to steer into the Republican vote columns in '40? (abbr.)
7 Who should by rights run Japan after the war?
8 Name a great fish delicacy, usually fried (2 wds.)
9 In what state is the Embarras River? (abbr.)
10 Gods to the Romans were the whats?
11 What's a tear jerker?
18 Term used in game of marbles (pl.)
20 Real thing
21 Name one of Irving Berlin's songs, revived in This Is the Army
22 What planet is noted for its "canals"?
23 Adore is an anagram for what?
24 Funeral drinks might be whats?
25 Green seas is the anagram for what?
26 For what coin might you be given annas in small change?
28 Rumpelsti'tskin was a what?
29 Commercial depressions
31 Renters is an anagram for what?
34 Name the Terrible Russian
35 Bestow the Brooklyn berry
37 Blast unbeatifically by night
39 What was Woollcott's nickname
40 Beau Brummell was a what?
41 Lithuanian Politik Ogpusk (abbr.)
42 What's the common carrier of Tibet?
43 Eddie Cantor owes a lot of womankind to whom?
45 The Bull Moose was an offshoot of what party? (abbr.)
46 What man's name has become a slang word?
49 A poem of Kipling's once world-famed?



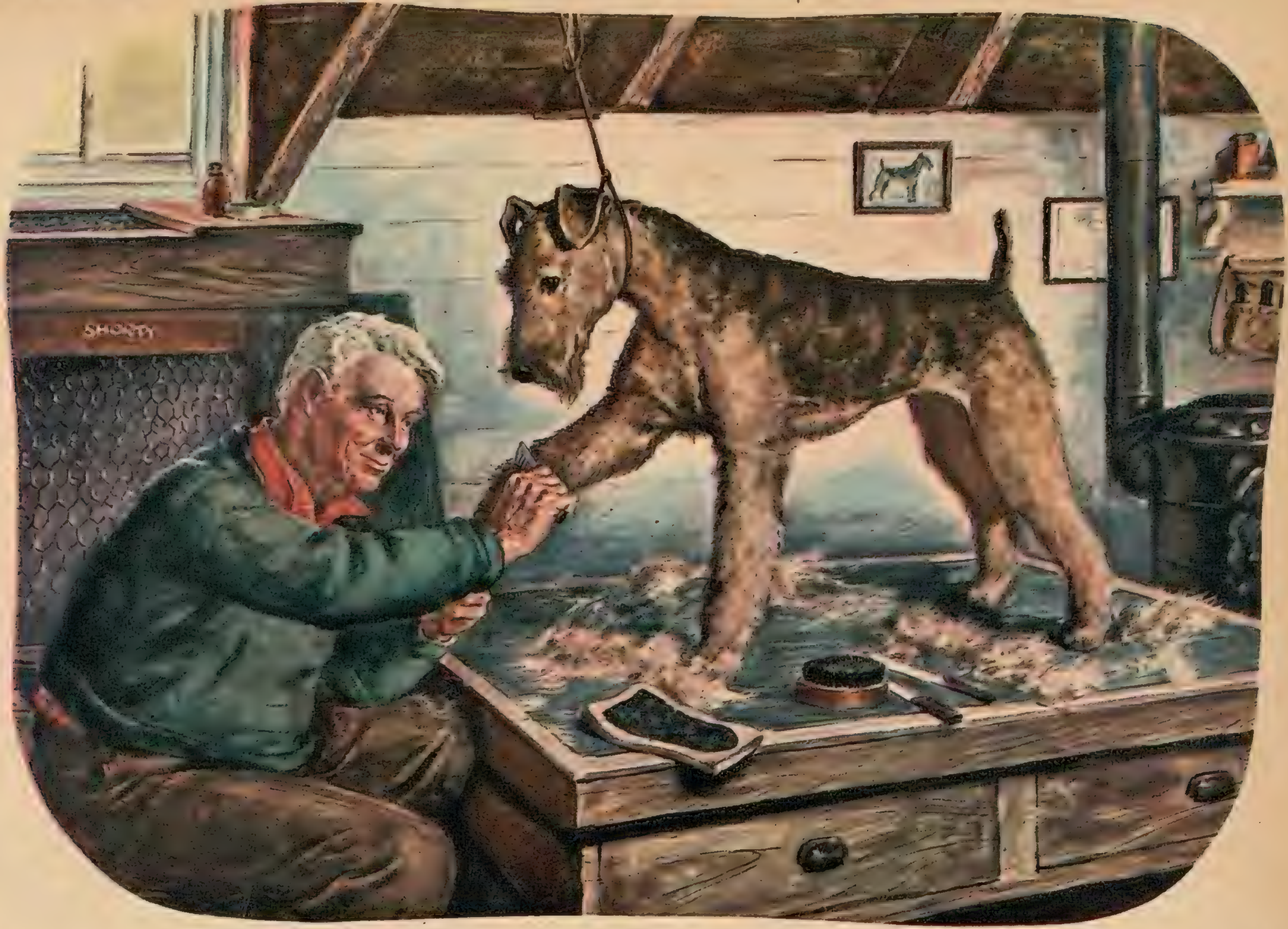
WHISTLE■TYRANT■
RUMPOTS■ROOSTER
EN■INST■ENDS■LE
SCOTS■ARM■SEALS
THIS■STABS■SPEE
LEN■SWELLED■SRN
ESKIMOS■EVEREST
■■■LAO■■■EKE■■■
RETURNS■SNEERED
AXE■TEAPOTS■ENE
ICER■DIARY■SASS
SIMON■LNR■STRIP
ET■MOTO■OLEA■GO
SENATOR■WARRANT
■DINERS■SEERESS

Last week's answer

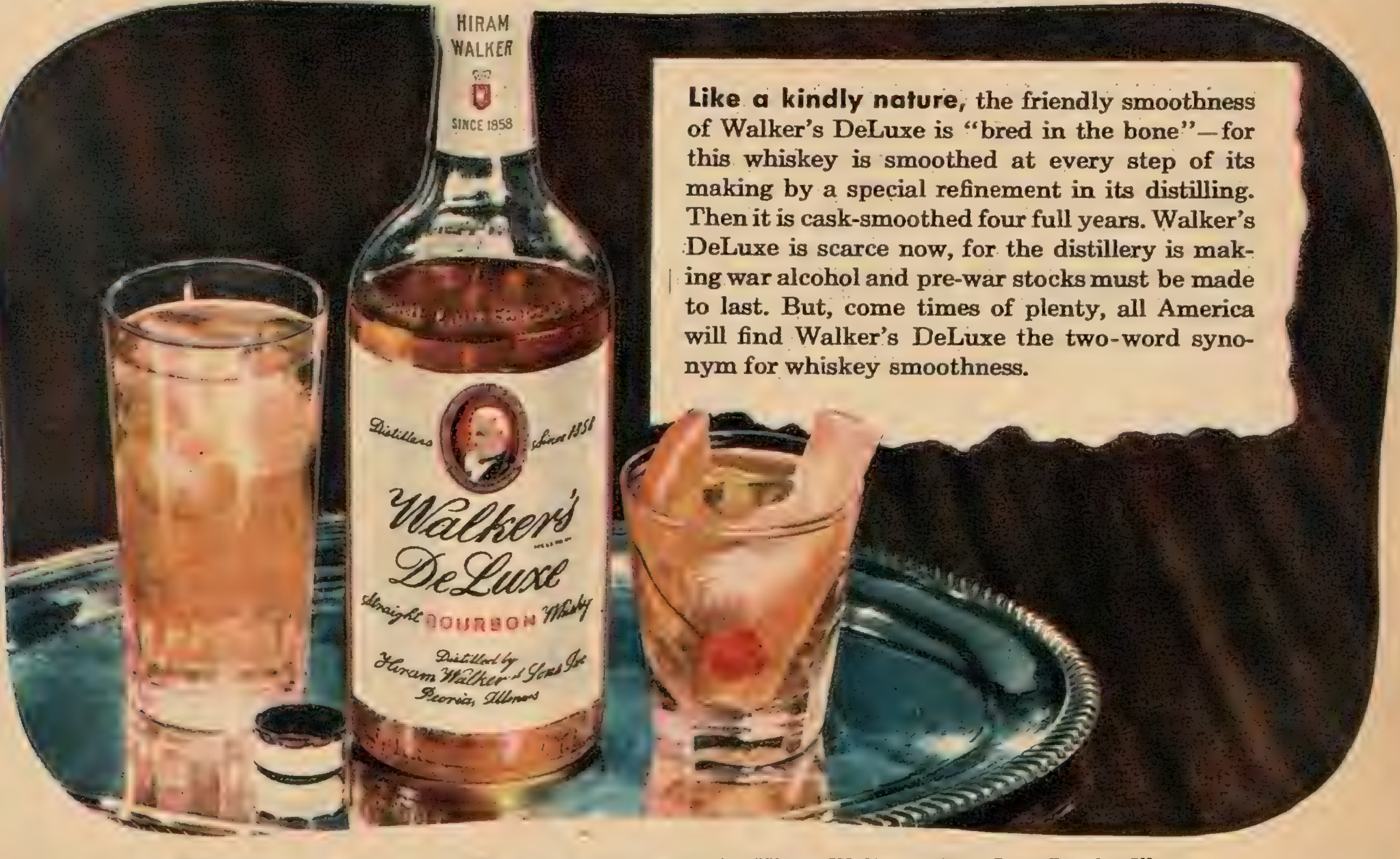


The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"First Show"—2 words that mean high hope



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"


HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers Since 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whisky
Distilled by
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

Like a kindly nature, the friendly smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed at every step of its making by a special refinement in its distilling. Then it is cask-smoothed four full years. Walker's DeLuxe is scarce now, for the distillery is making war alcohol and pre-war stocks must be made to last. But, come times of plenty, all America will find Walker's DeLuxe the two-word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from Page 29

than what you say carries much weight. Yo're both holding out on me."

"If you can think of one good reason why I'd want to bust him over the head—"

The sheriff shook his head. "That's what I'm trying to find out, son. I don't know. When I do, I'll have something to say to you." He gestured with his pipe. "Why did you telephone to San Francisco at twelve thirty this morning?"

Whit gave himself a mental handshake for being smart, and nodded in Larson's direction. "I wanted to know when he was coming on to Reno. We'd made arrangements to meet here."

The sheriff cocked his eye at Larson. "That right?"

"That's right."

"Seems a little strange to me that a man on his honeymoon would be so anxious for company. What's the matter with you and the missus, Mr. Whitney?"

Whit felt himself getting hot. But he saw the sheriff's keen old eyes watching him, and he realized that he was being deliberately needled so that he might give something away. His temper faded. The sheriff was a smart cookie.

"We like to play three-handed pinochle," Whit said pleasantly. "If you're all through with us, we'll go get a game started."

The sheriff nodded, chuckling. "That's all for now, then. You can go. Try to keep out of trouble."

WHIT'S idea of the best way to keep out of trouble was to get set for a counterpunch and then lead with his chin. With this theory in mind, he turned up at Lorenzo's Club that evening with Kitty, who would absolutely and positively not be left behind, and Larson. They got a table near the dance floor—Larson insisted that it be next to the wall so no one could come up behind them—ordered beer, and waited to see what would happen.

Jess Caldwell was in Lorenzo's office on the mezzanine when Whit's party came in. The office had a spy hole which gave him a view of the entire floor below.

Caldwell said, "He's here. He brought his wife and another man."

Lorenzo sat loosely in a chair across the room, holding a brandy bell cupped in both hands. His face was sullen, flushed with liquor and bad temper. He said, "What do you want me to do about it—sing?"

Caldwell, without turning his head from the spy hole, said, "You're getting drunk."

The two men did not speak again for several minutes. Caldwell stayed at the spy hole, watching what went on below, and Lorenzo went on drinking. Caldwell said abruptly, "Come here. Who's the plug-ugly Whitney has with him?"

Lorenzo went to the spy hole, looked through it briefly, and returned to his chair. He weaved slightly as he walked. "Never saw him before." He reached for the brandy bottle.

At the clink of the glass, Caldwell turned around and said, "That's about enough, Renzo. You won't be any help to me if you go on drinking."

"I won't be any help to you anyway," Lorenzo answered. His speech was thicker now. "I'm not going to have anything to do with this."

"What?"

"You heard me. I can't afford to get in trouble. I've got a good business here; I'm making money, giving you a front, getting information that Walter wants. I'm not going to do anything to throw it away."

"*You're* making money," Caldwell said. "You dirty immigrant, you didn't have ten cents when we put you in this place! You're here to do what you're told. Don't forget it."

Lorenzo glared at him from bloodshot eyes. "I'm not going to have anything to do with it," he repeated, biting the words out. "Just leave me out of it."

"Do you want me to tell Walter that? He'll tell you what you'll do and what you won't do, and you know what else he'll do if you cross him. Think that over."

Lorenzo did not have to think it over. In a blind fury of impotent rage and frustration he lifted the half-empty glass over his head and sent it smashing to the floor.

"That's fine," Caldwell said contemptuously. "Now listen, if you can still hear. Sooner or later Whitney will go to the lavatory, and Sammy and I will take care of him when he does. I don't know who that is with him, but I don't want him interfering. All you have to do is keep him and Whitney's wife occupied until I can get Whitney out of here. Do you think you can manage that?"

Lorenzo made a thick sound in his throat. Caldwell turned back to the spy hole.

LARSON was sipping his beer and wishing it were whisky when he caught sight of Gladys approaching their table. His face lit up.

"Hot dog!" he said. "Look what's coming! Does she really know us or am I dreaming?"

He began falling apart at the seams while the introduction was being made, and Whit hoped that Gladys was not going to stick around. He had nothing against her, but Larson was not going to be of any value as long as she was there.

Gladys batted her eyes at Larson and was *awfully* glad to meet him. She had on still another evening dress this time. It was a different color from the others but the same old sure-fire racing model. Larson got one look at her close up, smelled the expensive scent she wore, and was cooked.

Gladys said, "Has any one seen Pete? He was supposed to meet me here tonight."

Whit said, "We haven't seen him. We haven't seen any one we know. Not even Lorenzo."

"I haven't seen Lorenzo since the night before last, when we were all here. I don't think he likes me any more." Gladys giggled again, giving Larson the eye. "Can I sit here and wait for Pete? Somehow I always seem to get picked up when I wait by myself."

"Sure." Whit wanted to kick Larson's shin so the oaf would close his mouth. "What will you have to drink?"

"Oh, anything. A little brandy, I guess."

Whit ordered brandy for her and Kitty, and beer for himself and Larson, ignoring Larson's hopeful look. He wanted Larson's co-ordination at its peak when whatever happened that was going to happen.

Gladys graduated immediately to calling Larson Swedey-pie. She had Swedey-pie so dazzled that he didn't keep his mind on his business. When Whit got up to leave the table, Larson let him go.

Whit wasn't thinking himself, because it had been a long time since he had asked any one to take him to the bathroom. He excused himself casually and walked away.

Jess Caldwell had selected Lorenzo's Club for his trap because he knew of the long passageway between the casino proper and the men's washroom. He was waiting in a convenient alcove when Whit made the return trip. All Whit heard was a brief swishing noise, and then a beautiful skyrocket exploded in his head and he lost interest in things.

IT might have been the brandy she had drunk, or the fact that Kitty didn't know exactly how long it should take a gentleman to return from the rest room, but even after Whit had been gone nearly ten minutes she did not think about his absence until she happened to look at Larson's face. Then her heart jumped so it hurt.

"Swede!"

"Yes, ma'am," Larson said. "I'm worried."

"Go after him! Quick!" Kitty had jumped to her feet, and fright made her voice shrill. Several people turned to stare.

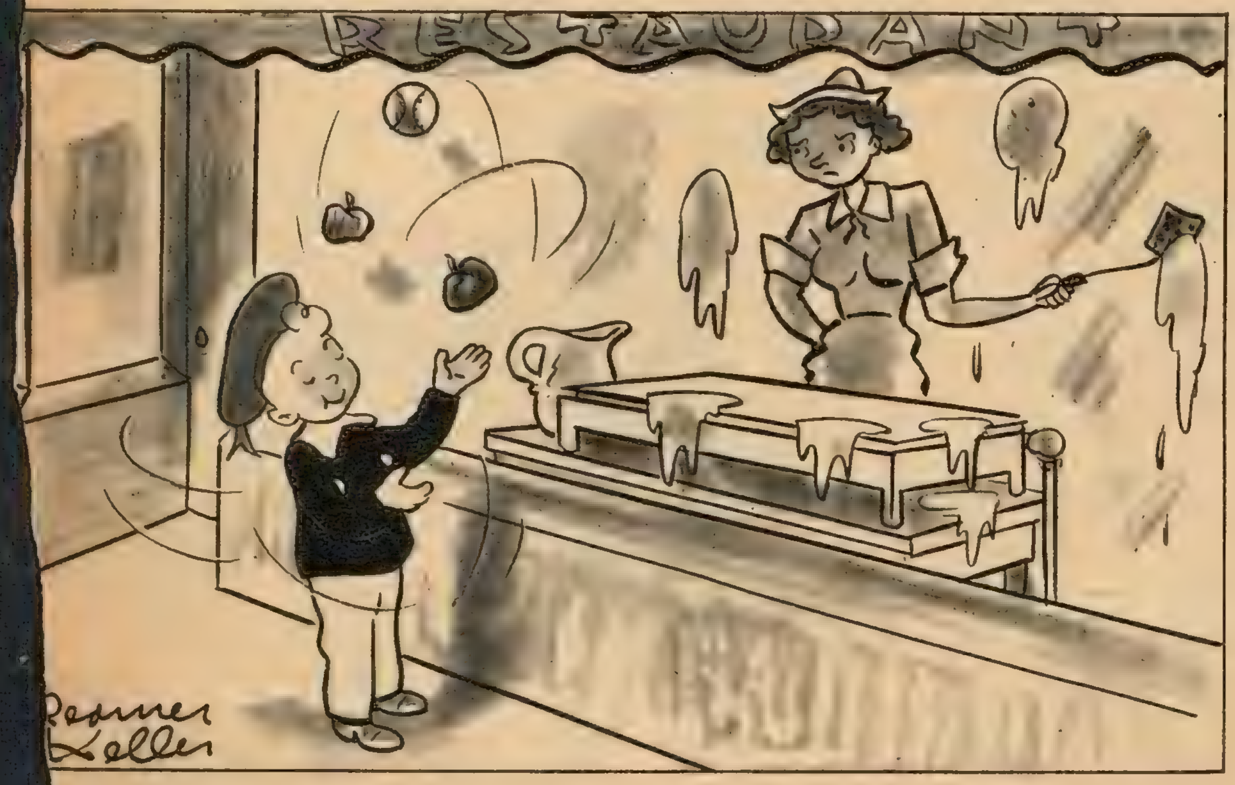
"Yes'm. Don't move until I get back."

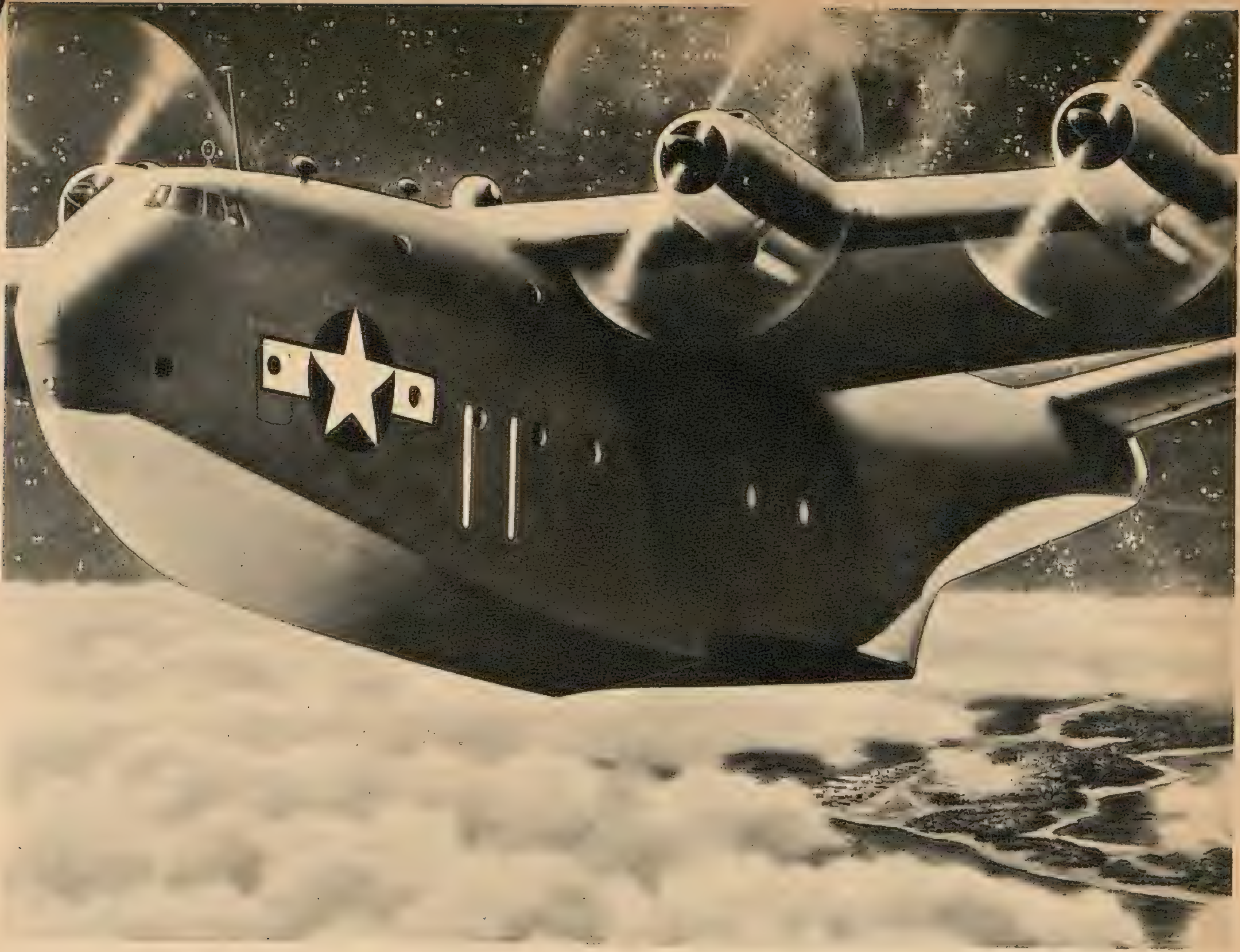
The hallway leading to the rest room was empty. Larson burst through the door of the lavatory with the .45 in his hand, ready for action, and found the place empty. He left as he had come, cursing bitterly.

Back at the table Kitty was holding herself together with plain will power.

(*Continued on page 50*)

HARDTACK





A message from Mars

Massively she swung seaward, like a liner clearing a windy roadstead. Trailing a plume of spray in the twilight, she went "up on the step" and was off into space — a new star in the sky.

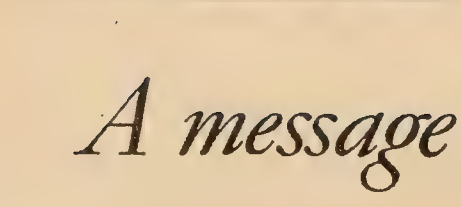
THUS, casually and without fanfare, begins another great story in the history of aviation. For the Martin Mars is the largest air cargo transport in the world, and her recent maiden flight from San Francisco to Hawaii marks one more step toward the coming age of super-transports.

Harnessed to giant 3-blade Curtiss Electric propellers powered by four 2,200 horsepower Wright Cyclone engines, the Mars has already established many new records of performance. On a test run from Maryland to Brazil, for instance, this mammoth flying liner took off at a gross weight of 148,560 pounds — nearly 75 tons — and flew 4,375 miles non-stop to Natal. On one leg of the return journey, 35,000 pounds of cargo were carried — the largest payload ever transported by air.

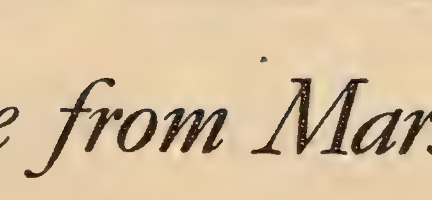
Operating today in the South Pacific as a member of the Naval Air Transport Service, performance such as this is an everyday occurrence for the Mars — a triumph of years that have been packed with the most closely coordinated research in airframe, propeller and engine design.

Today, the men and women who build the propellers for this great plane share with the builders of the Mars their pride in her performance. As part of the best trained team of workers in the world — the 5,000,000 who fly, service and build America's air power — they share, too, the hope which that power holds.

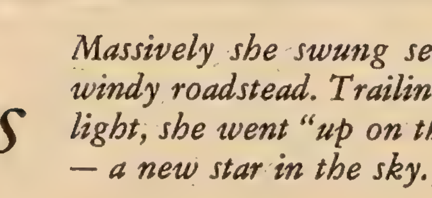
For an enlightened public sponsoring sound policies can make of aviation's skills the most important legacy of this war . . . can make of our airpower a force for good, for lasting peace and a closer understanding between the nations of the world.



With a wingspread of 200 feet, the world's largest air cargo carrier would span two-thirds the length of a football field. The hull of the Martin Mars, 117 feet from bow to stern, includes two full-length flight decks, with space for cargo, a crew of 15, and more than a score of passengers.



The Mars has the bulk of a 15-room house, yet flies and even climbs with two of her 16½-foot Curtiss Electric propellers at a standstill. Also, the Curtiss Automatic Propeller Speed Synchronizer enables the pilot by a single control to hold all the propellers and power plants in perfect step.



On water surfaces the maneuverability of the giant Mars is greatly simplified by the operation of reverse thrust. This means that by reversing the angle of the propeller blades, the breaking action obtained can be utilized to turn the huge cargo liner literally "in her tracks" — as diagrammed above.

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THE HOME FRONT

"Can't you bathe 'em out here? I hate to lose all that good topsoil!"

(Continued from page 48)

Gladys finally had to reach across the table and shake her before she got the sense of Gladys' repeated questions.

"What is it? What happened?"

Kitty was too far gone to see the alert intelligence in Gladys' pretty doll-like face. She said numbly, "They've got him! Oh, God, they've got him!"

"Who has him? Why?"

"They have. I—you wouldn't understand. I'm afraid! I'm afraid! I don't know what—"

"Keep quiet!"

GLADYS' whisper carried enough authority to shock Kitty into silence. Gladys mmediately launched into a monologue about her last husband. In the middle of the babble she looked up, and her eyes widened happily.

"Renzo! You're just in time to buy us a drink."

Lorenzo stood by the table, scowling at Kitty. He was very drunk. He said, "Shut up."

"Why, Renzo! I don't think you ought to—"

"Shut up!"

This time Renzo swung around to glare at Gladys. He was so drunk that the turn threw him off balance and he had to clutch at the table. He said thickly, "Get out of here, both of you. Nothing but bad luck since you came here. Get out!"

If he hadn't been so ugly Kitty would have wept from pure futility and fear for Whit. As it was, Lorenzo made her mad. She said angrily, "Whom do you think you're talking to?"

The red in Lorenzo's bloodshot eyes darkened. He let go of the table, reached for Kitty's wrist, and yanked her to her feet. Kitty promptly let him have the heel of her free hand in a jolting uppercut that snapped his head back and would have knocked him down except for the table behind him.

Lorenzo's fury blinded him. He struggled to recover his balance, his face purple with rage, and charged at Kitty like a bull. He caught her with one hand, twisted her arm behind her so that she gasped with pain, and as she struggled, slapped her brutally across the mouth—once, twice, three times. The smack of the slaps was clearly audible; people turned to see what was happening, and one or two men rose hesitantly from their chairs.

Lorenzo still held Kitty with one hand as her knees weakened and she began to sag. Behind him, Gladys reached for one of the beer bottles, but she never had to swing her weapon. Swede Larson had returned, bitter with self-accusation and frustration, in time to see the slapping from across the dance floor. Lorenzo knew about him only when Larson nearly broke his arm as he spun Lorenzo around into the proper position for butchering.

The butchering wasn't pretty. Larson brushed Lorenzo's hands aside and hit at his face with both fists, hooking from the sides so that his knuckles would do the maximum damage without laying his victim out too quickly. Four or five cutting blows were all that Lorenzo took before he sagged back against the table. Larson set him up again with a left hook and dropped him to the floor with a tremendous smash on the mouth. Lorenzo would never look the same.

"Who's that so-and-so?" Larson asked, panting. He rubbed his knuckles where Lorenzo's teeth had cut the skin.

Kitty shook her head. "Where's Whit?"

"I couldn't find him. I looked all over the building. They must have taken him out."

Kitty's legs went back on her, and she let herself slide into the nearest chair. She was close to a bad attack of jitters.

"We'll have to get out of here," Gladys said. A crowd had gathered around them, and a knot of waiters was assembling on the other side of the dance floor. "Swede."

"Yes, ma'am," Larson answered automatically to the tone of authority.

"Can you get us out of here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"We can't go now." Kitty was desperate. "You don't understand, Gladys. They've got Whit." She dropped to her knees and shook Lorenzo's limp shoulder. "Wake up, damn you. Where is he? Where have you taken him?"

"Do what I tell you," Gladys said. The knot of waiters had started toward them. "Get up, Kitty. I know what I'm doing."

Larson rubbed his hands and grinned a nasty grin as the flying wedge bore down on him.

The flying wedge disintegrated quickly into its component parts when Larson met it. He was a dirty fighter; a knee here, a foot there, a thumb in the eye when it seemed appropriate. It wasn't cricket but it softened up the opposition. They were out in the street before the police arrived, with no marks to show for their trouble except more skin off Larson's knuckles. Kitty and Gladys did not have their wraps, but Gladys herded Kitty along as a sheep dog would herd a ewe who wanted to stop for her lamb, and they were two blocks away before they heard the sirens of the police cars.

Kitty said, "I'm going to the sheriff." She shivered, partly from cold, mostly from fear.

Gladys said, "You are not. We'll find Whit, but we've got to be careful." She took a card from her handbag and scribbled an address on it. "Swede, do you know Pete Weston?"

"Yes'm."

"Go ask for him at this address. He probably won't be there, but they'll tell you where to look for him. Find him, tell him what happened, and bring him to Kitty's hotel. We'll be there."

Kitty said monotonously, "I'm going to the sheriff. Let me go, Gladys."

"I want to find your husband as much as you do, but the sheriff won't be any help," Gladys said. "I know. Go ahead, Swede. Hurry."

Larson looked doubtfully at the card. "It seems to me you're handing out a lot of orders all of a sudden. Who are you?"

Gladys put her hand on his arm, and looked up, widening her eyes. "Never mind who I am, Swedey-pie. Do what I say because I tell you to. Maybe I'll do something nice for you some day."

Larson gulped "Yes'm." He hurried away.

"They'll kill him." Kitty's voice was dull.

Gladys knew that Kitty was talking about Whit. She said, "They won't kill him. They want him alive. Now come along with me and everything will be all right."

"They *will* kill him. How do you know they want him alive?" Kitty held back as Gladys tried to urge her along. "How do you know what they'll do?"

"Never mind how I know. He'll be all right."

WHIT was a long way from being all right at that moment. His head hurt, and he couldn't move his hands. He thought dimly, This is the worst hangover I ever had in my life. Painfully his eyelids came unglued and he laboriously opened his eyes.

He closed them right away. The bright light was painful, and he wanted to think. He was tied to a chair, and Walter Gates sat facing him six feet away.

He opened his eyes again, more carefully this time. Gates was still there. Sammy Kohler was also there, behind the standing lamp that glared in Whit's face. Sammy was grinning his weasel grin.

Whit did not recognize the room in which he found himself. He knew from its dingy furnishing that he was no longer in Lorenzo's Club, but that was about all he could determine. The blinds were drawn over the two windows in sight, and a light outside cast the shadow of a bush or a tree on the shade.

Gates said, "Are you ready to talk now?"

"What's this all about?" Whit said. "Who slugged me?"

"It isn't important who slugged you." Gates leaned forward, his pale eyes fixed on Whit's face. "You're going to give me some information, Whitney, or whatever your name is. I'd rather you didn't make me dig it out of you, but that's up to you."

"What are you talking about?"

Gates made a small impatient motion. "You're wasting time. What's your right name?"

"James Whitney, C. P. A."

Gates made the small gesture again.

"Just to save time, I'll tell you that we know your name is not James Whitney."

Whit blinked. "You—I'm—what?"

"James Whitney, C. P. A., is now on a trip to New York. I had inquiries made in San Francisco."

Whit opened his mouth and shut it without speaking. His good old partner, damn his literal soul. The wire had told him to say that Whit was in New York, and, good old partner that he was, he was going to say that and nothing else until he was told to do otherwise.

Whit said, "Well, then, who am I, and what am I supposed to tell you?"

"You're an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. You're going to tell me everything that has been reported to your superiors, the names of your associates, and the means you use to communicate with them."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't waste my time. I can make you talk if I have to."

Whit licked his lips and shifted his weight against the ropes binding him to the chair.

"If I did have the information you wanted, it wouldn't do me any good to talk. You'd kill me anyway."

"There are things worse than being killed," Gates said.

SAMMY KOHLER looked like a ferret standing at Gates' side. He leaned forward. "Go to work on him, Walter." His voice was husky. "Go on! Let's not waste time."

Gates paid no attention. He waited, watching Whit's face.

Little beads of sweat began to prickle out on Whit's forehead. He licked his lips again. He wanted desperately to know what had happened to Kitty, but he was afraid to ask a question. It wouldn't do to let them see that she meant so much to him.

He was in a hell of a bad spot. Even if he could prove that he was the man he claimed to be, it would require that he turn their attention toward Casey Jones, and he wouldn't do that if they boiled him in oil. He *hoped* he wouldn't. As he looked at Gates, and at Kohler leaning forward over Gates' shoulder, one cold and implacable and the other hot with eagerness to see him beaten up, he didn't know what he would do or say when Gates went to work on him. But whatever they got they would have to drag out of him.

He had to lick his dry lips again before he could speak.

"I've told you who I am and what I know. If that doesn't satisfy you, you can go to hell."

Sammy released his breath in a long sigh.

Gates stood up.

Whit's legs were free. He was watching Gates and waiting for the stocky man to come close enough for a kick to be effective, but the movement of the shadow at the window distracted his attention so that Gates' first heavy blow caught him unprepared. It split his lip and knocked him backward to the floor, chair and all, as the window blind snapped to the roller at the top of the window and the windowpane shattered in a shower of glass.

"Don't move!"

The voice came from behind a gun muzzle pointing through the broken window.

Who holds that gun—friend or enemy? Whit receives no sympathy for allowing Gates' gang to capture him, and Gladys moves into the picture in next week's packed-with-action installment.

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THE FLIGHT OF THE BELL

Continued from Page 25

wagon lurched and threw her into his lap. Next instant she clapped her hands to her ears . . . to keep out the words that Big Dutch was crying.

He got down in the road, and she sat there clinging to the suddenly oddly sloping seat. He bent, crawling under the wagon and, peering over, she saw the great legs sticking out. Then he emerged with dust and grease smearing his face and very angry.

"It kreissels me bad," he said. "The axle is broke."

THEY waited, he in the road, kicking the dust; she on the seat. Before, wagons had been everywhere, but now the pike was completely empty. It grew dark, and she heard the hooting of barn owls, and every time the horse shook its head the jingling bells commenced mocking them.

"Soon somebody passes," he said. "Look! Here it's help coming already."

Lyddy saw the horseman who approached, recognizing him in the same moment. It was Jacob Lapp, the huge wagoner. Jacob who came to see her and sat and sat—teased for a wife of his own, but forever too stingy, she knew, to support one. He was sitting on his big black horse and looking down at Big Dutch in the road.

"So," he asked, "your wagon's broken down?"

Big Dutch sank his chin on his chest. "Send me back a man with an axle," he said, "and I'll be obliged."

Jacob Lapp said, "Shoosh—and here it's little Lyddy Biermeyer! Now Aunt Becky will be worrying. Come climb up behind me, Lyddy. A long time goes by before the axle comes yet."

She obeyed, hating to do it, but knowing how strict and particular her aunt was. Big Dutch had his head turned away; he could not bear it, seeing them together on the horse.

"I'm helping you," Jacob said to Big Dutch, and her attention was fastened at once. What was he waiting here for?

"And here's your due, ain't?" Big Dutch answered, and he walked over to his own horse. Tearing the arch of the four brass bells from the harness with big hands, he handed it up to Jacob Lapp.

Then she remembered, hurting to remember, the unvarying rule of every Dutch road. No stricken wagon was ever passed on the highway without offering succor, but the act earned for the deliverer the harness hame bells—cheap or rich ones or whatever. All the way home, holding to Jacob Lapp's thick body, the jingling bells haunted each mile. . . .

The days passed afterward and the British came closer, now crowding along the Brandywine. Everyone said it and nobody could think of anything more. When she saw Big Dutch he was moody, saying little. More like a boy than ever, she thought. Now what is going on in that big yellow head?

Then he told her. "You know what they're doing? They're leaving the city. Everybody—all but the British lovers. People and babies and animals and chickens, wagons and all."

She had known it, seeing and dreading the coming the whole while. "I go back to Allentown," she said. "I will go to my mama and papa. Here I'm paying a visit only."

"Everything goes out the city," he said, folding his hands in his lap. "Even the bells. All the church bells. At Christ Church they don't want the bells taken down. But out they go . . . nothing to be left here for the British when they come in and melt everything for making cannon and shot."

"And the State House bell?" she asked. "That goes too?" Then wished she had bitten her tongue off before saying it.

He sat up and smiled slowly. "Me, I help to take down the State House bell. My papa put it up and so I take it down. In my wagon I haul the Bell to Allentown where it will be safe. Sitting on the front seat, with you beside me." He nodded contentedly. "You like me now? Now you will be proud, driving home with the State House bell?"

She said softly, "They promised you?"

"Nobody promised," he answered. "How could anybody but me haul that bell?"

So now Lyddy commenced to pray that Big Dutch would not have any more disappointments. Once perhaps is good for a boy, teaching him useful lessons. But twice. . . . Now she was afraid, not wanting him tamed, never to be proud again, white in the face with his chin sunk on his broad chest.

"We wait and see, perhaps," she said. "It is early yet. Perhaps there will be other wagons—"

"Me," Big Dutch said, standing up with his eyes boring her, "I haul the Bell. I take the Bell to Allentown or nothing will I promise you ever again."

But it was not he. When he came with the wagon for Aunt Becky and herself, she took one quick look and never looked again at the emptiness of his wagon. It was like a big hole there, not seeing the Bell. They drove out Market Street and into the country, from everywhere other wagons streaming and joining them—wagons piled with furniture and children. Soldiers rode by, accompanying General Washington's baggage train.

"You drive too fast," she said. "Be careful yet."

"We drive till we find it," he said. "We don't stop until then."

Her lip trembled.

"Jacob Lapp," he said. "It's his wagon hauling the Bell. A money lover, him—who would sell it like old iron to the British if he got the chance."

It happened three hours later, passing along the wagon train, sawing off the road . . . Lyddy saw it then. She couldn't have missed it. She saw the foot soldiers trudging beside it. She saw Jacob Lapp's fine wagon, and resting on a bed of straw, rising through the dust, the swaying outline of the big bell.

Big Dutch slowed the horse. "Right here we stay," he said, "all the way to Allentown."

My, she thought, he is more a boy than ever now. Such a schussel, yet—eating his heart out for a bell. Never a look for her or another word. Terrible and wonderful, she knew, was a Dutchman's pride. Even now in the dusk, with her moving closer, he paid notice to nothing—only Jacob Lapp's broad back ahead there and the Bell. And as if he felt Big Dutch's eyes, Jacob Lapp turned and looked back. But the only sign Big Dutch made was to spit through his horse's ears into the road.

"I haul the Bell to Allentown or nothing will I promise you ever again. . . ."

SHE grew afraid, thinking how she had teased him. Now she wanted nothing else, only him. She grudged each mile, forgetting jolting and dust. Because each mile to Allentown was shredding his pride into bits. And what would happen to such a proud man when all of his reason for pride was gone?

"What is a bell?" she said. "That's nothing."

No answer, only the grind and grind of the sawing wheels.

"Give me better some pink pickled eggs or falliwalder apples or a crock full of good Lebkuchen," she said. "Now that is fine yet. But a bell—shoosh! That's foolishness."

He settled lower in his seat, hunching his shoulders, that was all. . . .

They rumbled on through Center Valley and the old Minsi Trail where the Indians and the early Moravians had come, past the fieldstone barns, past the cut-and-laid fences, and at last they began the descent to Luckenback's mill in Bethlehem. But it was not a coming-home. It was a parting, she felt certain. She knew it as if she had heard him say, "Good-by, Lyddy—now it's good-by," because she had seen him twice mocked and she had heard his promise . . . and she saw the answer in his face. He would never want her—a woman who had seen him, such a fine proud man, one time made a fool, the next time a liar.

She could have gone to the wagon ahead there and beat the Bell with her fists.

Now they were passing the Platz, the big open space in front of the Brethren's House. Then she felt Big Dutch stiffen beside her, tightening the reins. The wagon came to a halt.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

DOUGHP: A rich nincompoop.

SYMPATHIGHS: To feel sorry for Mrs. Big-hips.

VENTRILOQUEST: Charlie looking for Bergen.

TELEFUN. Kidding the operator.

TARRYER: A dog who sticks around home.

PLATUNE: Infantry band.

WATTCH: An electric timepiece.

SWEETART: A lover who turned sour.

RACONTOUR: A storyteller's trip.

WON'T-KIE: It used to be Will-kie.

"Would you mind making the coffee tonight, dear?"

Jacob Lapp's wagon was half off the road; she saw how the Bell slid far over to one side. Soldiers had come up, and she heard their impatient voices. Big Dutch dropped the reins, climbing down. He walked toward the other wagon.

Behind, Aunt Becky called, "Lyddy, stay put!"

But she dropped into the road, trembling without knowing why, making her way through spurting dust to the wagon ahead. Men were stooped over, examining a rear wheel. In the thick of them stood Big Dutch.

"Yah, I can fix it," he was saying. "I'm a blacksmith, ain't?" And he turned and passed her without a word, striding to his own wagon. When he came back, he bent down. His hammer was banging under Jacob Lapp's wagon. Then he crawled out. His face was strange to see in the lantern light, set, without expression, except for his eyes. In them she saw bright gleaming.

"It holds now," he said. "But the job ain't good till it's done in a shop. It ain't safe to go far now in this wagon at all."

Jacob Lapp attempted to brush past him.

Big Dutch's words came slowly. "I'm helping you, ain't?" he said.

Jacob Lapp said, "I'm obliged."

"Ain't you forgetting?" Big Dutch said. "All I'm asking is my due."

The other laughed harshly. "I got no bells. There's none to give you. I never got bells on my horse."

"I'm not so particular," Big Dutch said. "One bell—yah, one bell will do."

THE soldiers had heard that, and Lyddy with them—and all at once they began laughing. All but Jacob Lapp. He walked toward Big Dutch with his big fists wildly swinging. The soldiers swept in front of her and she saw nothing more—hearing only grunts and bumps, too frightened to cry in the swirling dust. Then the circle of men swung slowly open, the dust falling, and she saw what had happened. Jacob Lapp lay in the dust, groaning. Big Dutch and the soldiers were unloading the Bell.

They brought up Big Dutch's wagon and inched the Bell from one wagon to another, heaving, sweating, calling to one another. Then it was finished.

Around them a crowd had gathered, looking on. Big Dutch didn't give them a glance. He merely nodded from her to the wagon seat. Then he picked up the reins, listening while the soldier gave him instructions.

Now she saw how he sat, high up and smiling. "It's fine to be big in the arms," he said, "and big the same in the head."

IN the dark cellar Lyddy put aside the cloth, thinking of those months far back. . . . The voice upstairs was bringing her out of her thoughts again, "Lyddy, come the cellar out! Come now yet, Lyddy, daughter!"

Mama stood at the head of the steps, looking down. "Come quick," she said. "Lyddy, now it's men who are coming for the Bell."

She walked slowly to the steps. The soldiers were already coming and she stood aside to allow them to pass. Then came one bigger than all the rest of them with his yellow head showing over their shoulders. Big Dutch was smiling.

"The French sail on New York," he said. "We got the news. The British are leaving Philadelphia. Now we can return to the city."

So now the war was going the other way. . . .

And it happened like he had promised. They heard the Bell ring again on the October day at noon when Cornwallis surrendered, then when the peace came. But much better to be there with him in the smithy, she thought; to bring his lunch and sit while he picks up his hammer, to hear him sing as the stars fly off the anvil:

"One star for Pennsylvania, and this one for New Jersey, and one maybe for New York. . . . My papa put the Bell up, and I brought it back. The job is done."

For then she could clasp her hands.

"My," she would say, "that's so beautiful yet!"

THE END

TANTALUM—WONDER METAL OF THE WAR

Continued from Page 23

mined by Professor Clarence W. Balke of the chemistry department of the University of Illinois. Following that important discovery, others began to study its characteristics and uses. The research department of the Fansteel Metallurgical Company pioneered in wide experimentation, and in 1922 the company became the first producer of tantalum in the United States, and today it is the world's only producer.

Tantalum, one of the earth's rare metals, occurs only in the oldest of plutonic rocks. Its ore is found at the very roots of ancient mountain ranges worn away by time—so-called decayed mountain ranges that have ceased to exist.

In 1922 the only known workable deposit of tantalite was in the Pilbarra district in western Australia. It was in a desert, 450 miles from civilization, and could be mined only during the few months following the short rainy season. Then deposits were discovered in Africa, South America, and in small areas in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Last year a small ore body was found in New Mexico.

For the last several years the United States has obtained the greater part of the ore from Brazil, the Belgian Congo, Nigeria, and other African sources. Now, because of shipping difficulties, most of our tantalum comes from Brazil, and it is Brazil's most important contribution to the war program of the United States. How much of this precious metal is being mined and produced today is a military secret.

THE END

Advertisement

"Just smile, Mr. Hannigan. Don't drool."

Here's the picture for tomorrow morning. A heaping bowl of crisp whole wheat flakes. With mucho cool milk and red ripe strawberries. Good whole grain nourishment. And delicious "second helping" flavor in milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MORE and more frequently these days, home-town papers all over the U. S. A. are telling of the award of decorations of one kind or another to local boys for heroism or distinctive service in the Army. The number and variety of these inevitably lead to some confusion in the minds of the home folks. Uncle Ed, for instance, rates his son's Air Medal right alongside the D. S. C., or maybe a bit ahead, when he yarns with his cronies in the barber shop. Mrs. Jones, down the street, is equally proud of her boy's Good Conduct Ribbon. That's all natural and proper and I wouldn't detract one whit from any of it.

Gallop, gallop!

But quite a number of readers want to know not only the rank of the various awards, but what they're given for. So I'll outline our decorations in the War Department's order of precedence:

1. Medal of Honor. Awarded by the President in the name of Congress to officers or enlisted men distinguishing themselves in battle by gallantry and intrepidity, at the risk of life, above and beyond the call of duty.
2. Distinguished Service Cross. For extraordinary heroism in military operations against an armed enemy.
3. Distinguished Service Medal. Granted to those who, while associated with the armed forces, render especially meritorious service to our government in a duty of great responsibility. Civilians and foreigners, as well as our military, have received this honor.
4. Legion of Merit. For exceptionally meritorious conduct in performance of outstanding services.
5. Silver Star. For gallantry in action.
6. Distinguished Flying Cross. For heroism or extraordinary achievement in aerial flight.
7. Soldier's Medal. For heroism in a situation not involving combat with an enemy.
8. Bronze Star Medal. For heroic or meritorious service in non-aerial combat.
9. Air Medal. For meritorious achievement in flight. Recommended earlier in the war by many field commanders for nearly all personnel completing five flights over enemy territory. Now awarded only when commanding officers recommend it with a citation giving details. Citations must show "meritorious achievement," and attest that each flight was of at least two and one half hours' duration.
10. Purple Heart. For wounds honorably received in battle.
11. Good Conduct Medal. For exemplary behavior, efficiency, and fidelity. Awarded upon a commanding officer's recommendation after the soldier's completion of one year's post-Pearl Harbor service.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

If a married Army nurse becomes pregnant while in the service, how long must she remain in the Army after pregnancy has been verified? Please give the number and date of any Army regulation.

Lt. X, A. N. C., Miami Beach, Fla.

AR 40-20, paragraph 17c (change c-5) of January 6, 1944, provides for immediate granting of an honorable discharge to a member of the Army Nurse Corps under those circumstances.

* * *

Sarge, I'm just crazy over horses, horses, horses! I wanta get in the cavalry and gallop, gallop, gallop! When I'm inducted at the age of eighteen, what can I do to get into that branch?

Cowboy Joe, Brooklyn.

Most of the Army's cavalry is now mechanized. But with a lot of luck a broncobuster from Brooklyn might still land in the hay-burning branch and ride, ride, ride! When you arrive at a reception center after your induction, you'll get a chance to tell an interviewer what branch of service you prefer. If you meet requirements and if quota considerations permit, the assignment may be made. Don't get too hopeful, Joe.

* * *

My brother, now overseas, placed a $5,000 mortgage on his house and furniture shortly before his induction. Now the loan company is trying to collect the whole debt. Can it force payment or foreclose on a soldier's property? My sister-in-law is worried sick about it.

Cpl. G. L., St. Louis, Mo.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act protects the rights of a man in the armed services under circumstances such as you describe. The courts, upon due application, are empowered to stay proceedings of foreclosure if the ability of the serviceman's dependents to pay has been impaired because of his military service. Consult the Legal Aid Society or the American Bar Association branch in the county in which your brother resided.

* * *

My husband is nearing the end of his artillery training and expects to be sent overseas soon as a replacement. Will he be able to get a furlough before sailing?

Mrs. E. G., Birmingham, Ala.

You'll be seeing him soon. Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, chief of Army Ground Forces, has ordered that all enlisted men of the A. G. F. bound for overseas replacement depots are to have a full ten days at home first. That time is exclusive of traveling The furlough is to precede the soldier rival at a replacement depot.

* * *

Sarge, how in heck can I get overse I've been in the Army thirty-seven mont now, thirty months of it in the Enginee I put in twenty months in Alaska and th Aleutians, but I don't figure that as a zon of action. I came back to the States as platoon sergeant in a cadre. I took a bust to get into a combat battalion and go overseas, and they promoted me to corporal—and stuck me in another damned cadre! I'm twenty-six and healthy. Tell me how to get out of here and see some action.

Cpl. F. S., Denver, Colo.

You're not the only one asking that question. I advise consulting W. D. Circ. 135, dated April 6, 1944. It gives the procedure by which thousands of enlisted men under thirty-two, physically fit and now stationed in other branches in this country, may transfer to the infantry. Unless you are serving in one of a number of specified groups to which the transfer order does not apply, this looks like the surest and quickest route to front-line duty.

* * *

How about settling a question for some of us Navy men, Sarge? While out here in the South Pacific we get 20 per cent extra as sea pay. That's over our base pay. Now, as we are a part of the Naval Air Corps, we also get flight pay now and then. Flight orders bring 50 per cent more. Do they pay that on our base pay alone, or pay 50 per cent of our base pay and sea pay?

F. P., AOM 3/C, and J. W., AOM 3/C,
South Pacific.

Both your 50 per cent flight pay and your 20 per cent overseas pay are figured from base pay. That's the bedrock to which all the services return for computation of extras.

Action!

* * *

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Future Cadet Nurse, Warren, Mass.

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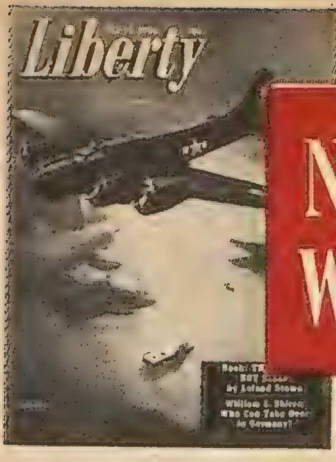

NEXT WEEK

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP

By Leland Stowe

Liberty's Book Condensation

One of the war's finest and greatest reporters gives a challenging and vivid account of the two allies we still know least about—China and Russia.

Here are the unforgettable scenes of the people, the action, the stories-behind-the-war-news that have made this book a big best seller.

Few books of this war have been so provocative, so stimulating—so worth reading.

WHO CAN TAKE OVER IN GERMANY?

By William L. Shirer

Is there a man or a group to which the building of a peaceful Germany can be trusted? The author of Berlin Diary shrewdly analyzes the situation. Be prepared for a few shocks!

EYES IN THE SKIES

By Commander Robert S. Quackenbush, U. S. N.

High daring and detective skill go into the job of snatching enemy secrets on film and then interpreting them. Here's how the photo "recon" boys do it.

IT'S NOT MALARKEY, JOHN

By A. D. Rathbone IV

Can the injured veteran earn a living as well as anyone? One of the nation's major industries gives its answer—in action, not theory.

THE ODB WILL GET YOU!

By H. N. Gilbert, Brig. Gen., U. S. A.

Where there's money to be had, shady characters will reach for it. But getting servicemen's family allowances is not the cinch racket it seems.

LOB THY NEIGHBOR

By Paul Gardner

The perils of Pauline Betz are dire when she faces the lady sluggers of tennis. But she has found that the soft return turneth away wrath.

OCELOT OUT OF BOUNDS

By Edwin Rutt

Beauty, brains, and a beast stage a spectacular Broadway production to win a bet for Chlo—super-secretary—and turn the boss's headache into a Hollywood hit!

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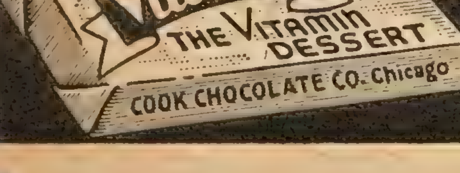

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FAT . . . SON OF FATMA

Continued from Page 17

my clientele, I have also for my special patrons several fresh little female flowers of delight—"

"Not Nubians, I hope, or Senegalese? One tires of the *type sauvage*," shrugged Hamza.

"Ah, but no, sidi, not mere dancing girls. These are specially selected little bundles of beauty, chaste and well accomplished, out of the personal *andurun* of my late father—Allah rest him!—which, as you may know, has lately come into my hands for dispersal."

"Ah?" The Tunisian spoke with more interest. "Your father, like most Kabyles, had a flair, undoubtedly. Achmed Hassim," he explained to his guest in English, "conducts in connection with his little enterprise here a private—shall we say wife exchange?—where one can be sure of finding something really unusual."

"A wife exchange? Do you mean that is how decent Moslems get the women they marry?"

"Ah, but never the official wives, naturally—that is arranged among our families. Only the lesser companions, the little love brides—how do you call your concubines in America? For these we rely upon some such trustworthy dealer as Hassim here."

"You mean girls are literally bought and sold? Surely that must be against the law nowadays, even in French Africa!"

"But certainly, my friend, as everywhere. However"—Hamza shrugged—"the laws of Islam somewhat antedate the laws of French Africa; so there exists—also as everywhere, no?—what you call a black market. Quite truly a black market"—he laughed gently over his little jest—"because such girls as Achmed finds for us in the interior have usually an admixture of darker strains, which many prefer in the *harim* as being healthier. Perhaps you would interest yourself to see presently what our good Hassim has to offer?"

"I would not," said Major Simms briefly. The distaste which had been gradually mounting in him for Hamza's company, and for the *suqs*, and for Islam in general, flared up suddenly at the sight of his erstwhile orderly into sharp anger. It was well enough, this sinister, shoddy underworld, as an offering for his own passing amusement; little harm could come from anything so utterly alien to accepted Anglo-Saxon taste. But for a youth of mixed race and heritage, a simple, innocent American colored boy who had never before been away from home unprotected—that was different.

He did not seat himself. When the music came to a pause, his voice cut through the clamorous applause in sharp command: "That's enough now, Teeters! What the hell are you doing out of uniform anyway?"

The youth's vague, overbright gaze slowly concentrated on the familiar figure, and his spreading features spread further into a wide, pleased grin. "Hi-ya, boss! I bin waitin' for you, Mr. Major. I knowed us was bound to meet up somewheres before long! But I cain't very well git away right now, suh. I's workin' for Mr. Hassim."

The officer frowned. "I'm not asking you, I'm telling you!"

"If the gentleman desires your company, M. Teeters," added the suave voice of the proprietor, "you will of course consider yourself excused for this evening."

"Get going, M. Teeters," advised his officer grimly.

"Yessuh," was the meek response. "I is!"

WHEN they reached the Porte de France, the major striding full speed ahead, with Clarence close at heel and the Tunisian somewhat breathless in his efforts to keep up, he hailed the first passing taxicab, despite Hamza's reminder that the cadi's car was waiting. "And we have not yet dined, monsieur!" he protested.

But the major replied rather brusquely that he intended to dine at his hotel.

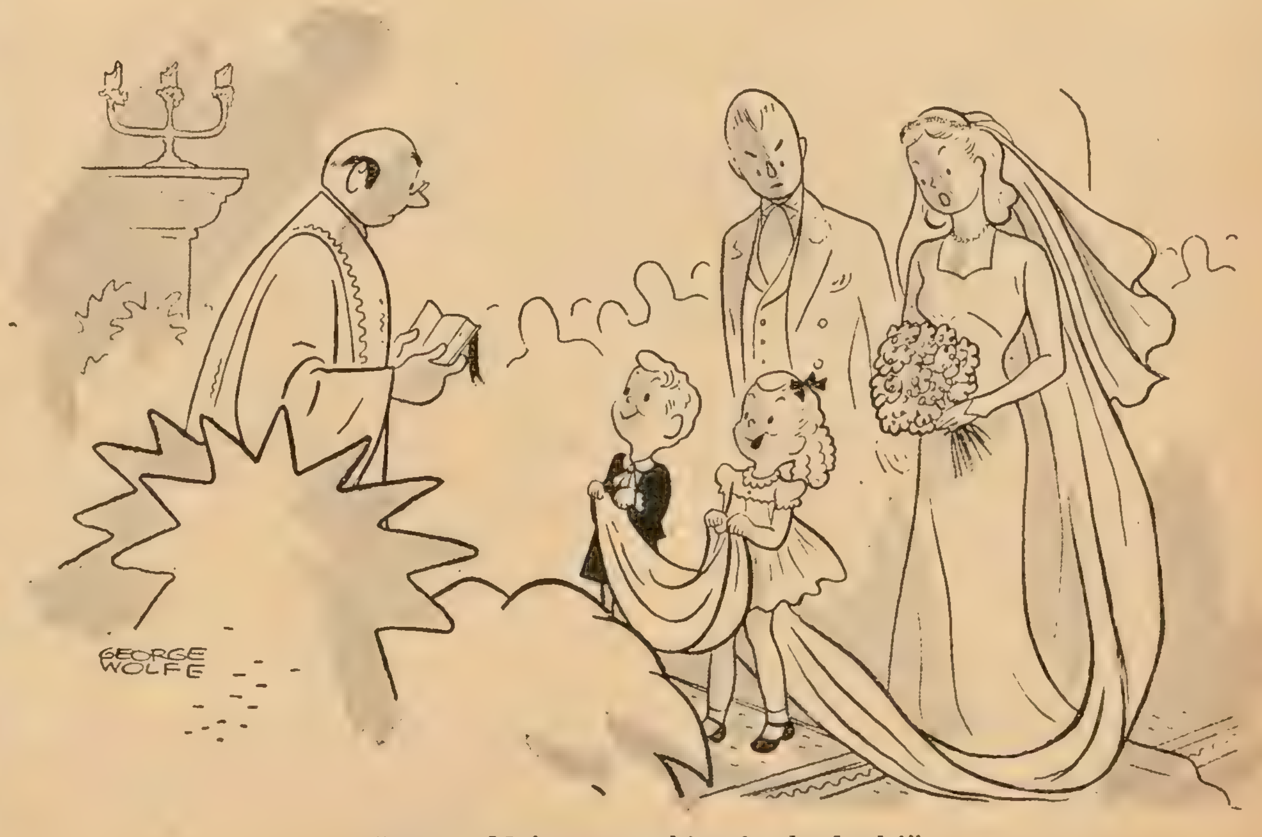
"In that case," sighed the crestfallen Hamza, "*au revoir*, my cherished friend. We shall meet tomorrow, no?"

"Not if I see you first," muttered his cherished friend ungratefully.

But he was wrong. In the end, the Tunisian's unfaltering enthusiasm for things American proved its value.

Puzzled though he was, the major asked no questions that night of Clarence, realizing that the boy was not quite himself; merely gave instructions that a cot for his orderly was to be placed in the dressing room of his hotel suite. "Where I can keep an eye on you. I don't want any other officer to get a sight of you in those dad-blamed clothes, and have to send you to the guardhouse!"

"Yessuh. I kinda thought you'd be needin' me to do for you, oncet they let me out



"We couldn't see anything in the back!"

of that horspittle, Mr. Major. Dat's why I come on up to Tunis," Clarence explained ingratiatingly, "soon as I could git me some sick leave."

"Nonsense! How could you possibly know I'd be here?"

"Because I knowed"—Clarence gave a semblance of his old companionable grin —"you wouldn't want to miss the big doin's up here, any more'n what I would."

"But how— Never mind! You can explain things in the morning."

During the night, however, when he glanced into the dressing room to make sure that all was well, he saw that the cot was empty and had not been slept in. His more-than-brother seemed to have given him the slip.

Clarence reappeared with the breakfast coffee, his costume somewhat improved by a white linen mess jacket, which the major recognized as lately belonging to himself, his eyes looking less glazed and feverish. He denied blandly that he had absented himself from the hotel at all. Major Simms knew better than to press the matter; instead, he asked for further information about the youth's unexpected appearance in Tunis.

"The last I heard, you were hospitalized somewhere, pretty sick, and waiting to be invalided home on the next transport."

"I sho was, boss! The doctor say I gotta eat some mo' fat onto my bones, and put me some mo' corpses into my blood, befo' Uncle Sam'd want me again—yessuh, that's what he say—red corpses. Did you know I done got my name in the papers, 'count of totin' you away from that place where the Heinies like to of done us up?" He added complacently, "I heard tell maybe they was goin' to give me some kind of a hero medal, too! What kind you reckon? One of them Purple Hearts would look mighty good pinned on my unifawm. But a Silver Star sounds right pretty; sort of Christmasy-like. Whoo-ee! Won't I make some eyes bug out when I gits back home to Paducah?"

MEANWHILE, with a lot of back pay burning in his pocket, and wishing to see more of the world before retiring into private life, Clarence had somehow wangled permission to postpone his departure for the States until a later transport. In this the Associated Press had proved helpful—"You 'member them two newspaper gempmun what carried us in their jeep to that A-rab lady's house? It were one of them what writ' me up in the papers, and he axed would I like to drive his car as far as Tunis, so we got here most as soon as the Army of Occupation did, right after the shootin'. Boy, was that somethin'! Like a Fo'th of July parade about ten miles long, and us right spang in the middle of it! But didn't nobody know where you was at, boss, so I jes sort of moseyed around, waitin'—"

"Mostly at the Café of the Rising Moon apparently. How did you discover that choice little den of iniquity?"

"Them newspaper gempmun tooken me ev'ywhere with 'em—they certainly did treat me white! A whole lot of our boys was there that first night, tryin' to make the band play 'em some hot blues—boss, it was pure pitiful! One of 'em had a accordeum, so I took and showed 'em. And the man what runs the joint invited me to come back any time and be a guest artist, free. So next time I toted my sax along, and I been sort o' hangin' out there ever since them newspaper gempmun left, waitin'."

"Still as a guest artist?"

Clarence nodded with modest pride. "That means you don't git paid no cash money, but you gits all your drinks and smokes on the house, and there's a

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place at the back where you can sleep it off. Saved rentin' me a room."

The officer frowned. "Sleep what off? What sort of stuff have you been smoking there?"

"Uh-*uh*, somethin' a whole lot better'n tobacco! Makes you feel like a million dollars, boss."

"H'mmn! So that's it." Major Simms got out a carton of American cigarettes and put it on the table. "Hereafter, whenever you feel like smoking, you may help yourself to these. But no more guest performances at the Rising Moon. You're to keep away from that joint hereafter, you hear me?"

The other's face, which had begun to beam with gratification, sobered again. "But, boss," he hesitated; then blurted out, "I gotta go back there sometimes!—naw, suh, it ain't because of that smokin' stuff, neither; I don't use so much of it anyhow as I make out. But I done promised. You wouldn't have me to break no promise, would you?"

The officer sighed. "Some woman again, I suppose."

"Naw, suh," said the other earnestly. "'Tain't, rightly speakin', no woman; it's a chile, just a po' little he'pless chile. Boss, it looks like you and me got to 'doptify us a baby."

"A baby—" said the major faintly. "Go on! Tell me all."

IT appeared that on his second visit to the Rising Moon Café, Clarence had been followed out into the alley by a hunchback Arab boy who had thrust something into his hand and waited. Clarence, unfolding a wisp of silk, had found within something that he recognized, a silver chain with a metal disk attached. He took it out of his pocket now to show Major Simms.

"Why, it looks like your duplicate dog tag, the one you gave that Arab girl back at Djebel Ain!"

"Sho is. For little Fat's christenin' gif'."

"But how could the thing possibly turn up in a place like that?"

"You're axin' me! Boss, I figgered it out this way: That gal Fatma done got into a mess of trouble somehow, her and little Fat, and that was the onliest way she could think up to get help." He lowered his voice and looked around, as if fearing eavesdroppers. "Mr. Major, that's a quare place, that Rising Moon joint, a mighty quare place! What you think is walls ain't rightly walls at all. You catch eyes peekin' thoo, and you hears whisperin' behind 'em, and whimperin' sometimes. There's a whole lot more rooms in the back where they got women locked up that don't never get to go out at all, and boy chillun too, kept in another place to theirselves—scared little fellas too young to be took away from their mammies, all painted and prettified, bein' taught to dance and wriggle and carry on scandalous, like show girls—not such nice little show girls, neither. And if they don't behave to suit, there's a big man with a dog whip you can hear swishin' on 'em—I slip around snoopin' whenever I gits a chance, keepin' one ear open whilst I make out to be asleep."

"So you think Fatma and her baby are shut up in that place?" interrupted the other, frowning; recalling his conversation with Sidi Hamza about Achmed's black market.

"Boss, I know they is! That hunchback boy, what says some English words, done tol' me so. Fatma reckernized my playin', and looked thoo them peekholes in the wall, so she paid the hunchback to tell me to please come git her baby out of there right quick. It certainly ain't no place for respectable colored nohow; and I sho would hate to have a real nice little pickaninny, what's named after me and what I helped get born, to grow up to be one of them low-down fancy boys. So I fixed it with the hunchback to bring little Fat out first time he got the chance and hide him in a place where I could accidentally find him at—like Pharaoh's daughter in them bulrushes."

"H'mmn!" said the major. "And may I ask just what you intend to do with your infant Moses after rescuing him from the bulrushes?"

"I ain't exackly settled that in my mind; not yet," admitted Clarence; adding casually, "I 'lowed you'd think up some good idea, boss, soon as you come along. A little tyke like that ain't so much trouble nohow. He don't cry much, and his mother done got him weaned on purpose."

The officer demanded, "Do you mean the girl deliberately planned to give away her child, rather than have it grow up in such surroundings?"

"In co'se she did. She loves that baby," said Clarence simply.

Herbert Simms found himself rather moved. "And what about Fatma herself? I'm surprised you didn't think up some plan for 'adoptifying' her while you were about it."

Again the Negro's face closed into the expression which meant No trespassing. But he said impassively, "A gal's likely to be missed sooner than just a baby, and in this here country, women cost a lot of money, boss, a whole lot of money. More'n camels, I heard tell. Anyhow, that Mr. Hassim aims to pick Fatma out a real rich new husband; he ain't goin' to bother with no cheap-skate colored boy like me."

"Yet she has Negro blood herself, hasn't she?"

"Sho has, boss! They's A-rab niggers, just like they's Harlem niggers, or down-South niggers. Only prettier-lookin'." Clarence suppressed a sigh. "'Tain't no use us botherin' our haids about no womenfolks. Take 'em or leave 'em; plenty more where they come from. What we got to study 'bout now is how to git hold of po' little Fat befo' his mammy gits took away from him by some new husband that don't want him maybe."

"There are a few other trifling details," commented his officer, "such as running afoul of the law, or getting an Arab knife between the ribs. That smooth-spoken Kabyle could be a pretty nasty customer, I think. On second thought, I'd better see my Tunisian pal, if he calls today. Perhaps he or his politically-minded uncle, the cadi, might have some suggestion."

SIDI HAMZA, arriving in time for the midmorning apéritif, was gratified by the unexpected cordiality of his reception, and listened with interest to the American's brief outline of the case. "Ah, so! You remember, my friend, that I spoke of Hassim's having inherited the household of his late father who was an unfortunate victim of recent hostilities in his province? It is our custom, as you perhaps know, for a pious son to take over the responsibility of his parent's widows—rather a burden when there are too many. But happily the younger wife-companions are permitted by law to be offered for disposal elsewhere. No doubt this girl of whom you speak is one of those little bundles of beauty whom Hassim mentioned as being newly available to his clients."

"Available? You mean for purchase, I suppose?" asked the American bluntly.

The Moslem shrugged. "Let us say, if you prefer, for hire; the relation is not necessarily permanent. But since this

Fatma has already produced male offspring, her value will be somewhat enhanced, I fear—on the order of a mare with foal, if monsieur permits the vulgar comparison. It is for yourself that you are interested in the girl, or perhaps by way of reward to your devoted servant?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Try to get this, Hamza. What we are both interested in is merely to take Fatma and her baby safely out of that very unpleasant situation and put her into—well, proper hands," finished the American rather lamely.

"Ah? What hands, if one may ask?"

The major had already given this matter some consideration. "When I first knew Fatma, she was under the care of an American-born lady, a Mme. Azar Sahalli—though how she ever let the girl get into such a predicament, I cannot imagine. If we could reach the sherifa somehow—"

"Ah, the relict of the late Mouley Sahalli would be indeed a powerful protector—though I fear that even a foreign-born lady so widely known and esteemed might not always find herself able to circumvent Moslem law. However, since the sherifa is of America, it is possible that my uncle the cadi, who, holding a political position, prefers to remain always on terms of friendship with those in power, will wish to do what is possible for her protégée. I propose that we go at once to see what Hassim has to offer, without indicating any special interest. Kabyles are shrewd traders, and the girl's value would become even more enhanced were he to suspect that she had previously found favor in your eyes."

THEY were received with his usual suavity by the proprietor of the Rising Moon, and led into a private showroom, lined with mirrors, where several "bundles of beauty" were brought out, one at a time, and bidden to unveil, revolving slowly as they did so after the manner of dressmakers' mannequins. Some were shy and shrinking; others impassive; several ogled the prospective clients with bold and shameless coquetry. The American recognized the last exhibit, revealingly clad in silver gauze, with a plump brown baby bound into her wide sash and straddling one hip, monkey fashion. Under their spots of rouge the dusky cheeks were still round and childish, but her kohl-darkened eyes met his with a tragic unchildlike hopelessness, until suddenly a spark lit in them as she saw who he was. She dropped her lashes instantly; but first, with a piteous maternal gesture, drew the child forward as if to plead attention for its special charms, rearranging the absurd single scalp lock that stood erect on its shaven poll at a more becoming angle.

The major's eye sought Sidi Hamza, who said carelessly to the café proprietor, "My friend rather fancies this one, though the nose is a trifle flat for my taste, the complexion *un peu trop*. However, the girl looks fresh and healthy enough."

There ensued a spate of discussion in snapping Arabic; after which Hamza remarked to the American, "Hassim's demands, while high, are not unreasonable, all things considered. It will not be necessary to take the infant, however, which the Kabyle prefers to keep for a rather special sort of *corps de ballet* he educates here—professional dancing youths begin their training at a quite tender age."

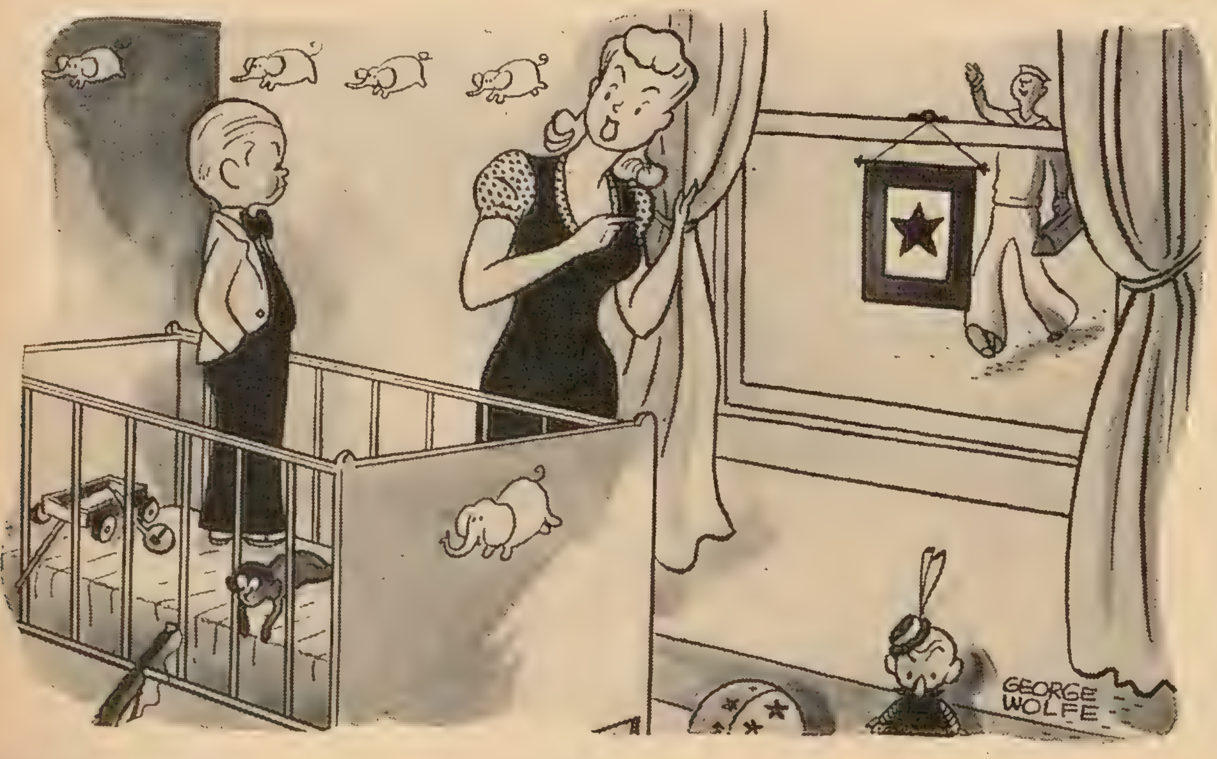
Simms protested sharply. "But I do not want the girl without her baby! In fact, it is the child I am more concerned about."

"So?" The Tunisian smiled. "I have already indicated that you, having had some slight previous knowledge of the girl, manifest an interest in her child which might almost be thought paternal"—he darted a glance of delicate inquiry at the other. "Hassim remains indifferent; these Kabyles are not men of sentiment. However, I have reminded him that my uncle, who happens to be presiding judge of this district, would appreciate any expression of the great debt of gratitude owed by our countrymen to your own. Therefore he will consent, I am sure, to include the infant with the mother, at a small extra charge, as a special offering of good will from Tunisia to America."

He bowed; Hassim bowed; Major Simms also bowed, and accepted the good-will offering on the part of his own country. Oh, Lord, what's Rose going to say to this? ran the burden of his thoughts, on the way back to the hotel. Several months' pay gone up the spout! Of all the soft-headed blithering, sentimental saps!

Clarence, however, while gratified, seemed not at all surprised by the turn events had taken. "I kinda suspected that's how you'd git it all fixed up, boss," he commented cheerfully.

The other stared in sudden suspicion. "Look here. This wasn't a put-up job by any chance? You weren't deliberately staging a rescue act by working on my sympathies? Why, you two-faced mealy-mouthed, slue-footed so-and-so—"



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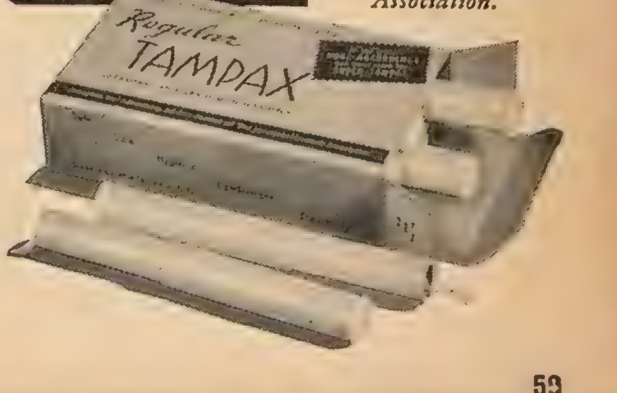


Clarence's grin broadened as if these epithets were music to his ears. "I knowed you wasn't goin' to let nobody take Fatma's baby away from her, boss, any more'n you'd of let um take Miss Rose's."

The major flushed. "Miss Rose hasn't got any baby, and you know it!"

"Naw, suh, of co'se she ain't. Not yet," said the Negro soothingly. "But come she do, him and little Fat's goin' to be mighty nice comp'ny for each other, ain't they?"

The major turned his back. "All that remains," he muttered, "is to send for my new—er—um—purchases, just as soon as I find a suitable place to put them in. Any bright ideas about that, Hamza?"

"Why not," suggested the ever-obliging Tunisian, "the *andurun* of our own family? While my uncle's female household is large, there is room for one more."

BUT Clarence, it appeared, had his own solution ready. "I bin noticin', Mr. Major, there's a lot of them Army chaplains round nowadays—not colored maybe, but I ain't perticular; white'd do just as good. And me and Fatma could look after you mighty nice between us—keep your clo's all mended and washed and pressed, nuss you ef you was feelin' bad—"

"So," said the officer, "you've been busy thinking that up, too, have you?"

Clarence hung a self-conscious head. "Why, yessuh. I bin studyin' about it a right smart while, ever sence we-all was shut up together in that cave behin' the enemy lines. I kep' sort of missin' Fatma, list'nin' for her, thinkin' how it would be to have a nice woman of your own to do for you like them horspittle nusses does, wait on you all the time, fix you up little snacks to eat. Specially one that's sort of meek and meachin'-like in her ways—"

"Who weeps with delight when you give her a smile, and trembles with fear at your frown, eh?" paraphrased the major.

"Yessuh, that's it!" agreed Clarence, pleased with this virile concept. "An' I kep' thinkin' how fine it would be to git off the train, back in Paducah, with that Purple Heart pinned onto me maybe, and cash money jingling in my pockets, an' a family of my own come spang out of Darkest Africa. Gorry! Wouldn't folks set up and take notice then?"

"It sounds," admitted Herbert Simms, "like one of life's larger moments. All except the cash-money part. My deal with Hassim just about cleaned me out. By the time you pay for a family passage across the Atlantic, I'm afraid there won't be much left of your hard-earned savings."

"Lookit, boss—" Clarence began taking out of various pockets handfuls of silver, fat rolls of bills, a wallet so stuffed with hundred-franc notes that the officer exclaimed in alarm, "Good heavens, man, have you been robbing a bank?"

"Naw, suh. You knows a person what's got religion wouldn't do nothin' low-down like that! But these here A-rabs certainly does like to gamble. So whilst I was waitin' fo' you to come and help me git Fatma and little Fat out of there, I done bin showin' the heathen at that Risin' Moon just how to shoot 'em a little craps, that's all."

Major Simms rose silently and, unlocking one of his bags, took out his last cherished bottle of Kentucky bourbon. "You'll find glasses in the bathroom, Clarence. Bring three of them. I want you to join us in a toast: Here's to the future Mrs. Fatma Teeters. May her tribe increase!"

"Sahah. With health, with blessing," bowed Sidi Hamza, politely belching.

"Whoo-ee! That sho is white folks' whisky, boss," said Clarence, draining his glass with smacking lips and a homesick eye on the bottle.

THE END

RUSSIA'S POSTWAR AIMS

Continued from Page 15

the war goes on much longer the task of restoring and maintaining that order will be so great that it may retard her great plans of reconstruction at home.

If the Kremlin had presented unreasonable terms to Finland, or had told Rumania that her war guilt was as great as Germany's and demanded complete overthrow of the existing regime, the Soviet Union could have been justly accused of risking lengthening the war. When the Allies' delegates visited Moscow last fall, some feared that the Soviet government would adopt an uncompromising attitude toward Hitler's satellites. They left Moscow with their fears justly allayed. Moscow's terms to Finland, its patience with the Finns since the terms were rejected, and its attitude to Rumania as expressed in Molotov's declaration of April 2 are directly in line with the decisions reached in Moscow last October.

This thread running through all the Soviet's decisions on foreign policy—the desire to ease the path to victory—was also seen when Russia pressed for the broadening of Badoglio's government. The Russian delegation to the Mediterranean Consultative Commission was shocked at conditions found in the rear of Allied armies.

AN account of contemporary Italy was published in the fortnightly, War and the Working Class. Nikolai Marev spent the winter traveling in southern Italy and Sicily, visiting most important centers. An acute observer, he paints a picture of a people confused, aimless, ill-fed and undisciplined, of a land prostrate and contributing almost nothing to the Allies' war effort. "If you ask me whether the war is felt in Italian cities," he wrote, "I would answer yes and no. Insofar as there are plenty of men in uniform about, military vehicles and traces of war damage, the answer is yes. But if it's a question of what the people are talking about, how they eat, sleep, and spend the days and nights . . . it is certainly no. . . . In the big cities, life was moving clumsily and awkwardly along—a life far from the realities of the great struggle against the Germans."

Marev describes how Naples danced and sang under air raids. He tells of inadequate air-raid shelters, of an Italian army, ill-clad and undisciplined, wandering aimlessly on the roads and retarding the flow of the Allies' transport. He saw speculation and black-marketing in food, basic products, and fertilizers. The population, wandering in search of subsistence, was swept by wild rumors. Skilled workers were dissipating their energies in petty commerce, selling tangerines, nuts and trinkets.

In Russia the reality of war pervades every recess of national life. All this aimlessness filled the Russian observer with the sense that something must be done to make Italy's contribution to the war effort a valid one. Although Marev's impressions do not bear an official stamp, their publication in the influential War and the Working Class gives them a certain authority. Their effect on public opinion was profound. Russians compared the conditions described in Italy with those which Soviet power creates in liberated territory. The comparison was detrimental to those Allied organizations which are responsible for making southern Italy count in the war effort. The articles reminded Italians that the main task is to fight the Germans, and that victory would solve many of the problems on which they are now frittering away their energies.

(*Continued on page 64*)

WILSON

Continued from Page 10

him into the boiling pot of war, and the picture leaps through the years when he takes the beating a war President usually takes. Then he goes to Paris, the hope of the world—only to return and have his League of Nations wrecked by the "little group of willful men," the so-called Battalion of Death.

A stubborn man, Wilson still refuses to be licked. Against the advice of his physician, he goes on a whirlwind stump tour of the country to try to sell the idea of the League to the people. In the midst of this, he suffers a paralytic stroke and returns to the White House a broken man, soon to pass quietly into history.

Despite the general belief that Woodrow Wilson was a cold man, Trotti has turned him out a family-loving human. He is a doting father who is whimsical and gay, but he can also jut out his jaw, ice his spectacles, and get tough. One scene shows him doing a soft-shoe dance with one of his daughters. There are intimations of the polite gossip caused when he married his second wife in the White House after his first wife died. Trotti insists that if he'd invented Wilson's life, it couldn't have been as fictional as the real thing.

As the audience, you will be asked to accept Wilson as history's sacrifice. There will be no polemics, no soap-boxing on his part; only the actual deeds and speeches of the President. It will be up to you to accept Zanuck's thesis that, had Wilson gotten over, there would have been no war today. When you leave the theater, Zanuck means to have you go in tears, thoughtfully.

NOT that Wilson is made into a plaster saint. There are chinks in the superiority. He is shown refusing to take Senator Lodge and other oppositionists along with him to Versailles. The question naturally arises: How does the movie treat Lodge and the others who filibustered the League to its doom? Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., visited the studio and put his official O.K. on his granddad's character, except for one minor change, which the studio made after it looked the matter up.

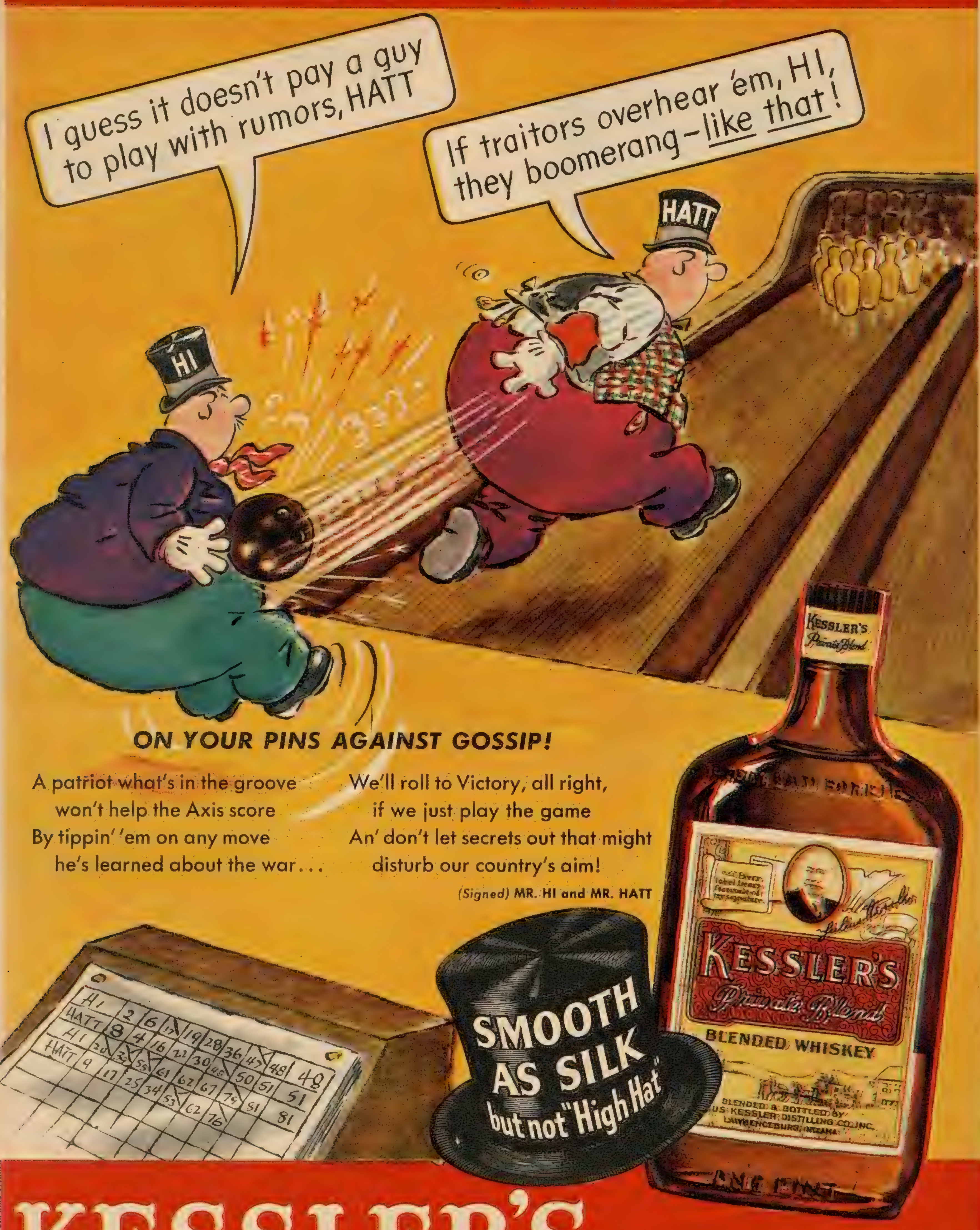
Zanuck's first headache after battling out the script was to find a Wilson. The President was hardly a glamour boy, and much depended on the handling he got from the actor. Don Ameche and Spencer Tracy came to mind, but Zanuck decided he didn't want a recognizable face. The audience would see the actor, not Wilson.

A call for Wilsons went out, but while hundreds appeared, none was chosen. Meanwhile, the studio made a recording of the entire script with a tentative cast. An actor named Alexander Knox, then playing the part of a Nazi in None Shall Escape, was hastily borrowed from Columbia Pictures to read Wilson. The recording took place on a barren stage over a week-end. With some London and Broadway experience to his credit, and sincerity and conviction in his voice, Knox ran away with the part. He was unanimously chosen without a screen test.

Knox can hardly be called a ringer for Wilson. He lacks the jaw, the height, and the age. He was born about the time Wilson began to make history. But once Knox got the nod, Guy Pearce, ex-Northwest Mountie turned make-up man, went to work on him, and a rather good likeness of Wilson emerged. While the Wilson jaw isn't there, the Wilson air is—especially around the eyes—and something in the clipped, quiet speech of this Canadian

(*Continued on page 62*)

"To strike Hitler, spare the gossip!"–says HI to HATT


I guess it doesn't pay a guy to play with rumors, HATT
If traitors overhear 'em, HI, they boomerang–like that!
HI
HATT
HI
HATT
HI
HATT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S Private Blend
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT

ON YOUR PINS AGAINST GOSSIP!

A patriot what's in the groove
won't help the Axis score
By tippin' 'em on any move
he's learned about the war...

We'll roll to Victory, all right,
if we just play the game
An' don't let secrets out that might
disturb our country's aim!

(Signed) MR. HI and MR. HATT

KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

At left: Princeton's President Wilson, a football fan, is on hand with his family to root for the Tigers in their 1909 game with Yale.

Below: In 1912, in the Democratic national convention, Woodrow Wilson is nominated for President —and a big demonstration gets under way.

The Wilsons inspect the Lincoln bed in th White House. "He must have been a big man! says daughter Nell. "He *was*," says Wilso

PRINCETON
SECTION 25
SECTION 21
ALABAMA
ARIZONA
ARK.
OKLA
IND.
NJ
NEW JERSEY
SECTION
NEW JERSEY
VOTE for WILSON NEW JERSEY
NEBRASKA
EBRASK
AR

At left: Ellen, the first Mrs. Wilson, reads telegrams of congratulation to the President-elect from President Taft and T. R.

(*Continued from page 60*)

actor evokes Wilson. The glasses and the cowlick help. Knox's coolness and precise calmness might have been Wilson's own.

I got quite a thrill lunching with Knox in his make-up, although I confess that the farther away he stood, the stronger grew the resemblance to Wilson. The illusion was startling as he told off Senator Lodge on the set in a scene in the White House. But as he approached me, Wilson faded into Knox. Then at lunch, when a bit of mustard fell on his robe, the illusion became more ephemeral. Yet it was easy for me to feel I was actually with the President, discussing my feelings about the League.

Before he started work Knox was provided with 160,000 feet of newsreels of Wilson. From these he absorbed mannerisms, tricks of eye and hand, and he put himself into a Presidential frame of mind by reading a few libraryfuls of books about Wilson.

I left the studio almost convinced that Knox really was the former President, and that Wilson had merely been a private citizen trying to look like Knox!

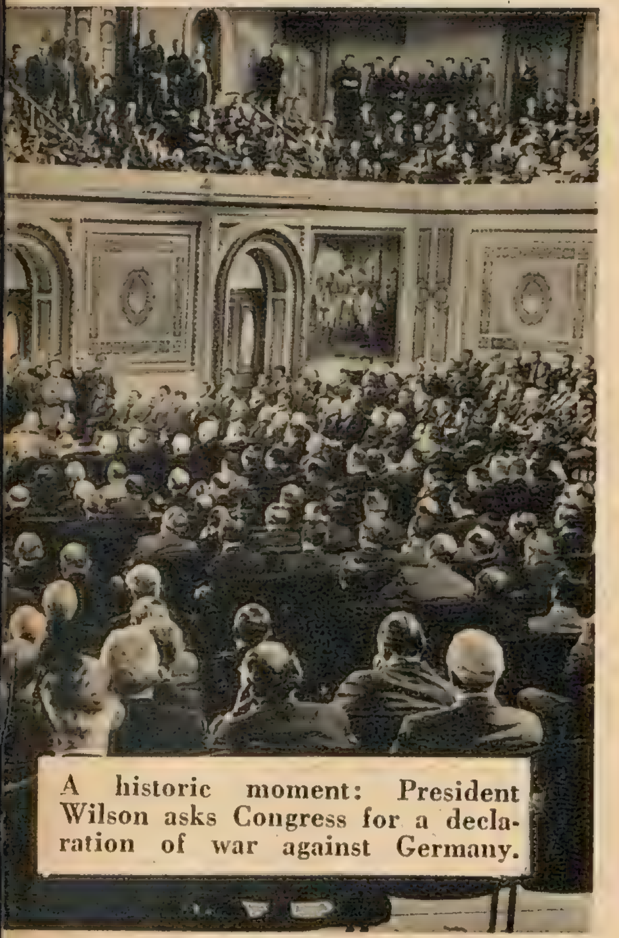
Eighty-nine other recognizable characters required Pearce to work with thousands of photographs and newsreels. Rubber faces and plastic build-ups are out with Pearce; they look terrible and hamper natural hamming. Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Lodge, and Marcel Dalio as Clemenceau, with his walrus brush, were cinches—as was Sidney Blackmer, who plays the minstrel Lew Dockstader giving his impersonation of Teddy Roosevelt. Thomas Mitchell needed only a few minor attachments, including glasses, to make a pretty good Tumulty, Wilson's secretary. Ruth Nelson, late of the New York Group Theater, bears a sweet, oval-faced resemblance to the first Mrs. Wilson, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is the second Mrs. Wilson —all glamour. Gramma's glamour boy, Francis X. Bushman, by the way, turns up as Barney Baruch.

If you wonder how the four million was spent, you must remember that "Peace— it's awfully expensive!" Costumes for Wilson's wives and daughters, for example, came to $200,000. Knox's services, borrowed from Columbia, came to another $50,000, and Frank Tresselt, the old music master of Fox, spent $32,250 to run down eighty-seven of the songs and lyrics of Woodrow Wilson's lifetime. After quite a bicker with the publishers, the studio shelled out $5,000 for the use of Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, which Wilson

LUSITANIA TORPEDOED

The Lusitania, with prominent Americans on board, was sunk by a U-boat on May 7, 1915. Throughout America, the news caused street scenes like this—as every old-timer will agree.

In Wilson's house in Paris, Clemenceau (standing) demands the Saar basin for France. Others at the table are, left to right: Orlando, Lloyd George, Colonel House, and Secretary of State Lansing.



A historic moment: President Wilson asks Congress for a declaration of war against Germany.

Senator Lodge (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) tells Wilson his own ideal is "a realistic peace." Wilson insists America must accept a League of Nations or "live with a gun at its head."

Below: Touring the nation, stumping for the League, Wilson collapses in Pueblo, Colorado. His wife and Dr. Grayson beg him to cancel his speech. He says, "I must go on."

hums. School Days, Wilson's campaign song, cost $1,000; Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and Crash Through the Line of Blue, $1,500 each. The old song Tammany, shouted in the convention scenes (4,100 extras at ten dollars a day) came to $2,000.

As director, Zanuck picked tall, white-thatched Henry King. Known as a big money man, King figures he has spent a hefty $40,000,000 in his reign; but very few of his pictures have failed to pay their cost, plus—which doesn't make Zanuck, the idealist, any less an astute one.

Cagily, Zanuck thinks the boiling political pot won't hurt the message of the picture, which is a behest to pick up the torch that fell from Woodrow Wilson's dying hand. He is also banking on the millions who remember Woodrow Wilson and want to see his dream world established. "If only the Democrats come—" he mused.

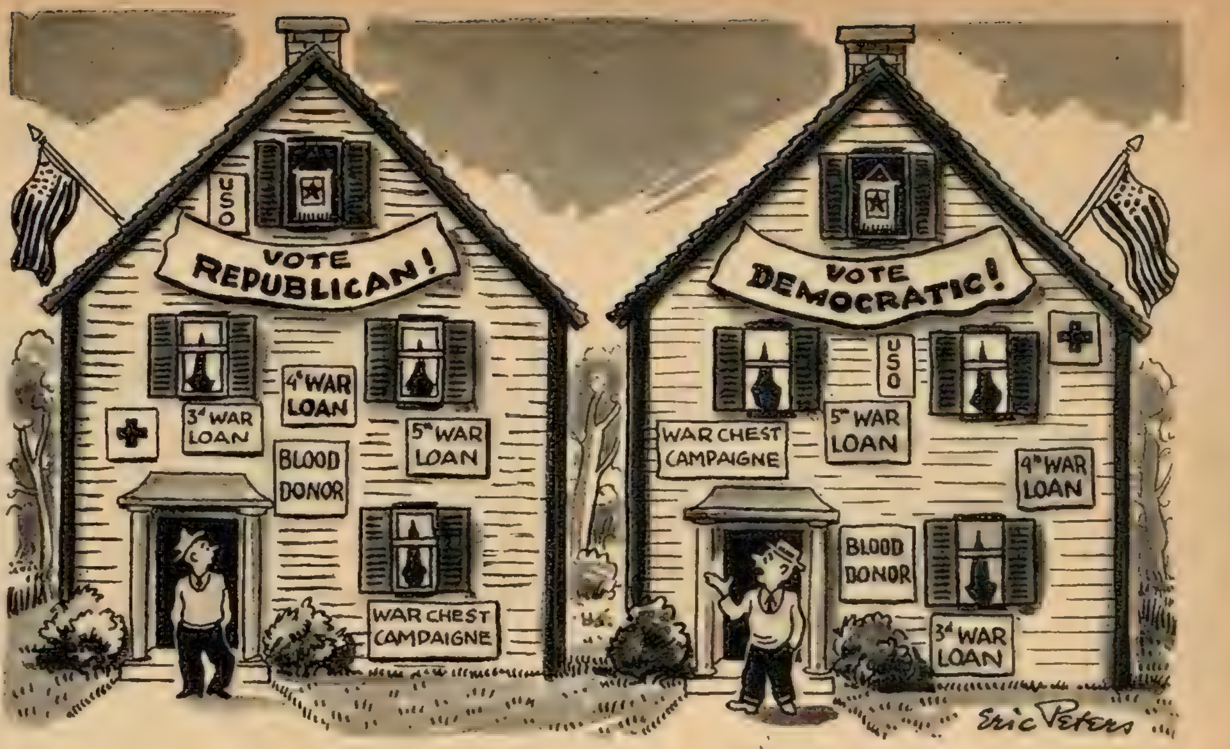
There are moments when Zanuck has doubted. Once, in such a moment, he said, "If Wilson is a failure, I'll never again make a picture without Betty Grable."

But the world ought to be able to stand both Wilson's brain and Grable's legs.

THE END

(Continued from page 60)

Publishing the article was a bold gesture, for Russia thereby assumed a certain responsibility for future events in Italy. Some may have thought Russia would leave the Allies to stew in their own juice. If those suspicions were harbored, the Kremlin's Italian policy proved them unjust. Far from isolating herself from the situation or aggravating its difficulties by encouraging the Left Wing party exclusively, Russia used her authority to speed the Allied war effort in Italy. Why?



"I've been thinking. Perhaps we should not take our differences too seriously."

FIRST and foremost, Russia is proud of the authority her government and army have won among people of all parties, save the blindly reactionary. She means to use that authority to advance the date of victory. Second, Russia's leaders recognize the value of the Allies' Italian campaign in the total war. The expressions of disappointment at the check short of Rome, which have appeared in the British and American press, have not been echoed here. Third, Russia doesn't want future relations with her allies to be spoiled by the suspicion that she is using her influence on the Left Wing to spread revolutionary doctrine. Recent developments in Soviet foreign policy will make it difficult for any radical Left Wing group to convince London and Washington that it has Moscow's support.

Does this mean that the Soviet Union has abandoned hope of a democratic Europe? That the defeat of Fascism is an end in itself? Hardly so. A people who have fought and worked for a stake in their nation's future, and to whom defeat would mean the loss of everything gained will hardly oppose any advance of democratic principles.

When Imperial Russia crumbled and Lenin wielded power, socialist Russia's paramount problem was self-defense. With anguish, Russia's leaders saw the historic strategic zone in the west overrun by Polish armies, the division of the Ukrainian people perpetuated, and Leiningrad dangerously hemmed in by small lands with aspirations to independence.

For a period before the first Five-Year Plan was put into operation, Moscow hoped that the struggle of the Soviet masses for work and bread would win sufficient sympathy abroad to prevent any attempt at organized attack on the U. S. S. R. But the prophetic voice of the poet, Vladimir Myakovsky, was already popularizing the idea of vigilance against Fascism, and warning those who had Lenin in their heads that they must also have guns in their hands.

As the Soviet Union became more powerful, producing steel to forge into cannon and grain to feed the workers crowding into industrial centers, its diplomats were busy trying to isolate Fascism and, when this failed, to divide the lands where Fascist tendencies prevailed.

But again and again Soviet spokesmen found that they were speaking to deaf ears. Russia found, between her frontiers and Germany, only one power which was apparently aware of impending attack. By an alliance with Czechoslovakia, she saw a chance of outflanking the German armies should they strike eastward across Poland. Moscow shrewdly calculated that the Wehrmacht wouldn't dare attack the Soviet Union while the Bohemian fortress held. As Moscow saw it, the situation in the summer of 1938 favored those lands that were threatened by a resurgent Germany. A war then—a war wherein the Czechoslovakian people were ready to fight, even in the front line—could have been won if France had honored her pledges to Prague. The anger which Munich caused in Moscow derived from two aspects of that shameful agreement. The Red Army saw its strategic plans torn to shreds and, to add smart to the wound, the word was given out that Russia was unwilling to fulfill her part of the Soviet-Czech alliance.

When Munich was followed by the inevitable results—Prague's occupation and the seizure by Germany and Hungary of all the approaches to Carpathian passes—the Soviet leaders were as badly placed strategically as they had been in the early days of the revolution. This was made plain to the Anglo-French mission which visited Moscow in the summer of 1939. The Russians said that their resistance to Germany could succeed only if the Red Army were given facilities to advance westward to meet the shock. If the British and French governments had correctly estimated the Red Army's strength, would they still have found it impossible to prevail on Poland and the Baltic states to permit this strategic operation? Was not the reason for the breakdown of negotiations a profound underestimation of Russia's true strength and, perhaps, an overestimation of their own?

The expulsion of the Soviet Union from the League of Nations in December, 1939, deepened the impression in Moscow that many lands preferred to see Russia rather than Germany go down.

THE men at the head of the Soviet Union now are those who led her through that anxious period before the war. And these leaders believe that the foreign policy they pursued before the war was the right one. Thus, the Soviet Union's postwar aims approximate those of prewar days: security on the western frontiers, a defensive alliance with Czechoslovakia and Poland, good relations with the Western democracies, including France, and vigilance against any attempt of European powers to form a combination against her. But the all-important difference is Russia's intention to build up a system of collective security.

Russia believes that no one will again underestimate her power, and hopes that dread of her interference in the internal affairs of other lands will rapidly fade away. She has welcomed an alliance for war and peace with Britain. In public statements regarding the future of Poland and Czechoslovakia, and the Finnish and Rumanian situations, Russian leaders have made it plain that the Soviet policy is one of non-intervention.

However, any British or American statesman who arouses the suspicion that he is seeking an exclusively Anglo-American solution of European problems will risk provoking a demonstration of Russian disfavor. Advocates of a Central European federation will be reminded that such ideas are too close to the *Cordon Sanitaire* to be approved here.

As regards her Western neighbors, Russia hopes that never again will Germany or any other nation be able to maneuver Slav against Slav. If the all-Slav committee can foster Slavic unity, it will have fulfilled its mission, for then the Germanic Drive toward the East can never recur. In Moscow's opinion, the Slav nations have a dangerous tendency to fragmentation, which makes them easy prey

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EVERYWHERE!
RICHardson

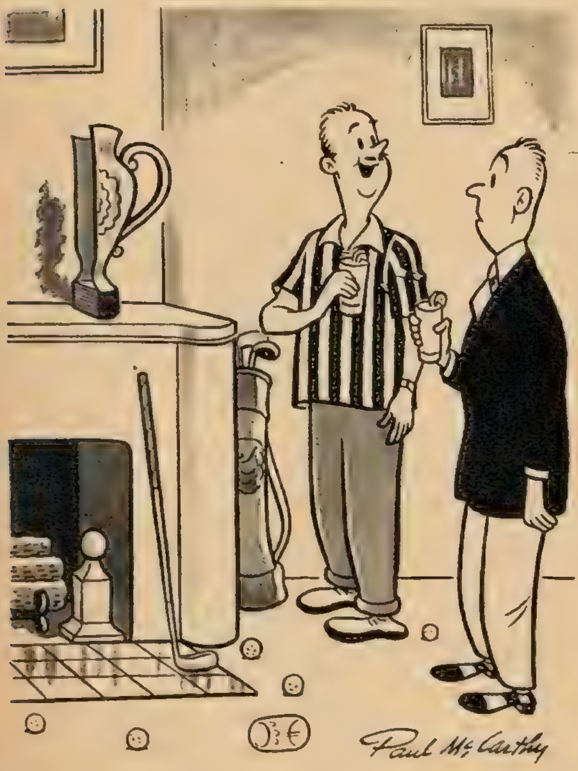
for the Germans. Only the Germans can gain from a situation where Ukrainian is dominated by Pole, Croat by Serb, and Slovak by Czech. And Russia will countenance no system where the Germans stand to gain.

Russia believes it to her interest that the Slav nations should be strong. A weak Poland, events of the past twenty-five years have shown, is a danger to Russia. A Czechoslovakia on which a Munich can be forced, a Yugoslavia which, through internal disunity, can be toppled, a Bulgaria so internally corrupted that its rulers are forced to lead it into adventurous policies, are dangerous to Russia. If they are strong internally, these lands, Russia believes, can never be turned against her or go down one by one before the Germans.

Measures to strengthen her Western neighbors take precedence in Russian postwar policy, because this concerns her security. Better economic relations with the Soviet Union can certainly help these countries. For instance, Lodz, the Manchester of Poland, need have no recurrence of unemployment when its textile industry begins to export to the Ukraine in exchange for the iron which the Ukraine can send to Poland. Czechoslovakia need no longer depend on overseas markets or on Germany's importations, when Russian markets are open to her. There will be Russian fertilizers for the barren soil of Bosnia and Montenegro, and tractors for Bulgaria.

Fundamentally, the problem of good relations between Russia and her principal allies over the European question is one of confidence. Convince Russia that the British and United States interests in the lands which affect her security will not weaken the Union's defenses; convince her allies that the Soviet Union's interest in these lands is to see them strong and truly independent. Then there need be no serious obstacle to the development of fruitful relations. If Russia were convinced that her Western allies would not again permit a strong expansionist Germany, and if the bogy of a Russian-German alliance were finally exorcised from Western minds, long peace would be assured in Europe. The past has left a legacy of mutual suspicion. If it remains, the future can be no less grim than the past, and the lives of European children will be even more tragic than those of their parents.

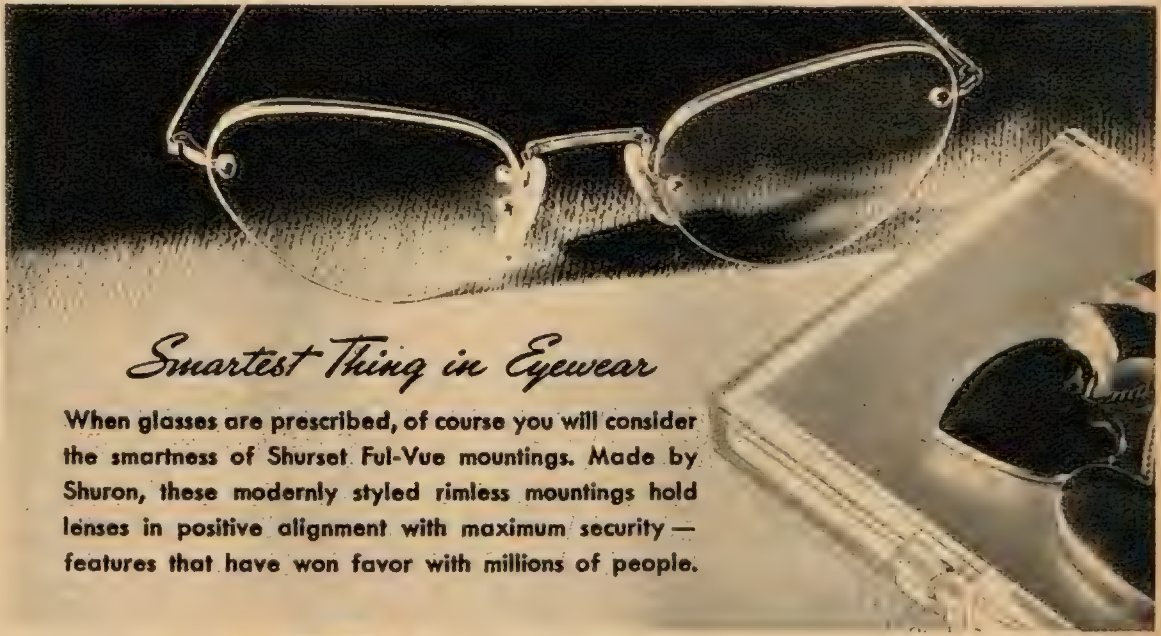
THE END



"Rather than play it over we settled it this way."

The *man* she is
waiting to SEE

She is waiting and wondering. Waiting for an eye examination—perhaps her first. *Wondering* how she will look in modern glasses—if prescribed. But it is more important that she consider the relation between good vision and good health. That is why she is placing full confidence in the man she is waiting to see—the man who has spent years in the study and practice of his profession—the man who knows how to provide maximum visual comfort.



When glasses are prescribed, of course you will consider the smartness of Shurset Ful-Vue mountings. Made by Shuron, these modernly styled rimless mountings hold lenses in positive alignment with maximum security—features that have won favor with millions of people.

Shuron
SMART EYEWEAR

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

The Java hospital gets almost too lively when Nurse Carol Thurston goes native.

Gary Cooper as Dr. Wassell works with Nurse Laraine Day in prewar China.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL

(Paramount) *Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso, Dennis O'Keefe*

EVERYBODY must know about Lieutenant Commander Corydon M. Wassell by now. He's the real-life medical hero who succeeded in evacuating forty-two wounded American Navy men against terrible odds when the Japs moved into Java. The exploit made nation-wide news when it was described by President Roosevelt in a radio address on April 28, 1942. A few minutes after the broadcast, Cecil B. De Mille was on the phone, corralling the story for the movies.

This picture is the result. It's a typical mammoth De Mille production, and the most expensive to date. It cost a cool $3,100,000. It's got airplanes, hospitals, ships, sampans, jeeps, Flying Fortresses, fires, bombings, battles, sunsets, and Laraine Day, brightly aglow with gorgeous Technicolor. All this and Gary Cooper too. Add to these attractions a percentage arrangement for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society—which is expected to net that organization between three and four hundred thousand dollars—and you'll see why an analysis of the show as entertainment alone seems somewhat irrelevant.

The story is handled on such a large scale that time and space get out of hand early in the game. Gary Cooper exerts his own special appeal in a role which gives him little to say beyond the authentic Wassell "Good gravy!"—poured liberally over everything. Laraine Day, looking mighty fresh and pretty, pops up in the most unexpected places. Signe Hasso lends fine sincerity to her smaller dramatic part, and newcomer Carol Thurston (apparently just off the boat from Bali) keeps the wounded boys' temperatures well above normal. Dennis O'Keefe, comic Renny McEvoy, and Philip Ahn stand out in the giant cast.

The real stars of the show are the spectacular tropic-hued scenes, the inimitable De Mille's-eye views of massed humanity. The swarming hospital wards and ship decks, the luminous yellow grays of the rainy docks, the breath-stopping escape in Army trucks across the bumpy poison-green Java terrain are unsurpassed. In spite of its confusion, its superfluous, tiring length, and large content of banality, there's a garish magnificence and force about this opus that will probably get you—especially if your heart's in the Navy.

ONCE UPON A TIME *(Columbia) Cary Grant, Ted Donaldson, Janet Blair, James Gleason*

EVER see a caterpillar dance—*really* dance—to one special tune wheezed out on the harmonica by a tousle-haired kid? It takes a small-boy imagination to believe in something like that. But suppose there was a showman who *could* believe a fairy tale when he saw it with his own eyes. Suppose he used all the modern publicity methods to make Curly the Caterpillar a smash success. What would happen to Curly—and the little boy who loved him?

That's the whimsey behind this picture. Cary Grant plays the attractive bankrupt showman with enough imagination to know a good thing when he sees it, and enough grown-up selfishness to sell out both boy and caterpillar. Pudgy little Ted Donaldson is outstanding as the kid who won't go back on his friend Curly. Janet Blair is his well-proportioned sister. You can't help laughing (and even crying a little) at the many bright, appealing spots in this odd mixture of satire and hokum, even though its fantasy never quite gets off the ground.

Once Upon a Time

1 Meet Jerry Flynn, Pinky, and Jeanne, making no bones about the fact that their story is an up-to-date fairy tale.

2 Jerry is explaining to Pinky how they can make Curly the Caterpillar (in the box) the most famous bug in the world.

3 Showgirl Jeanne hears over the radio that her little brother's pet has suddenly become the talk of the nation.

4 Two famous scientists examine Curly. They're too wise to believe a caterpillar can dance—but Pinky knows better.

5 Jerry's hard-boiled assistant (James Gleason) is induced to make away with Curly while unsuspecting Pinky is asleep.

6 Curly disappears at the height of his fame, but Pinky hopes to find him by playing his favorite harmonica tune.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia). Paul Lukas, Morris Carnovsky, K. T. Stevens. Drama.
AND THE ANGELS SING (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton. Comedy.
COVER GIRL (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly. Musical.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

THE COMPASS *Returns to* CHINA!

BATTLE COMPASSES TODAY!
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AVIATION
AND BOAT
COMPASSES TOMORROW

Whang-ti, Emperor of China in 2634 B.C., won the Battle of the Tchou-lou Plains because he improvised a compass and led his army through a fog. Today, 4500 years later, Sherrill Precision Compasses on U. S. Army vehicles are helping to defeat the Japs along China's Burma Road.

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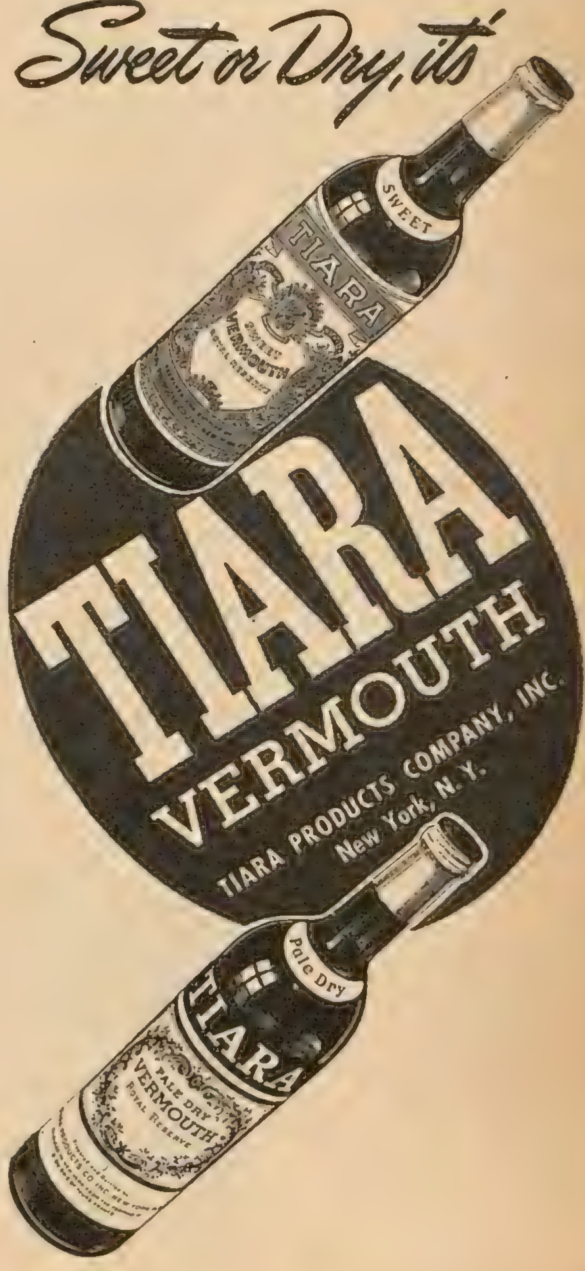
Sweet or Dry, it's

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Thousands of men and women report grateful relief from ugly, embarrassing waist-line bulge, to extent due to bloating caused by bulk-deficient food and delayed elimination. They are praising the remarkable double action of Crysta-Jell: 1. In helping to relieve food delay, and 2. as an
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BUCKEYE BOWLES

Continued from Page 30

prewar suits. His hats always look old and sat on.

As he talks he inclines his head and shrugs his shoulder. He has a weather-beaten, Yankee sort of face. In some lights it looks almost stern, until he contradicts the impression with his sidewise smile, very ready and friendly.

One correspondent says that the press was suspicious of Bowles at first. They were grimly ready for "sweetness and light" and "the four delicious freedoms." Instead, Bowles gave them facts. His unassuming, relaxed way of answering questions pleased them.

"What do I do to end it?" he asked at the conclusion of his first press conference. "Do I fall over in a faint?"

His good humor and his readiness to let them in on what he knew won the first round with the newspapermen.

A LOYAL Henderson man still with OPA admits that Bowles has won him over. In the field and in the home office he has simplified the whole organization. The 5,408 local ration boards throughout the country know what's expected of them.

"Henderson was more creative than Bowles," he says. "I still think so. But Henderson had a theory and we nearly strangled on it. He thought that business men in key jobs would be serving their own interests; so he put academicians and lawyers in charge. He irritated business men and he irritated the public. He offended congressmen. His lawyers and academicians quarreled and theorized, and the man with a specific problem in, let's say, fish, never got it settled.

"Bowles cleaned house and put business men in key jobs. I don't say they're all good, but when they take a broad view, they're very good. There couldn't be a better man in the price division, for instance, than Brownlee of General Foods."

But Bowles himself says there's far too much glorification of business men in government. Henderson is something of a hero, he says, and he respects him for getting a dirty job under way. The truth is, business or no business, some men make good executives and some don't. "I have an economist here," he says, "who could run any business tomorrow."

Dead set against one-man agencies he tries to hire competent men to head his divisions, sets policy with them, and lets them take over on their own. He believes in leaving local problems to the local ration boards. They understand their own conditions as no one in Washington can. Before a new regulation is framed he urges his people out into the field to talk to Sally Smith in Wichita and Jenny Jones in Maine. "Listen to what they have to say," Bowles advises, "and you'll learn something."

Frankness is his stock in trade. You can always spot an organization in which Bowles has had a hand because everybody knows what's going on through staff meetings and weekly letters to the personnel. He greets his colleagues not only by their first names but sometimes by their nicknames, and people who head obscure local ration boards are often astonished to find themselves included in this camaraderie.

Chester Bowles was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1901. Though not given to boasting of his ancestry, he is proud of his grandfather, Samuel Bowles, founder of the Springfield Republican and fighting Civil War editor. His family still runs the paper.

Bowles went to the Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, and later to the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, graduating in 1924. When thrust into the world, he worked for a while on the news staff of the Springfield Republican, but he was ambitious for a New York newspaper job and made the round of the city rooms. After refusing a few enticing offers as copy boy, he went to the old George Batten advertising agency, later the euphonious Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

Bowles was doing pretty well by 1929, the year of the great crash, but he was full of ideas and eager to try them. His boss was cool. Always something of a maverick, he confided his discontent to his friend, William B. Benton, then at Lord & Thomas, and the two young men, still in their confident twenties, decided to put their notions to trial. They were interested in merchandising and marketing goods at the lowest possible price to an ever widening consumer market, and they believed in basing ads on facts dug up by thorough market research. With a small assignment on speculation, their joint savings and their hopes, they opened shop and went out for facts.

Their staff was small. Mrs. Benton was recruited as an interviewer. On one occasion, she recalls, she was standing in a vestibule of a two-family house conducting an interview, when she was startled to hear a languid, slurring, friendly voice asking the identical questions. She and her victim stuck their heads out of the doorway and there, on the porch, stood Bowles, interviewing the next-door neighbor.

In extolling his clients' wares Bowles favored the bold black type and down-to-earth copy known as "buckeye," the advertising man's equivalent of "corn." "Make it simple," he preached. "Your layout ought to tell the story. It's not going to hang in an art gallery. It's going to sell mayonnaise."

Their research methods began to pay off. Soon their yearly billing ran into millions. It included such products as Palmolive soap, Post Toasties, Maxwell House coffee and Hellmann's mayonnaise, to mention a few.

Plunk in the middle of whirlwind successes came a campaign that almost defeated him. He wanted to marry Dorothy Stebbins, and she was not swept off her feet. Miss Stebbins, known to her friends as "Steb," was attractive, sensible, very popular, and the only person he had failed to disarm. The secretaries, who doted on Bowles, found it difficult to understand the lady's hesitation, and when she eventually said yes, it was a relief to the entire office. They were married, and when the children began to arrive, they bought a farm in Essex, Connecticut.

IN 1935 a casual question brought to the surface Bowles's discontent with business as a final future. "What do you plan to do," he was asked, "when you've made your pile or the taste goes flat?"

"Retire from business," Bowles said. "Maybe I'll run a small-town newspaper and bawl the country out for not running right."

But his friend Benton was the first to move out. After a trip around the world he became vice-president of the University of Chicago. At the agency Bowles was growing restive. "Bill is going to be awfully bored at the end of a long corridor at the University of Chicago," he said wistfully. His turn was coming.

Mrs. Bowles was indirectly responsible for getting her husband into OPA in Connecticut. She was handling consumer groups for the Defense Council in 1941, and of course knew Governor Hurley. When the rubber supply was cut off, right after Pearl Harbor, Governor Hurley telephoned Bowles, whom he had never met, and offered him the job of rationing tires. Bowles had the presence of mind to say, "No, thank you," and was pleased with himself for refusing a "sucker job."

The following morning, however, the Hartford Courant carried the story of his appointment. Indignantly Bowles went to Governor Hurley. He remained to accept the job for a month on a volunteer basis. In the meantime his one deaf ear had disqualified him for the Navy.

From the start Bowles began to translate the technical jargon of Washington memoranda into English, and, risking disapproval at the central office, reduced and simplified the regulations themselves.

MANY complaining citizens reached his desk in person. A retired schoolteacher claimed he had a Sunday class at the seashore. The local board, finding no class, refused him extra gas. The teacher persisted until Bowles saw him. Bowles began by agreeing with him. "If I thought I was justified," he said, "I'd fight till I got my gas."

Then typically, reasonably Bowles explained. He painted a graphic picture of the really desperate shortage. He made no threats. Bowles counts on the innate wish of the average man to play fair. Nothing further was heard from the ex-schoolteacher.

On the other hand, Bowles thought the ban on pleasure driving was senseless because it was unenforceable. People couldn't understand being given coupons and then being told not to use them. He instituted week-end mileage for workers away from home. To cover such knotty questions as the distance from factory to home, whether there was public transportation, etc., he worked out a plan that was later adopted nationally.

The heart of the organization, then as now, was the local board selected from all walks of life. His scheme, later adopted by Washington, required every board to include in its membership a housewife, a schoolteacher, a farmer (in rural communities), a small business man (in towns), and a factory worker.

Jobs on the boards are held today by 106,000 volunteers and the number increases to more than 300,000 when a new ration book is issued. Bowles is a great believer in the volunteer system. "This," he says, "is democracy at work."

His zeal to "let the people know what's going on" led him to the radio. With a slurring, word-swallowing delivery he began, every Tuesday night, to tell Connecticut what was going on at OPA. His friends advised elocution lessons, but he was afraid, and still is, that he would sound unnatural.

"After all," he says merrily, "I'm not running for office." He was broadcasting opposite the Lux Radio Theater in Connecticut, and recently his competition has been Bob Hope. Yet, his Crossley ratings are climbing and his fan mail (if you can call letters about rationing fan mail) is impressive.

Bowles's present quarters in Washington are far different from his Madison Avenue office in New York. The OPA building, constructed originally for a warehouse and later used to house the census, looks and smells like a loft building. It's one of the few government agencies that don't require visitors to wear badges and be vouched for.

Bowles is on the fourth floor. His present office, no plush-and-hushed Georgian interior, is large and roomy with a slightly handsomer than regulation desk, a few chairs, and a sofa for visitors. Two WPA water colors and two cartoons kidding the opponents of price control adorn the walls.

His day begins at 8.30 with reports from various phases of OPA. Before it is over he has coped in some measure with the problem of putting less expensive clothes on the market, planned a new drive against black marketing, and made decisions on prices for milk, feed, and fur coats. If the month is ending he has settled point values for fruits and vegetables. He has advised with representatives of local ration boards, and conferred with senators and congressmen in person and by phone.

Though he has not yet had to do any baby kissing, he does occasionally see the groups of three or four women from Connecticut who claim him as one of the folks and want to shake his hand. He saves up his recreation for his infrequent returns to Essex, where he sails with his children in a dinghy. (He turned his own boat over to the Navy.) He used to be an excellent golfer, and though he has long since given it up, his friends say that he could still shoot in the low seventies.

Unlike many another administrator, Bowles does not stoutly insist that he will drop Washington like a hot potato when the war is over, and go back into business. "I'd like to remain in government," he says.

Politics? There has been talk of his political future. Inevitably, anyone who runs a government agency, particularly such a hot potato as OPA, and remains intact will be mentioned for office, but Bowles has never been interested in politics as such. He is, however, very interested in government. As early as 1930 he looked longingly toward it as a career. Government, he believes, is the business of all citizens of the United States, and upon the interest and attention they give it will depend the kind of government they get.

He believes emphatically in the need for training men for government and wants to see them as carefully educated for its administration as schools of business administration are training them for business. He's so keen on this idea that right now he is nurturing the idea of a school for government administration which he would like to organize when the moment comes.

THERE is another project that occupies Bowles's thinking, an over-all national extension of the production-distribution concept that brought him business success. He wants to see agriculture, labor, and industry united in an expanding postwar economy that will insure maximum production, low prices, and the widest possible distribution of goods and services. This he sees as the challenge to postwar America; an objective that good will, mutual understanding, and intelligent planning can achieve. To this ideal he is prepared to dedicate all his energy and ability.

Few persons, even his former business friends, know this aspect of Chester Bowles. Whether it is his New England blood that hopes to make government one big Town Meeting, or whether it is an end product of Puritanism, there it is. It is this impulsion that kept him digging for knowledge of people and affairs during his business years against the day when he would have to deal with knotty human problems on a national scale. It manifests itself in his interest in the National Organization for Public Health Nursing and Connecticut state institutions. It is the motive force that carried through the organizaion of the Connecticut War Price and Ration Boards, and it is the motive force that is enabling him to untangle the snarled strands of national rationing and price control.

That is the real Chester Bowles—the man they gave six weeks in Washington.

THE END

FOR MEN WHO Really KNOW PIPES

Royalton FilterWell

CONDENSING WELL traps and retains moisture . . .

FILTER sucks in tars and bitter juices . . .

"SURELOK" coupling won't loosen; holds filter in stem when bit is removed . . .

$1 Selected Lightweight Briar

From tip of its transparent stem to toe of its selected briar bowl, FilterWell has exclusive pipe safeguards . . . Replaceable filter absorbs "Nico-Tars" (tobacco sediment). The condensing well prevents back-flow of moisture into mouth. Result: an ever-dry pipe for cleaner, cooler smoking.

Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Park, N. Y.

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND, AND HELP THE COMING INVASION!

The Rum of Delicious Flavor

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

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TIDDLERS vs. TIRPITZ

Continued from Page 20

themselves, were subsequently taken prisoner."

The fate of the third midget, commanded by Lieutenant Henty-Creer, is not known. Presumably she was lost during the fierce counterattack. British news releases reported "an extremely heavy explosion that shook the fjord just after the Tirpitz had been hit by torpedoes from the other submarines." Perhaps that supplies the clue.

The Tirpitz was left alone in the fjord, 1,500 miles from the nearest major repair base where she could refit for battle. The lair had boomeranged into a trap. The other German fleet units fled to safer hiding.

The German Grand Admiral Dönitz flew to the scene of the disaster immediately. Like the fork-bearded old admiral whose name the Tirpitz bears, he has a feverish faith in the submarine. His reputation must sink or swim with his waning wolf packs. But the torpedoing of the Tirpitz was none the less a bitter blow.

The surprise was complete, the damage crippling, the results far-reaching. Last December the Scharnhorst made her desperate Arctic sortie and met her death at the hands of the British Fleet. Had the Tirpitz been with her in the running fight the end might have been very different. And now, with the Tirpitz at least temporarily immobilized* and the Scharnhorst gone, the road to Murmansk is free of surface raiders, and units of the British Fleet are released for the Pacific war.

The British take quiet pride in the Tirpitz tale. When the talk turns to it, in the pubs and wardrooms and mess halls where servicemen gather, they agree that it was a "good show"—and ask you what your drink will be.

Some day Cameron and Place and their crews will come home from their German prison camp, and the drinks will be on the house. For these are the boys who, with resolute skill and high courage as their only shipmates, went out and bagged a battleship for breakfast.

THE END

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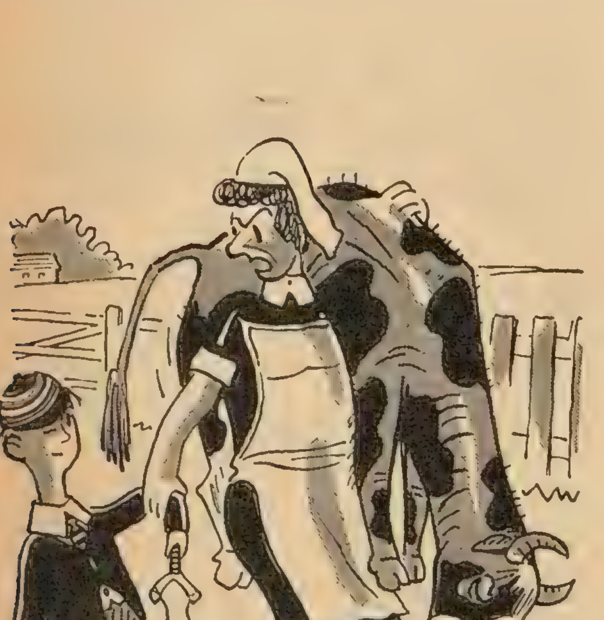
* The bombing of the Tirpitz on April 3 by a squadron of British carrier-based Barracudas added to the discomforts of the recuperating dreadnought.



"You wait till your mother hears about this!"

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE: Coffing Melkin Arslanian has lived in a tree on a wooded mountainside near West Orange, New Jersey, for about eight years. His bungalow has a porch and is equipped with electricity. He is sixty-one years old and wears nothing but shirts and shorts the year round. Married in 1928, he was divorced in 1936. It seems he left his wife behind when he went to Europe on his wedding trip, and when he returned he hoisted a tent on the roof of the building in which the bridal couple had rented an apartment. He lived in the tent for a while, and later started residing in trees. Life among our feathered friends proved too much for Mrs. Arslanian. Mr. Arslanian operates an Oriental-rug shop in Montclair, New Jersey, apparently recognizing the fact that the average customer won't go up a tree to buy a rug.

WALK—DO NOT RUN: In one month the Navy hired 34,000 civilian workers, but actually increased its payroll by only 6,000 because 28,000 others quit! To combat this serious labor turnover, the Navy has adopted many sound practices used by leading industrial concerns. Among them is the "exit interview" between a practical psychologist and the individual who wants to leave his lucrative Navy job, turning out ships, guns, or ammunition, to go home to mother. The personnel man can frequently ease a gripe or correct a housing situation or impart friendly counsel that sends the employee back to his riveting. The exit interview is given to every employee from a stenographer to a welder. But the Navy doesn't wait till a man is heading for the nearest exit to extend the right hand of fellowship. Personnel assistance starts at the time the employee goes to work. If he's out of cash, he may get credit slips to use in certain restaurants, buses, and roominghouses. Recreational and social activities are sponsored by the personnel officers, and naval dispensaries are available for the treatment of civilians taken sick while on the job. Among other methods of keeping civilian employees contented is the good old cash-award system for suggestions which result in speed or economy in production. With such a reservoir of good will and good works on the part of Navy officials, it would seem that their 722,000 civilian employees would stick to their shops and foundries.

FIFTH AVENUE PIG: A famous Fifth Avenue leather house refused to be frustrated by the shortage of calfskin resulting from government regulations on behalf of the armed forces. Making use of ingenuity—and other leathers instead of calf—the store has evolved a fascinating flock of new handbags and luggage. The most novel development is "dappled pigskin," which comes from England and has been treated to give it a light-and-shade effect, as though the sun were shining through leaves on Madame Porker's epidermis.

TRAVEL TIP: A government official in North Africa wrote a colleague headed his way this tidbit of sound advice: "Bring two sheets and a pillowcase along with you. Even when you can't get soap or water to wash them, they will be nice to have around the house. At least you will know who slept in them last."

LIGHTHEADED: Very light on the head is Henri de Chatillon's hat made of palm fiber. An Anglo-French designer, now living in Mexico, he turns his palmy millinery out in vivid colors, and each hat weighs less than an ounce and a half. Recently he gave a style show for the benefit of crippled Mexican children at Sans Souci, the famous Havana night club which has also moved to Mexico.

A FAMILY AFFAIR: Susan Somervell, twenty-one-year-old daughter of Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, commanding general of the Army Services of Supply, is in the Army too. She will be on inactive duty in the Women's Army Corps until she completes her course at Sweet Briar College in Sweet Briar, Virginia, this summer.

HOME TO MOTHER

The youngsters push and shove and shout,
So glad are they that school is out.
But mother is inclined to dread
The wild and woolly days ahead,
Reflecting with a smothered groan,
Her young are hers and hers alone
Till that big moment in the fall
When teachers must reclaim them all.

ROMANCE RAMPANT: Lieutenant Martha Rose Clement, director of nurses in the Southwest Pacific, returned to this country recently full of romantic statistics. There are 3,000 nurses in that theater of operations, and they are marrying American soldiers at the rate of four a day. Some of the nurses have been at bases in the South Pacific for two years, and a number are being sent home under the two-year rotation plan. What with our American soldiers marrying nurses and Australian girls, Colonel Clement warns us we'd better hang onto our men here.

"ARCHIE SPEAKIN'—DUFFY AIN'T HERE"

Continued from Page 27

sold both the sheriff and the town council enough paint to keep the jail tidy for the next five years.

It was after he had been fired from the payrolls of Devoe & Raynolds and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company that Gardner reverted to the techniques he had gleaned from Professor Slavodnik. Simultaneously, he thumped and sold pianos.

It is not a part of history that Gardner wore out shoe leather in the interests of the several piano companies to whose interest he was committed. But on a few occasions inspiration jammed his salesmanship into high. These occasions had to do with the periphery of the world of lights, spangles, and perfumes—the theater. Once, learning that Victor Moore was in the market for a piano, Gardner took two days off, hopped a train, went to see him in Freeport, Long Island—another salesman's territory. Result: sale of a Chickering grand, which Moore pinks to this day.

But Gardner, for divers reasons, was always more intrigued by promotion than by work, and by showmanship than by salesmanship. Whenever a relenting fortune gave a respite from the danger of going hungry right away, he took a fling at promotion. For example, as the piano business wended its way toward an early finish, he promptly took a turn at designing, developing, and launching Tom Thumb golf courses. One of his projects, a neat little green in Springfield, Massachusetts, staved off bankruptcy for a considerable time. But, not content with this achievement, he invented and promoted a collapsible bar. Unfortunately the great depression was on its way, and the bar collapsed prematurely.

MEANWHILE, Gardner married Shirley Booth, a promising actress, then playing stock. He had indulged in a whirlwind courtship—two dates. He was now one step closer to show business; and that, plus the tedium of selling pianos and golf courses and the constant indignity of being referred to by Shirley's friends as "Mr. Booth," crystallized some viscous part of his makeup. It also opened his eyes for the first time to the fact that show business had other phases than singing and dancing; that show business also involved producers.

"Shirley," he said, one clear spring morning in 1931, "who would you say was the best producer on Broadway?"

Miss Booth ran off a list of bests. She named Crosby Gaige as a likely prospect. Forthwith, Gardner strode into Gaige's office and demanded an audience. The secretary was adamant. Mr. Gaige saw no one without appointment. Looking on her desk, Gardner noticed she was reading a book about Yoga. He grabbed his hat, rushed to the library, and quickly boned up on esoteric Hindu philosophy.

"You know," he said to the secretary as he barged in the next morning, "every time I do my breathing exercises in the 'Lotus' position, I get so charged up with 'prana' that I want to invest all my money in the first play I read."

The secretary jumped. "Exactly what was it you wanted to see Mr. Gaige about?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh," answered Gardner, "I have a little money I have nothing to do with, and I thought I'd like to take a flyer backing plays."

In ten seconds flat he was in Gaige's office.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps

KLEENEX

luxuriously soft – dependably strong!

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX

Your nose knows– there's only one KLEENEX
KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES KLEENEX

In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations,* we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOU CAN'T BEAT
this to relieve TORTURE of
ATHLETE'S FOOT
So Many Druggists Say!

If you suffer from itching, burning soreness from cracked, scaly skin between toes —just feel how the first applications of medicated *liquid* Zemo relieve distress. Then Zemo, on contact, actually kills the germs that most commonly cause and spread Athlete's Foot.

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Zemo is a Doctor's formula backed by 35 years' success. The first trial convinces. All drugstores.

NOTE: *For real stubborn cases buy Extra Strength* ZEMO

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat
Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks — helps make breathing easier... ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform — its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try it today!

JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

New FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

Easily cut to any size or shape

"Have a chair," said Mr. Gaige. "Have a cigar. Have a drink. Make yourself comfortable."

When Gardner walked out of the Gaige office, his arms were loaded with scripts to be read over the week-end. At Gaige's request, Gardner, on frequent consultation, gave his opinions vigorously and gratuitously, meanwhile collecting funny stories to tell Gaige to win him over. It was not until weeks later that he got up enough nerve to announce that the one thing he was interested in was a job.

Gaige, sufficiently depressed, if not impressed, responded by hiring him to book theater parties for a fiasco known as The House Beautiful, an item best remembered for Dorothy Parker's thumbnail critique: "The House Beautiful is the play *Lousy.*" It slowly but doggedly folded, and since Shirley was "at liberty," the two moved in, temporarily, with Ed's mother.

"Eddie, Eddie," sighed Mrs. Poggenburg, "you should have stood with the railroad."

Now an authority on the theater and its problems, Gardner decided to ensconce himself as a producer. Touring the hinterlands of New Jersey and New England, he worked out deals with local theater owners and nearby hotel managers. The idea was to get everything on credit, pay everything on percentage—if any. Shirley was his star; the remainders of his casts were made up of whatever thespians could use a meal and a place to sleep.

GOING was not good, nor eating easy. He had two plays launched in Brooklyn. One was closed by the bank holiday, the other by the Fire Department. But even in the midst of the sore tribulations that beset his theatrical ventures, Gardner never lost his feeling for the niceties of promotion. For example producing Ibsen's The Wild Duck one week, he blithely advertised that "Shirley Booth will portray the part of the owner and trainer of the bird which gives the play its name."

In time, Gardner had worked his way up from nowhere to a $30-a-week job with the WPA Theater Project. Now he had high hopes; he was on WPA, it was true, but with honors—he was producing shows. Shirley inadvertently blighted his career: she landed a job at $200 a week, playing a lead in Three Men on a Horse, a detail which led the WPA to decide that Gardner had become a man of independent means. He was promptly fired.

One of Gardner's productions, a staging of Dorothy Parker's After Such Pleasures, attracted the attention of the radio department of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. He was offered a job there at $75 a week. With a sharp nose for values, he demanded $100, and was asked to forget that the subject had ever been brought up.

Months later, Gardner reopened negotiations and won out. He was hired by John Reber, the head of the radio department, and awarded the precise sum of $30 a week. Almost instantly the personality of the Astoria Alcibiades burst into full flower. His imagination and his drive rose with his opportunities. He upset his own formula. Instead of getting fired, he got raises. He climbed to $50 a week, then to $75. Before he left, he was in the $10,000-a-year bracket.

ED GARDNER now began to find himself. The ideas and energy which he had been wasting elsewhere bore profitable if strange fruits in radio. For every radio show he could find more angles than are to be found in a photomicrograph of a snowflake.

He engineered the Chase & Sanborn Opera Guild, a broadcast of Metropolitan performances. A layman's viewpoint was needed. "Than mine," Gardner argued, "no lay view could be layer." In rapid succession he produced the Joe Penner broadcasts, Burns and Allen, Ripley's Believe It or Not program, the Rudy Vallee Hour, and the Shell Chateau, with Joe Cook. Moving from J. Walter Thompson to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Hollywood, he wrote and produced M-G-M's Good News Hour, starring Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice.

Mrs. Poggenburg still maintained, however, that Ed "should have stood with the railroad."

Returning to New York in 1939, Gardner produced for the Columbia Broadcasting System a sustaining show known as This Is New York. It was during the sixteen weeks this program ran that the now classic character of Archie was born. It was also during this experiment that Gardner formed a writing partnership with Abe Burrows, who has ever since played Gilbert to his Sullivan.

Gardner now took his coat off. He rolled up his sleeves. Working twenty hours a day, and living chiefly on coffee and benzedrine, he made up for all his past defections in work. This was his

ROY WILLIAMS

"We should get the new lamps by tomorrow, James."

Eric Peters

"It's kind of hard to find our garden furniture since Elmer painted it with camouflage paint."

meat. Spending then, as he does now, as much as half a day polishing one line, he made himself a master of immaculate illiteracy.

Hard work is not always rewarded on the spot. This Is New York went off the air. There was no sale. Gardner and Burrows went to the West Coast, produced the Texaco show. Months clicked by. Finally CBS summoned Gardner to New York for another idea. They proposed to try out a series of new shows over the summer lull; a "forecast series," as they called it, was in the offing. Would Gardner work out something with Archie in it?

Again Gardner and Burrows got to work. This time their creation was Duffy's Tavern, a mythical bar and grill conceded to be owned by the never-present father of Archie's chronic headache, the none too bright Miss Duffy. Again there was a long period of what Gardner calls "incubating stomach ulcers."

It is nowhere recorded that Ed Gardner was an instantaneous hit. In fact, the whole program slid silently into limbo after its thirteen weeks' initiation. Gardner returned to the West Coast and framed up the program wherein John Barrymore jousted weekly with Rudy Vallee. He fought hard for Barrymore, whom conservative officials thought not exactly the man to advertise the sponsor's product—milk. Once, in Barrymore's presence, Ed ordered a glass of milk. "I tried that once," Barrymore told him, pityingly, "but it turned to chamois in my stomach."

Duffy's Tavern was sold as a program in March, 1941, approximately two years after its chief characters first saw life in This Is New York. Drawing on Vopat's for color and inspiration, and determined to enshrine Astoria in the hearts and history of America, Gardner introduced, one by one, half the population of that by-pass from Manhattan. Such characters as Crackpot O'Toole, the poet laureate and master forger of Duffy's, and Officer Clancy, the greatest authority on law since the late Justice Holmes, are drawn more or less directly from life. Others, such as the absentee Two-Top Gruskin, a gifted character with two heads, are possibly imaginary.

Today, in its fourth year, Duffy's Tavern has become an international institution. Buildings are named after it in Army camps from Guadalcanal to the Italian front. It has become a byword for the San Quentin prison, whose warden's name is Duffy. Recently the crew of a Liberator bomber wrote, from India, that they had named their ship after the program.

Gardner and Shirley Booth were divorced in 1942, and within the past year Gardner married winsome, French-born Simone Hegeman. For some odd reason, his old love for baseball was reborn simultaneously with his marital interests. He arranged to spend his honeymoon in Lakewood, New Jersey, working out with the Giants. Simone spent her days sitting on the bench, watching Ed pitch.

"The funniest part of it all," Gardner said, not untouched, "is that she's a French dame and doesn't know beans about baseball."

IT is only within recent months that Mrs. Poggenburg has eased up on her fixed idea that Eddie, like Chauncey Depew and Commodore Vanderbilt, should have made railroading a master career. Her vision was altered by the fact that Ed could now buy her a mink coat.

Ed protested that his wealth was more talked about than real. But Mrs. Poggenburg was not to be dissuaded. "Milton Berle's mother," she pointed out, "has a mink coat."

In vain, Ed pointed out that in the income-taxless days when Mrs. Poggenburg had him working on the railroad, Mrs. Berle had her son on the stage telling jokes. A gleam came into Mrs. Poggenburg's eyes. She suddenly thought of Jackie Kelk, the boy who plays in The Aldrich Family. "What about Jackie Kelk's mother? She's got one."

Mrs. Poggenburg won.

But as time has passed, and Duffy's Tavern has climbed into the ranks of big business, Gardner's troubles have mounted in direct proportion. He has lost all private life. He has had to manage and transport a staff in almost constant commutation from coast to coast. He has found himself enmeshed in pyramiding enterprises, including putting Duffy's Tavern on discs, in the movies, and in book form. The result has been an endless whirl which, he solemnly maintains, has brought on a stomach ulcer.

And now, carefully nursing his ulcer with a special diet of homogenized milk, he thinks back longingly to the days when he had no other worry than the occasional routing of a train to an unknown destination. Sourly sipping his milk, he concedes that "maybe I should have stood with the railroad after all."

THE END

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JULY 8, 1944

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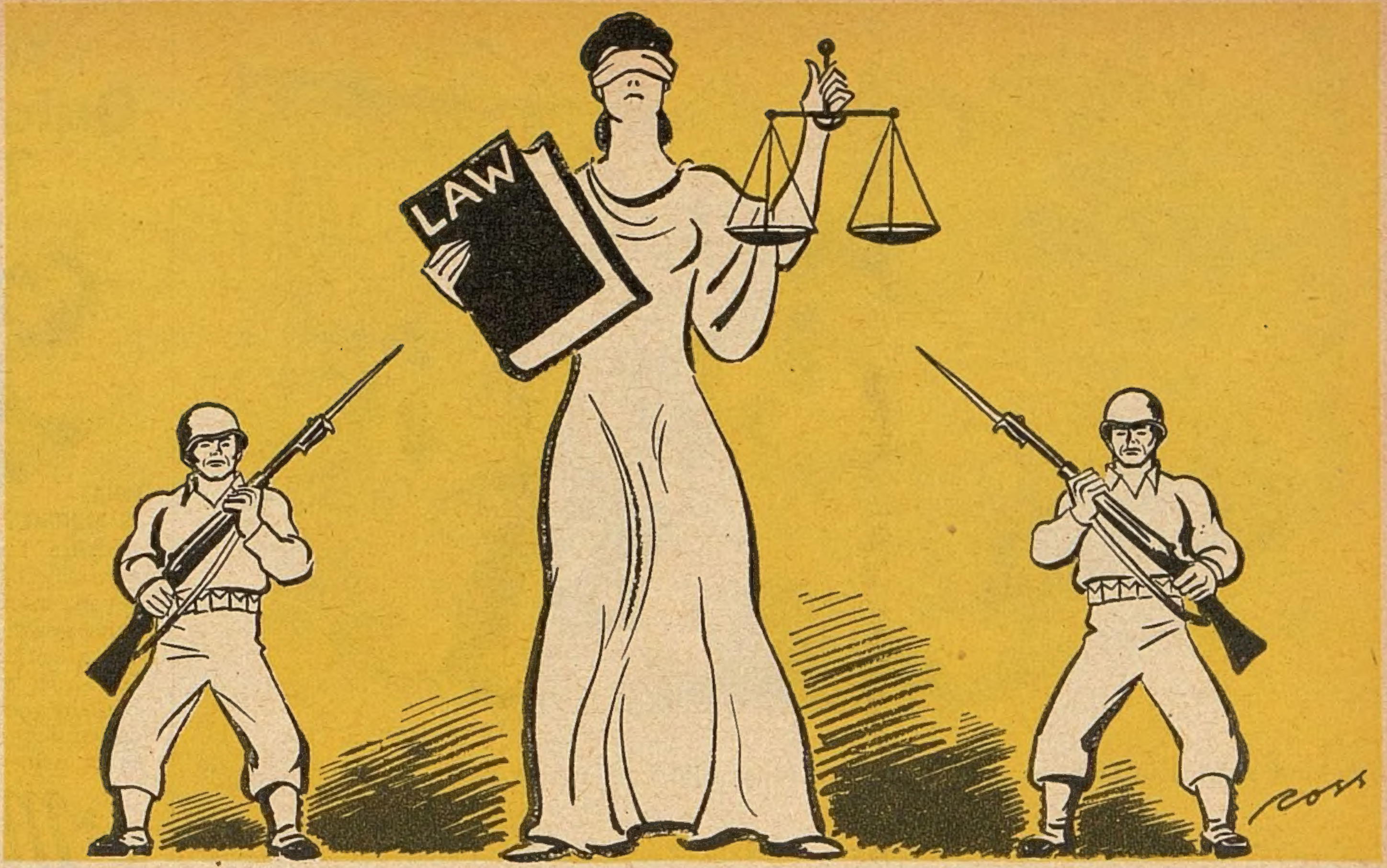

JUSTICE IS THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF PEACE

THE postwar world order shaping up in the minds of statesmen both in America and Britain apparently adds up to one dominated by a few great powers—America, Britain, Russia, and possibly China. The smaller nations are to have representation on a council, the chief function of which, apparently, is to lend an air of world unanimity to the decisions reached by the big states.

What is in mind, it seems, is a *pax* imposed and enforced by the great industrial nations. The world is to be kept at the kind of peace they think the world ought to have by cracking down on any of the lesser countries which disturb it.

If this is what is really in mind, there will be considerable dissatisfaction among the smaller nations, who do not relish the idea of being told what to do and are not prepared to accept without question the motives of those who will do the telling.

Before these plans are finally shaped and offered to the world, ways will be found, it is hoped, to quiet the fears of nations not among the inner clique.

Everything depends on how this matter of enforcing peace is approached. The first principle of any such plan should be justice for all nations, large or small, weak or strong. Such justice must be based on a code of international law if it is to command the respect and adherence of all states. This code of law should cover not only relations between states, but also should lay down certain principles under which governments within states shall be entitled to recognition.

Some method of determining justice in accordance with this law is needed. This calls for a world court free to weigh evidence and render judgment without pressure from any side.

It is only after judgment has been rendered that power should enter the picture. The military strength of the entire world can and should be available to enforce the court's decisions.

Such a system, carried out honestly, will command the adherence of all nations. With justice guaranteed under law, no nation need fear another, or even elements within itself. Encroachments by one nation on another would become matters for judicial review. The seizing of power within states by would-be world conquerors becomes ground for intervention by the rest of the world for its own protection.

It is not only a mistake but futile to try to impose peace on the world solely according to the ideas of a group of big powers. Military strength alone is no guaranty of peace. It is indeed almost a guaranty of future war. There is no assurance that the men in control of military strength will always have benign intentions. The only sound basis on which permanent future peace can be built is justice for all nations. With the assurance of justice under law, peace will follow automatically. No peace which permits or perpetuates injustice can endure.

Paul Hunter

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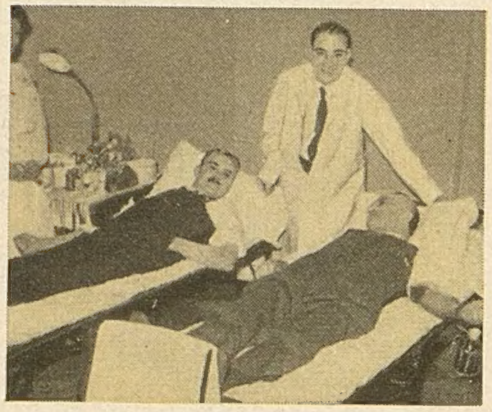

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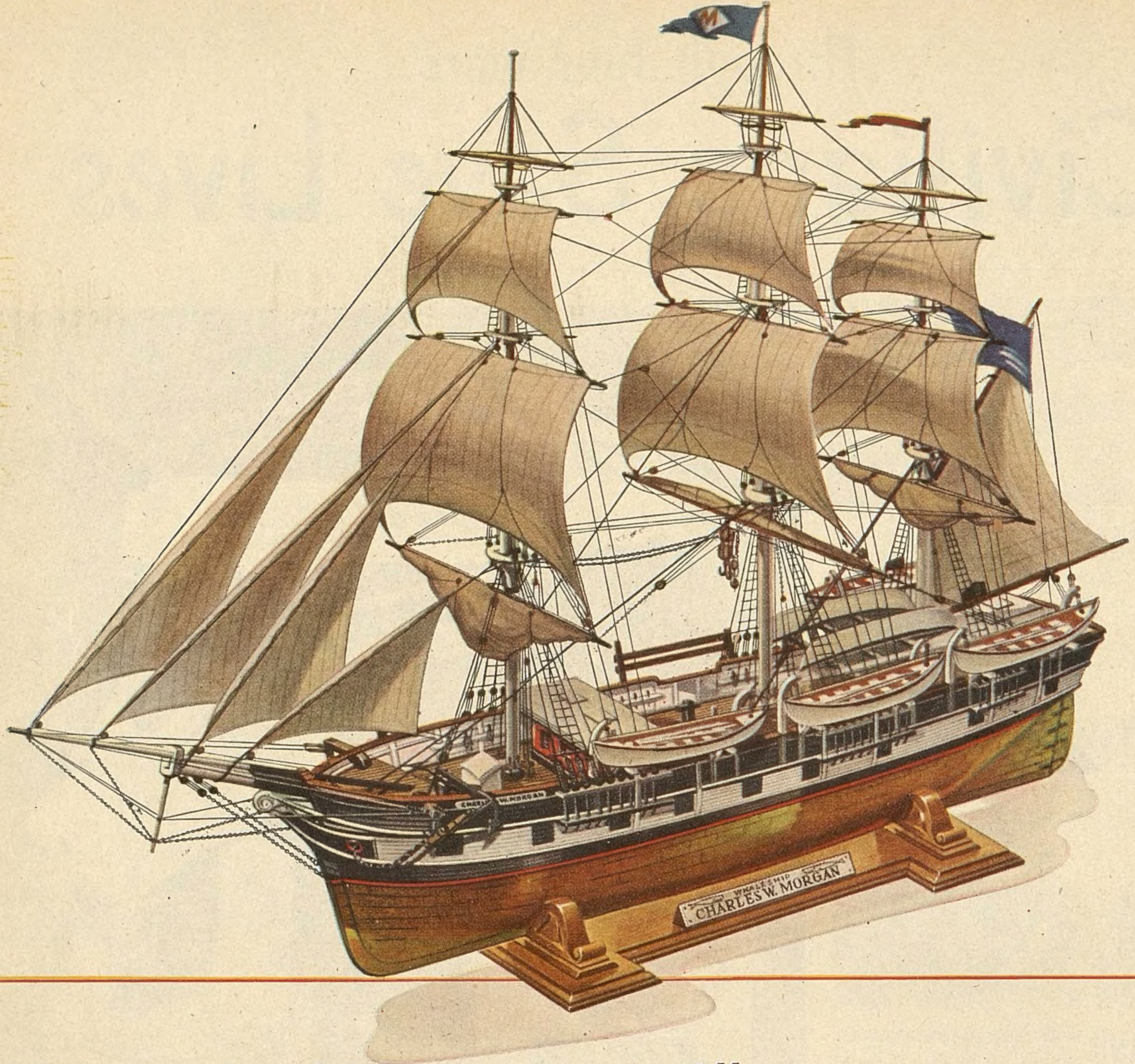

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